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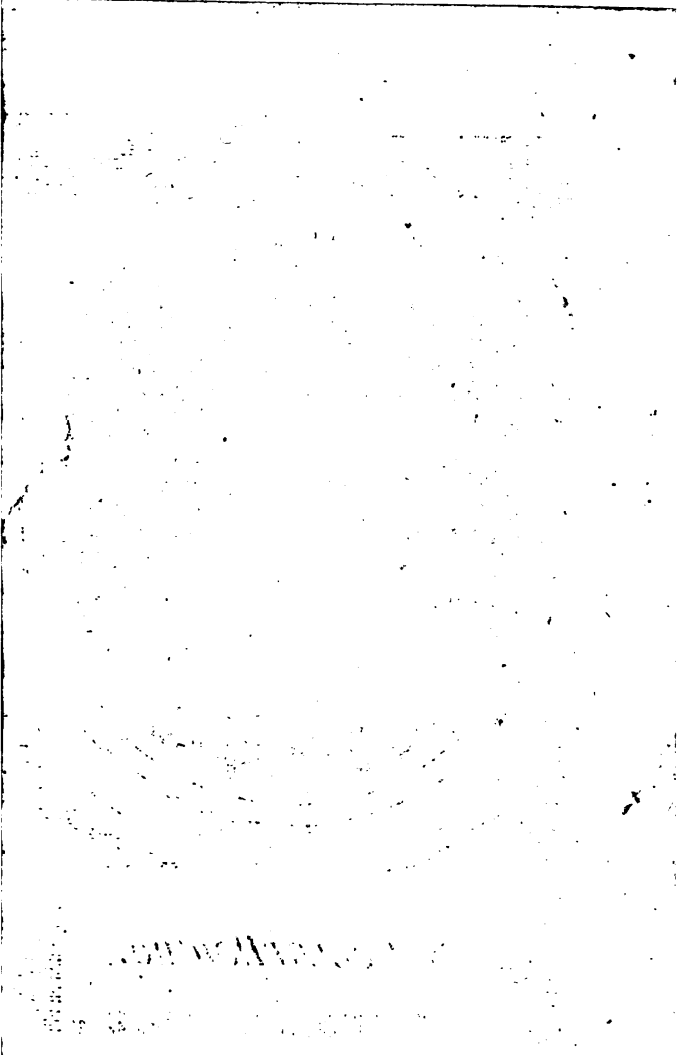

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The DRAMATIC WORKS OF Sir *Robert Howard*,

VIZ.

The SURPRISAL.
The COMMITTEE.
The INDIAN QUEEN.
The VESTAL VIRGIN.
The DUKE *of* LERMA.

The THIRD EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for J. TONSON at *Shakespear's* Head in the *Strand*.

MDCCXXII.

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TO THE

READER.

THERE is none more ſenſible than I am, how great a Charity the moſt Ingenious may need, that expoſe their private Wit to a publick Judgment; ſince the ſame Fancy from whence the Thoughts proceed, muſt probably be kind to its own Iſſue: This renders Men no perfecter Judges of their own Writings, than Fathers are of their own Children; who find out that Wit in them which another diſcerns not, and ſee not thoſe Errors which are evident to the unconcern'd. Nor is this Self-kindneſs more fatal to Men in their Writings, than in their Actions; every Man being a greater Flatterer to himſelf, than he knows how to be to another; otherwiſe it were impoſſible that things of ſuch diſtant Natures ſhould find their own

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Authors ſo equally kind in their Affections to them, and Men ſo different in Parts and Virtues ſhould reſt equally contented in their own Opinions.

This Apprehenſion, added to that greater which I have of my own Weakneſs, may, I hope, incline the Reader to believe me, when I aſſure him that theſe Follies were made publick as much againſt my Inclination as Judgment: But being purſu'd with ſo many Sollicitations of Mr. Herringman's, *and having receiv'd Civilities from him, if it were poſſible, exceeding his Importunities; I at laſt yielded to prefer that which he believ'd his Intereſt, before that which I apprehended my own Diſadvantage: Conſidering withal, that he might pretend it would be a real Loſs to him, and could be but an imaginary Prejudice to me; ſince things of this Nature, though never ſo excellent or never ſo mean, have ſeldom prov'd the Foundation of Men's new-built Fortunes, or the Ruin of their old; it being the Fate of Poetry, though of no other good Parts, to be wholly ſeparated from Intereſt; and there are few that know me, but will eaſily believe I am not much concern'd in an unprofitable Reputation. This clear Account I have given the Reader of this ſeeming Contradiction, to offer that to the World which I diſlike my ſelf; and in all things I have no greater an Ambition than*

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to be believ'd a Person that would rather be unkind to my self, than ungrateful to others.

I have made this Excuse for my self, I offer none for my Writings, but freely leave the Reader to condemn that which has receiv'd my Sentence already. Yet I shall presume to say something in the Justification of our Nation's Plays, though not of my own; since in my Judgment, without being partial to my Country, I do really prefer our Plays as much before any other Nation's, as I do the best of ours before my own.

The Manner of the Stage-Entertainments have differ'd in all Ages; and as it has encreas'd in Use, it has enlarg'd it self in Business: The general Manner of Plays among the Ancients we find in Seneca's *Tragedies for serious Subjects, and in* Terence *and* Plautus *for the Comical; in which latter we see some Pretences to Plots, though certainly short of what we have seen in some of Mr.* Johnson's *Plays; and for their Wit, especially* Plautus, *I suppose it suited much better in those Days than it would do in ours; for were their Plays strictly translated, and presented on our Stage, they would hardly bring as many Audiences as they have now Admirers.*

The serious Plays were anciently compos'd of Speeches *and* Chorus's, *where all things are related, but no Matter of Fact presented*

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on the Stage: This Pattern the French *do at this Time nearly follow, only leaving out the* Chorus, *making up their Plays with almost entire and discursive Scenes, presenting the Business in Relations. This Way has very much affected some of our Nation, who possibly believe well of it, more upon the Account that what the* French *do, ought to be a Fashion, than upon the Reason of the Thing.*

It is first necessary to consider why probably the Compositions of the Ancients, especially in their serious Plays, were after this manner; and it will be found, that the Subjects they commonly chose drove them upon the Necessity, which were usually the most known Stories and Fables: Accordingly, Seneca *making choice of* Medea, Hippolytus, *and* Hercules Oetus; *it was impossible to shew* Medea *throwing old mangled Æson into her Age-renewing Caldron, or to present the scattered Limbs of* Hippolytus *upon the Stage, or shew* Hercules *burning upon his own Funeral Pile: And this the judicious* Horace *clearly speaks of in his* Arte Poetica, *where he says,*

——Non tamen intus
Digna geri, promes in Scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.
Nec pueros coram populo *Medea* trucidet:
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius *Atreus*,
Aut in avem *Progne* vertatur, *Cadmus* in anguem.
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

So

So that it appears a Fault to abuse such Subjects for the Stage, but much greater to affect that Method which those Subjects enforce; and therefore the French *seem much mistaken, who, without the Necessity, sometimes commit the Error; and this is as plainly decided by the same Author in his preceding Words:*

Aut agitur res in Scenis, aut acta refertur.
Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator. ———

By which he directly declares his Judgment, That every Thing makes more Impression Presented than Related: Nor indeed can any one rationally assert the contrary; for if they assert otherwise, they do by Consequence maintain, That a whole Play might be as well Related as Acted: Therefore, whoever chuses a Subject that inforces him to Relations, is to blame, and he that does it without the Necessity of the Subject, is much more.

If these Premises be granted, 'tis no Partiality to conclude, That our English *Plays justly challenge the Preheminence; yet I shall as candidly acknowledge, That our best Poets have differed from other Nations (though not so happily) in usually mingling and interweaving Mirth and Sadness through the whole Course of their Plays;* Ben Johnson *only excepted, who keeps himself entire to one Argument: and, I confess, I am now convinc'd in*

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my own Judgment, That it is most proper to keep the Audience in one entire Disposition, both of Concern and Attention; for when Scenes of so different Natures immediately succeed one another, 'tis probable the Audience may not so suddenly recollect themselves, as to start into an Enjoyment of the Mirth, or into a Concern for the Sadness: Yet I dispute not but the Variety of this World may afford pursuing Accidents of such different Natures; but yet though possible in themselves to be, they may not be so proper to be Presented; an entire Connexion being the natural Beauty of all Plays, and Language the Ornament to dress them in, which in serious Subjects ought to be great and easie, like a high-born Person that expresses Greatness without Pride or Affectation; the easie Dictates of Nature ought to flow in Comedy, yet separated from Obsceneness, there being nothing more impudent than the Immodesty of Words: Wit should be chast; and those that have it can only write well.

——Si modo——
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto.

Another Way of the Ancients, which the French *follow, and our Stage has now lately practis'd, is to write in Rhime; and this is the Dispute betwixt many Ingenious Persons, whether Verse in Rhime, or Verse without the Sound, which may be called Blank Verse,*

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Verse, (though a hard Expression) is to be preferred? But take the Question largely, and it is never to be decided; but by right Application I suppose it may; for in the general they are both proper, that is, one for a Play, the other for a Poem or Copy of Verses; Blank Verse being as much too low for one, as Rhime is unnatural for the other: A Poem being a premeditated Form of Thoughts upon design'd Occasions, ought not to be unfurnish'd of any Harmony in Words or Sound: The other is presented as the present Effect of Accidents not thought of; so that 'tis impossible it should be equally proper to both these, unless it were possible that all Persons were born so much more than Poets, that Verses were not to be compos'd by them, but already made in them. Some may object, That this Argument is trivial, because, whatever is shew'd, 'tis known still to be but a Play; but such may as well excuse an ill Scene, that is not naturally painted, because they know 'tis only a Scene, and not really a City or Country.

But there is yet another Thing which makes Verse upon the Stage appear more unnatural; that it, when a Piece of a Verse is made up by one that knew not what the other meant to say; and the former Verse answered as perfectly in Sound as the last it supplied in Measure; so that the Smartness of a Reply, which has its Beauty by coming from sudden Thoughts, seems

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seems left by that which rather looks like a Design of two, than the Answer of one. It may be said, that Rhime is such a Confinement to a quick and luxuriant Fancy, that it gives a Stop to its Speed, till slow Judgment comes in to assist it; but this is no Argument for the Question in Hand, for the Dispute is not which Way a Man may write best in, but which is most proper for the Subject he writes upon; and if this were but past, the Argument is yet unresolv'd in it self; for he that wants Judgment in the Liberty of his Fancy, may as well shew the Defect of it in its Confinement; and to say Truth, he that has Judgment will avoid the Errors, and he that wants it will commit them in both. It may be objected, 'tis improbable that any should speak ex tempore *as well as* Beaumont *and* Fletcher *makes them, though in Blank Verse; I do not only acknowledge that, but that it is also improbable any will write so well that way; but if that may be allowed improbable, I believe it may be concluded impossible that any should speak as good Verses in Rhime as the best Poets have writ; and therefore that which seems nearest to what it intends, is ever to be preferr'd: Nor are great Thoughts more adorned by Verse, than Verse unbeautified by mean ones; so that Verse seems not only unfit in the best Use of it, but much more in the worse, when a Servant is call'd, or a*

Door

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Poor kid to be flout, in Rhime. Verses (I mean good ones) do in their Heights of Fancy declare the Labour that brought them forth, like Majesty that grows with Care; and Nature that made the Poet capable, seems to revive and leave its Offers to be made perfect by Pains and Judgment: Against this I can raise no Argument but my Lord of Otory's Writings, in whose Verse the Greatness of the Majesty seems unsullied with the Cares, and his unimitable Fancy descends to us in such easie Expressions, that they seem as if neither had ever been added to the other, but both together flowing from a Height; like Birds got so high, that use no labouring Wings, but only with an easie Care preserve a Steadiness in Motion: But this particular Happiness, among those Multitudes which that excellent Person is Owner of, does not convince my Reason, but employ my Wonder: Yet I am glad such Verse has been writ for our Stage, since it has so happily exceeded those whom we seem'd to imitate. But while I give these Arguments against Verse, I may seem faulty that I have not only writ ill ones, but writ any; but since it was the Fashion, I was resolv'd, as in all indifferent Things, not to appear singular, the Danger of the Vanity being greater than the Error; and therefore I followed it as a Fashion, though very far off.

For

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For the Italian *Plays, I have seen some of them which have been given me as the best; but they are so inconsiderable, that the Particulars of them are not at all worthy to entertain the Reader; but as much as they are short of others in this, they exceed in their other Performances on the Stage; I mean their* Opera's, *which consisting of Musick and Painting, there's none but will believe it is much harder to equal them in that Way, than it is to excel them in the other.*

The Spanish *Plays pretend to more, but indeed are not much, being nothing but so many Novels put into Acts and Scenes, without the least Attempt or Design of making the Reader more concern'd than a well-told Tale might do; whereas a Poet that endeavours not to heighten the Accidents which Fortune seems to scatter in a well-knit Design, had better have told his Tale by a Fire-side, than presented it on a Stage.*

For these Times wherein we write, I admire to hear the Poets so often cry out upon, and wittily (as they believe) threaten their Judges, since the Effects of their Mercy have so much exceeded their Justice, that others with me cannot but remember how many favourable Audiences some of our ill Plays have had; and when I consider how severe the former Age has been to some of the best of Mr. Johnson's *never to be equall'd Comedies, I cannot*

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cannot but wonder why any Poet ſhould ſpeak of former Times, but rather acknowledge that the Want of Abilities in this Age is largely ſupply'd with the Mercies of it. I deny not but there are ſome who reſolve to like nothing, and ſuch perhaps are not unwiſe, ſince by that general Reſolution they may be certainly in the right ſometimes, which perhaps they would ſeldom be, if they ſhould venture their Underſtandings in different Cenſures; and being forc'd to a general Liking or Diſliking, leſt they ſhould diſcover too much their own Weakneſs, 'tis to be expected they would rather chuſe to pretend to Judgment than good Nature, tho' I wiſh they could find better ways to ſhew either.

But I forget my ſelf, not conſidering, That while I entertain the Reader in the Entrance with what a good Play ſhould be, when he is come beyond the Entrance he muſt be treated with what ill Plays are: but in this I reſemble the greateſt Part of the World, that better know how to talk of things than to perform them, and live ſhort of their own Diſcourſes.

And now I ſeem like an eager Hunter, that has long purſu'd a Chace after an inconſiderable Quarry, and gives over weary, as I do.

THE

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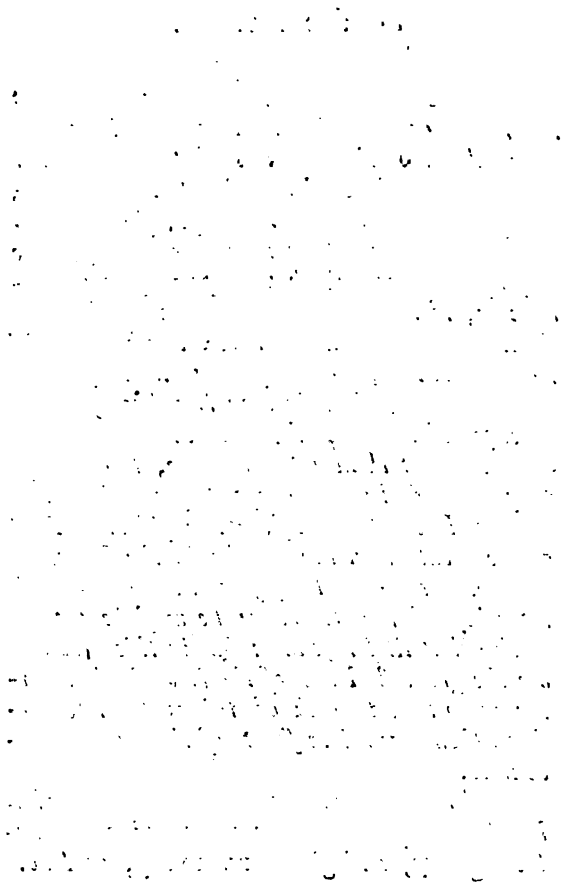

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THE

SURPRISAL.

A

COMEDY:

(1665.)

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR 1722.

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PROLOGUE.

Since you expect a Prologue, we submit:
But let me tell you, this Excise on Wit,
Though undiscern'd, consumes the Stock so fast,
That no new Fancy will be left at last.
Wit's not like Money; Money, though paid in,
Passes about, and is receiv'd again:
But Wit, when it has once been paid before,
There it lies dead, 'tis currant then no more.
Nor must we plead for what we do present,
As in Law-Cases, by a Precedent:
Poets and Mountebanks, in this strange Age,
Practise with equal Hopes upon the Stage;
For 'tis expected they shou'd both apply
To every Humour some new Remedy:
And one's as likely every Man to please,
As t'other to cure every Man's Disease.
—— But you are welcome all; and what Men say
Before a Feast, will serve before a Play:
Here's nothing you can like: Thus he that writes
Or makes a Feast, more certainly invites
His Judges than his Friends; there's not a Guest
But will find something wanting, or ill dress't.
The Proverb but thus varied serves, I fear;
Fools make the Plays, and wise Men come to hear.

DRA-

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Caſtruccio, *Uncle to* Miranzo.
Miranzo.
Cialto, *Friend to* Miranzo, *the late General.*
Brancadoro, *a rich Senator's Son.*
Villerotto, *a bold Fellow caſhier'd by* Cialto, *and got into* Brancadoro's *Service.*
Moreno, *Father to* Emilia.
Bottolo, *his Servant.*
Baptiſta, *Servant to* Miranzo.
Two or three Bravoes.
A Friar.

WOMEN.

Samira, *Siſter to* Miranzo.
Emilia.
Taccola, *her Governeſs.*
A Nun.

SCENE *SIENNA.*

THE

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THE SURPRISAL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Miranzo *and* Samira.

MIRANZO.

'TIS ſtrange, Siſter.

Sam. 'Tis true, Brother.

Mir. Perhaps it is; but few ſuch Wonders have been heard of.

Sam. Nor ever ſuch a Wonder caus'd it.

Mir. There needs indeed a powerful Charm to raiſe up Spirits fetter'd long in Age. (They ſay, that) Love is the Soul's Buſineſs here, when Youth ſeems to promiſe it ſhall have a long ſhare in Time; but this is fitted for its Journey; Age already hath pack'd up all his Faculties.

Sam. Fie, fie, 'tis otherwiſe with him; he endeavours, nay, and (I think) believes he ſhall grow young again: the warmth of Love ſerves for the Heat of Youth.

Mir.

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Mir. Where, in the Name of Wonder, could this Love find Entrance in his Breaſt? or how live there? it has no Blood to feed on; Nature ſure in him is at low Ebb.

Sam. There needs ſmall Fewel, Brother, to aſſiſt her Influence; ſhe, like the Sun, warms all things with her Sight, yet is not waſted with Expence of Heat.

Mir. You ſpeak a Miracle, Siſter.—— [*He ſtudies.*

Sam. ——You ſeem troubled, Brother.

Mir. Not much——but—I did believe, when my dear Father left us to his Care, he did not apprehend my Uncle apt for ſuch a Folly; and I little thought to have been firſt ſaluted with this News at my Return from Travel.

Sam. My Uncle ſtill pretends to remain juſt to us; and I believe he will.

Mir. It may be ſo: But when is this hot Lover to be married?

Sam. To-morrow Morning.

Mir. But what mov'd her Conſent to take this Mummy in her Arms?

Sam. She's all Obedience to her Father, and with him my Uncle's Wealth pleads high. I do believe ſhe thinks Choice were a Sin, and would ſeem guilty to her ſelf, as if ſhe fell from perfect Innocence, if that a partial Thought for any ſhould make a Way for Paſſion in her Breaſt.

Mir. Then it ſeems her Father wooes; I hope my Uncle ſpares his Pains.——But Siſter, ſince we are in Diſcourſe of Lovers, 'tis not unſeaſonable to ask for yours, the brave *Cialto*; the laſt Intelligence I had, was of his glorious Victory; ſuch a Lawrel ne'er yet adorn'd a Brow ſo youthful. Believe me, Siſter, though you may be cruel, and unconcern'd, I muſt confeſs I ſhare in all that's his good Fortune.

Sam. Alas, Brother, ſince that time his Condition is much alter'd.

Mir. Ha——you amaze me:——Why do you appear ſo ſad? He is not dead, I hope?

Sam. No: perhaps his Life is now the greateſt Part of his Misfortune.

Mir. Still I am loſt in Admiration. What Changes a little Time produceth!

Sam.

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Sam. The Story is too long to tell you; only for what concerns my ſelf, I have obſerv'd, that ſince the Loſs of all his Fortunes, he ſhuns all Occaſions of ſeeing me.—— My Uncle will be with us preſently; I would not therefore engage my ſelf in a Diſorder, which the Relation of his Miſeries cannot but bring upon me.

Mir. Where is my Uncle?

Sam. Abroad, upon a ſtrange Deſign. He has employ'd the beſt Wits in *Sienna* to make a Song, or indeed an Apology, for his doting at theſe Years; and that which he likes beſt when he ſalutes his Miſtreſs, muſt to-morrow be preſented before her Window.

Mir. I am amaz'd; yet I'll ſuſpend my Thoughts and Trouble (if I can) till fitter time.

Enter Caſtruccio.

Sam. See, Brother, where he comes;
Buſineſs and Love are mingled in his Poſtures.

Mir. How he mumbles to himſelf! ſure he does chew the Cud of ſome ſet Speech. What an amorous Look was there?——with that amiable Smile?——which only adds a few Wrinkles in new Places.

Sam. Pray let's ſtand cloſe; He's near beginning; a riſing Wind you know is ever uſher'd with a Murmur.

Caſt. How am I ſwell'd by Expectation! as the Day breaks before the riſing Sun, ſo is *Emilia*'s fair Approach prepar'd within me, by a præſcious Senſe of Happineſs.

[*He ſtudies, and ſearches his Pockets for Papers.*

Sam. Peace; he has hit a Fault, and now begins to hunt again.

Caſt. O, theſe be they; now to my Choice; for I reſolve to-morrow, 'fore the Wedding, one of them ſhall be ſung, that which I judge will beſt deſcribe my Paſſion.—Let me ſee,——

Cou'dſt thou be yet more fair or good, [*He reads.*
This Fool begins with Impoſſibilities,
I'll have none on't:——What's this other?
Since Fancy makes all Women fair,——
Worſe and worſe: he lies abominably: What ways are our Poets got into, they cannot make a Song without a Lie, a Vapour, or Impoſſibility? There's none of theſe has hit my

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my Fancy yet: Once again. —— Oh, this I like well; a very pretty Masque, short, and full of Variety; the Charges won't be great, — let me see, — here is a *Hymen*, a *Cupid*, a *Chaoron*, and the *Destinies*: for the *Hymen*, a Saffron Robe and a Torch, —— hang Cost at such a time; it shall be presented instead of a Song before her Window, when I first appear; 'tis better than after the Wedding at Night, when every Body's sleepy. Now I'll go see my Nephew, and bid him welcome from his Travels.

Sam. Step out, Brother, there's your Cue.

Mir. Can these Lovers see trow?

Cast. My dear Nephew! —— were thy brave Father living, thou could'st not fill his Arms and Breast with a more welcome Joy; I'll be sworn thou art return'd with all Advantages in Fame and Person.

Mir. Your Kindness, Sir, sees more in me than your Eyes.

Cast. Nay, believe me, Nephew, I joy in't; and that I could not do, were it not visible what Cause I have for't.

Mir. I wish I may continue, Sir, worthy your fair Opinion.

Bast. And how, Man? Merry still?

Mir. I take nothing to Heart, Sir; It seems you do; for my Sister tells me, I am come seasonably to see your Joys made perfect every way, at least as you imagine.

Cast. Oh, Nephew, 'tis past Imagination. Nephew, thou canst not fancy what she is; in Woman-kind no Precedent is found to shew thee her: But you it seems do apprehend that all my future Actions will shew me more her Husband than your Uncle.

Mir. You mistake me, Sir; neither my Nature nor my Fortunes yet are prest with such mean Thoughts: what I have said was more my Care for you than for my self; I would not have your last Days shut up with Folly or Misfortune.

Cast. Fear not, fear not; I must be happy; it is an Injury to her to doubt it.

Mir. He is unreasonably possess'd. [*Aside.*

Cast. But I forget —— My dearest Niece, you shall perceive that neither my Concerns nor Passion hinder my just

juſt Care of thee, my beſt *Samira*. I have provided ſuch a Fortune for you; [Samira *ſtarts*.] Nay, ſtart not at it.—— 'Tis the rich Heir, young *Brancadoro*; this Day he comes to viſit thee: we'll quickly make it up.—— Come, good Nephew, I have much to do; within I'll tell thee all my Mind.

Sam. How——

Mir. Peace, Siſter. [*Ex.* Caſtruccio *and* Miranno.

Sam. Marry *Brancadoro!* Is that the Happineſs I hope I may depend on? I ſhall enjoy with him the Curſes of his ill-got Wealth, and riſe upon the poor *Cialto*'s Ruins. Oh what a Crime was my feign'd Cruelty! Methinks, I am as guilty as this thriving Aſs's Father, and ſeem an Acceſſary to all *Cialto*'s Wrongs, becauſe I did not openly declare my Paſſion for him; that would have, renderd me uncapable of being now a Party: It is too much,

That poor *Cialto* at one time ſhould find
Both me and Fortune equally unkind. [*Exit.*

Enter Brancadoro *and Taylor.*

Tayl. Morrow to your Honour; how do you like your Cloaths?

Bran. I like my Cloaths well enough, but my Man, *Jacomo*, ſays, you are ſuch a dear, cheating kind of Taylor, that I vow he'll have me turn you away; my laſt mourning Suit did not coſt me half ſo much.

Tayl. Your Man is a pick-thank Knave. Call me Cheat! I'll ne'er work Stich for ye more as long as I live, unleſs you pay me for calling me Cheat.

Bran. Nay, ſtay, ſtay; what a deviliſh Fellow are you now to exact upon me, becauſe you ſee I love you? The Devil take you, for me; what Compoſition muſt you have?

Tayl. I'll have forty Shillings, and I'll have it in Gold too.

Bran. Pox take you, for me; will not Silver ſerve your turn, when you know I love Gold ſo well? Pray ye heartily, now *Jack*, take Silver.

Tayl. I vow, Gold, or fare you well.

Bran. Stay, and be hang'd then: Here, here; now are you good Friends, *Jack?* nay, I vow now ſpeak Truth.

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Tayl. Yes, I vow I forgive you.

Enter Man.

Bran. Look ye, here's my Man. What a devilish Rogue are you to rail at my Taylor, *Robin*, and say he cheats me?

Servan. Pray Sir, view his Bill; in the first Place, here is fifteen Shillings a Yard for Stuff of half a Crown.

Bran. Why look ye there now, *Jack*; what a strange Rogue are you to cheat me so?

Tayl. What a strange Piece of Ignorance is your Man, to call it Stuff? I protest, my Lord, 'tis o'th' same Piece that the King of *France* his Wedding Suit was on; the Stuff is call'd *Adam mon hee*; King *Huccamonacus* sent the King of *France* three Pieces of it; and I bought this of his Taylor a purpose for you; and your wife Man calls it Stuff; forsooth.

Bran. Look you there now, you Block-headly Fool you; what would you more? Pr'ythee how do ye call the Stuff, and the King that sent it, *Jack*?

Tayl. The Stuff is call'd *Adam mon hee*, and the King's Name is *Huccamonacus*.

Serv. What a Mountebank Rogue is this! [*Aside.*

Bran. I vow that's fair Satisfaction; I wou'd not for my Money but know this; I vow, I vow, 'tis very pretty.

Serv. Pray ye ask him why he sets down forty Shillings for making a Riding-coat.

Bran. Nay, but I vow, *Jack*, the Devil take ye for me, for being so base; why forty Shillings now?

Tayl. There is Ten Shillings for making your Coat, and Thirty Shillings for a Port-hole for your Sword to peep out at.

Bran. Why, is not that very fair now? Why, art thou grown a stark Fool now? Pr'ythee, *Jack*, what is a Port-hole? I vow thou hast the prettiest Names.

Tayl. A Port-hole is, as the Vulgar have it, a kind of Slit, but in *France* it is call'd a Port-hole, and is made with a whiff down here, and a whiff down there; they are very chargeable.

Bran. I vow, thou art a pretty Fellow: but has the King of *France* his Port-hole made with a whiff down here, and a whiff down there, as mine is?

Enter

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Enter Villeretto.

But here's *Villeretto*; I vow I must talk a little wiser to him. [*Ex. Taylor and Servant.*

How dost thou like my Cloaths, *Villeretto*? are they not brave, fit for my Quality?

Vil. Exceeding brave, Sir.

Bran. I long'd to be out of Mourning, to shew my self; for whilst my Father liv'd, I never could appear.

Vil. No, he was asham'd you shou'd. [*Aside.*

Bran. Besides, I have this Mourning, it makes my Hands so devilish dirty; and I will not wash them till my Mother dies; and when I have done mourning for her, I'll wash them for good and all.—— Well, and what says my Council?

Vil. Why, they say, Sir, by those Writings *Cialto* has no Justice to redeem, nor can it bear Dispute in any Court of Equity.

Bran. Why, this 'tis to have a wise Father; as he has order'd it, 'tis not a Farthing matter if I were an arrant Ass.—Thou say'st my Council says, there's no Relief can now be had?

Vil. None, Sir,——but by the Senate.

Bran. That were fine i'faith, to save him they had a mind to ruin, which my Father help'd to do. (Peace be with him) and dy'd when he had done; two Courtesies at once.

Vil. But suppose, Sir, the Senate wants his Conduct; they can be kind again on such Occasions. Only the obeying Part of Men observe the Rules of Honour in their Friendship. They can as quickly too produce the Sum, and compel you to give him up his Land.

Bran. But they won't, I hope.

Vil. So do I; but how if such a thing shou'd be?

Bran. Pish, pish, they'll not displease me; they use to borrow Money of my Father; yet for all that, it puts me just in such a sudden Sweat, as the stumbling of my Horse use to do.

Vil. I shall hardly work him to't. [*Aside.*]——But, Sir, 'tis not amiss to talk of things that may be; Plots of Prevention are not made *extempore*; nor is Haste a Friend

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to Counſel; beſides, I take it, you go the ready way to make *Cialto* yet more your Enemy.

Bran. How ſo?

Vil. You are about to rob him of his Miſtreſs, the fair *Samira*; what Kindneſs can you expect, when you poſſeſs at once his Love and Fortunes?

Enter Meſſenger.

Bran. What care I!——How now?——what's your Buſineſs?

Meſſ. Signior *Caſtruccio*, Sir, preſents his Service to you, and has by me ſent you a Counter-Part of the Writings which concern your Marriage.

Bran. Oh, I thank him; 'tis very well.

Vil. How's this? it ſeems ſtrange to me, you ſhould agree with him, and never ask the Lady's free Conſent.

Bran. Why, doſt thou think I need doubt that? would any Woman be ſo ſimple to refuſe me? why Man, there have been many of them have fallen ſtark mad for me at firſt Sight.

Vil. Will it not be dangerous for you to go?

Bran. Whither?

Vil. To viſit your Miſtreſs? you may meet *Cialto* there.

Bran. Let him be afraid of me, if he will.

Vil. I doubt he will not.

Bran. I am told the pitiful Fellow dares not come near her now; this 'tis to be poor: And I go boldly; this 'tis to be rich.

Vil. But if he ſhould hear you were like to have her, it might perhaps move him——

Bran. To what?

Vil. To cut your Throat.

Bran. Let him be hang'd: But if Signior *Caſtruccio* admit ſuch Ruffians in his Houſe, I'll ſend her Word flatly, I'll have nothing to do with her.

Vil. But your Writings and Covenants,——you can't in Honour break them.

Bran. I care not; who dares ſue me? If any do, I am rich enough to make them weary on't;—though I confeſs I like the Gentlewoman well enough.

Vil. Yet there's another Way would do your Buſineſs.

Bran.

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Bran. Say'ſt thou ſo? nay, an there be another way, I care not if I take it, ſo I may do nothing unbefitting my Eſtate and Quality.

Vil. You'll pardon, Sir, this Liberty I take; it ſprings from my Affection to you; for ever ſince I came into your Service, all your Concernments have been mine.

Bran. I do believe it, and have truſted thee with every thing; and for my part, I have told thee my Mind, I care for any Body as little as they care for me; thou may'ſt ſee I love thee, otherwiſe I regard no Body that is not richer than my ſelf.

Vil. What an inſenſible Stock have I to work on? [*Aſide.* But you forget what I propoſe, Sir.

Bran. No, I do not; 'tis that I ſhould have *Samira*; why ſay no more, I will have her.

Vil. You conſider not the Danger of *Cialto*'s Revenge.

Bran. I care not for *Cialto*, nor her neither; I can let her alone, if there be ſuch ado about her.

Vil. But you may prevent it,

Bran. How, pr'ythee?

Vil. Why, if *Cialto* were once dead, there were no further trouble; you might enjoy his Miſtreſs, and his Fortune.

Bran. Wou'd he wou'd die then.

Vil. Men do not uſe to do it for a Wiſh.

Bran. Why, how then?

Vil. Wou'd you hang your ſelf, if *Cialto* ſhou'd deſire it?

Bran. It may be I would, if I were as poor as he; for this is the Caſe,——— ſay now———

Vil. Now will he ramble again into another Matter—[*Aſide.*] But, Sir, he does not think himſelf ſo poor as you imagine, while he lives in Hope that what you now poſſeſs of his may once again return; yet if he be unwilling to depart this World, he may be forc'd.

Bran. Which Way, which Way?

Vil. Why, for a little Money, Inſtruments may be found.

Bran. To do what?

Vil. To kill him.

Bran. Um, that may be found out, and ſo Good-night to my Eſtate.

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Vil. Nay, if you please, Sir, he shall live, and do you the Courtesie to cut your Throat.

Bran. Talk no more, good *Villerotto*; another Time, another Time, and that in private too. I hope no Body has heard us; Men may hear at a Distance: I have heard of a Conjurer that could make a Glass for a Mast to look in, and hear his Enemies forty Miles off.

Vil. Do you believe such Stories?

Bran. The Devil may do much, that's certain: but for the present I am going to see my Mistress, fair *Damira*; 'tis fit I shou'd see her, before I marry her.

Vil. 'Twere strange if he should marry her before he saw her. [*Aside.*] ——Why, are you near marrying her?

Bran. To-morrow, Man, to-morrow; her Uncle and I make but one Business on't.

Vil. To-morrow, Sir, and her Leave yet unask'd!

Bran. What needs that? her Uncle has done it for me. Thou hast the Agreements; I must away.

[*Exit* Brancadoro.

Vil. This suits with my Designs: ——— and yet it startles me, to have so dull a Fool to work on: But easie Paths do seldom lead us to Revenge; let them be rough, as are the Ways through troubled Seas, I'll tread 'em. The base Injury I receiv'd from *Cialto*, cashiering me from my Command for a petty Plunder, and a Rape, (as the Wench call'd it) was the first Cause that brought me to *Brancadoro*'s Service, whose Father was his mortal Enemy; by which means I hope to find a Time to right my Wrongs upon *Cialto*'s Heart. [*Exit* Villerotto.

Enter Moreno, Emilia, *and* Bottolo.

Mor. Come, my best Daughter, this Day, thou shalt be made a happy Woman; fear not, fear not, nor look upon his Age with Prejudice; Age is far steadier than Youth, *Emilia*; he'll never make thee jealous.

Brt. No more than an Eunuch wou'd, I dare swear for him. [*Aside.*

Emil. You speak, Sir, as if you thought me alter'd, or else as if I still had been an Hypocrite; but truly, Sir, you need not doubt me, I do believe I shall be happy with him, because a Blessing waits upon Obedience: You might

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might command me againſt my Inclination; but I am bleſſed with ſuch Indifference, that 'tis no Tryal of my Duty, Sir, to give my free Conſent.

Mor. That's my beſt Girl; get thy ſelf ready, the Bridegroom's near at Hand; I muſt about: there's nothing done, if I be not at their Elbows. [*Exit* Moreno.

Bot. The Devil had as good be there. Why, how is it, Miſtreſs?

Emil. Very well, *Bottolo*, I thank you.

Bot. I wiſh it may continue ſo, Miſtreſs.

Emil. Doſt thou fear I ſhall be ſick?

Bot. Nay, I can't tell; it may be the Paliſie or Cough o'th' Lungs is not infectious; you are going to venture, Miſtreſs.

Emil. What doſt thou talk of?

Bot. Why, of that which is nothing elſe but Talk, of Old Age; ſure, Miſtreſs, it will never agree with you; has not your Father perſwaded you y'are above Fifty? and that you were born before the Battel of *Lepanto*?

Emil. Why ſhould he do that?

Bot. Why, 'twere convenient he ſhould either perſuade you, that you were old, or that *Caſtruccio* were young.

Emil. Away, you Fool.

Bot. Well, Miſtreſs, hang me if ever froſty Day did well at Fruit-time; for my part, I wonder the old Gentleman has no more Conſcience than to marry you——— if I were worthy to adviſe you, Miſtreſs.———

Emil. Peace, you Fool, and be not rude. [*Ex.* Emilia.

Bot. Go thy way.——I am half perſwaded thou art no Woman, or at leaſt thou doſt not know thou art one, more than by thy Petticoats.——Well———

If thou art pleas'd, thanks to the Powers Divine;
For thy own Cares I'll try the Power of Wine. [*Exit.*

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Miranzo *and* Cialto.

Mir. I Should not thank you for this Viſit then.——— Fie, my deareſt Friend.

Cial. Forget that Name, and me; I try'd
To begin firſt no more to think on you;
But I was womaniſh in my Temper;
My Fondneſs of you had a Power above
My generous Reaſon.

Mir. Is there a generous Cauſe for Breach of Friendſhip?

Cial. It were a Guilt to ſay I am your Friend:
Wonder not; for I am grown ſo miſerable
That Friendſhip would be paid to me
As unſeaſonably as to Men in Graves,
Where Diſſolution wraps up every Title,
And buries Names with Things.

Mir. What Storm toſſes his noble Soul! [*Aſide.*
Why does my Friend thus wrong himſelf and me?
I did not think the brave *Cialto*'s Mind
Had been ſo much within the Reach of Fortune:
Uſe her as thou would'ſt a fantaſtical Woman,
If thou wouldſt have her kind, ſlight her.

Cial. Pray ſay no more; you underſtand me not;
Nay, ſpare your Lectures; after this, I fear
That we muſt meet no more.——Farewel.
[Cialto *offers to go out.*

Mir. You are too quick; think with your ſelf;
Sure you may be perſuaded, e'er you go,
To ſee my Siſter.

Cial. Ha! ——that was too ſevere;—departing Souls
Are ſometimes thus call'd back with cruel Kindneſs,
To ſhare more Miſeries on Earth.———
Did you not name your Siſter?

Mir.

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Mir. How he's mov'd! ——— [*Aside.*
Yes, I did; my Sister *Samira.*

Cial. You might have spar'd the Explanation;
I have her Name engrav'd in several Characters,
By Love and Fortune.—Why do you stare upon me so,
As if you were amaz'd at my Disorders,
That are not ignorant of my Disasters,
Nor of my Passions? What do you think?
Is't not a pretty Mingle?

Enter Samira.

Mir. See, my Sister,

Cial. How, *Samira!*——'tis she.——
With what an Horror now that lovely Shape
Appears, that I have so much joy'd to gaze on!
Such a Confusion would an Angel bring
Upon a Man loaden with Sins,
As I am with Misfortunes.————
I am so much amaz'd, I cannot find my Way!
[*He offers to go.*

Sam. Cialto!

Mir. Stay; what means this Strangeness?
Come, 'tis too much forc'd.

Cial. Cruel *Miranzo*, cruel in your Kindness,
That only holds so fair a Mirrour to me,
To let me see how much I am unhappy.

Mir. You are mistaken, and throw a Blemish on her;
She is the same she ever was.

Cial. Why, that was cruel still to me.
I complain'd not, fairest *Samira*,
That you were so, when I was Fortune's Favorite;
And sure I will not hope for Pity, now I'm turn'd her Slave.

Sam. As my Thoughts were ne'er mov'd
With Arguments drawn from Prosperity; so believe,
I shall have no Aversion for the Virtuous,
Although Unfortunate.

Cial. Oh, do not with mistaken Charity
Attempt to palliate my Disease;
'Tis Fortune's Plague, that's never to be cur'd;
I shall infect those I come near, ——and yet———

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I love you ſtill——above——all——
I have ſuch Tides of Paſſions when I but name you,
Much more now I ſee you, that my Words
Are over-flown, and like drowned Men
Diſorderly pop up, and ſink again.
Diſtempers ſeize me,——I talk wildly too, I fear.
Sam. I underſtand you not; pray recollect
Your ſelf; ſpeak freely to me. [*She weeps.*
Cial. Why do ye both expreſs ſuch Wonder in your Looks?
Is Miſery ſo ſtrange? [*He ſinks down.*
Mir. Why, Siſter, you are ſtill inſenſible;
If you ever lov'd *Cialto*, tell him now;
And be not like the reſt of the mean World,
To own nothing that is unhappy.
Sam. If I ſay little, Brother, I give you Leave
To think my Grief ſtops more my Words,
Than Want of Kindneſs for *Cialto*:
Yet to content you, hear me——
Cial. Hold—— [*He ſtarts up.*
Your Pity, if you've any, comes too late:
Thoſe gentle Tears, that once had been my Bleſſing,
Do now but aggravate and haſte my Deſtiny.
Juſt ſo the Drops of Heaven, which firſt caus'd
The thriving Plant to ſpring and flouriſh,
When by ſome rough and fatal Accident
Its ſhaken Roots have loſt their hold,
Then the ſoft Rain no longer gives it Life,
But makes it periſh faſter.
Sam. Oh my Heart! the Throng of all his Griefs
Has crowded in my Breaſt, and I muſt ſpeak
Or burſt. [*Aſide.*——*Cialto.*

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir.
Mir. What's the Matter?
Serv. Your Uncle, Sir, is coming hither,
And with him Signior *Brancadoro*.
Mir. Signior Coxcomb——Miſchief on his unſeaſonable Viſit!——
Has not my Uncle preſs'd you, Siſter,

To-

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To-morrow when he weds, to marry with
This Fool *Brancadoro?*

Sam. Moſt earneſtly, even to threatning me.

Mir. He may be injurious.—— [*Studies.*

Cial. How! would the Fool purchaſe my Love,
As his damn'd griping Father did my Fortune?
I have not mortgag'd ſure my Wiſhes to him.
If I am urg'd this Way I ſhall grow weary
Of politick Patience, nor with tired Hopes
Wait longer the falſe Senate's Leiſure.
——Still ador'd *Samira*, am I not too confident,
That in all my Miſeries, when I do not nourish the leaſt
Of e'er enjoying you my ſelf, [Hope
I ſhould now ſeem jealous of you?

Sam. Have I ſhew'd my ſelf ſo eaſie, that you need fear
I will be ſacrific'd unto a Fool?

Mir. Peace, they come; be temperate, *Cialro.*

Enter Caſtruccio *and* Brancadoro.

Caſt. Come, Nephew, (for ſo I dare venture to call you.)

Mir. Heav'n ſend us Joy of our wiſe Kindred. [*Aſide.*

Bran. Ha! upon my Conſcience that's *Cialro*; I know him by his fierce Looks; 'tis he, I vow: I am like to have a fine Wooing on't. Wou'd I were hid under a Bed, or behind the Hangings, I wou'd breathe no more than a Mouſe that ſleeps all the Winter. Why, what aterrible Look was there! [*Aſide.*]——D' ye hear, Uncle? I proteſt I left one of my Gloves behind me in the Window, and I'm afraid it will be ſtollen.

Caſt. Why, you have them both on.

Bran. I had forgot, like an Aſs as I was, to hide one. [*Aſide.*

Caſt. Come, come on.

Bran. Nay, as I am an honeſt Man, there's my Almanack with Notes and *Memorandum's* in't, I'll go back and come preſently.

Caſt. Fie, Nephew; my Neice ſees you.

Bran. You can't tell how ſhe likes me, can you, Uncle?

Caſt. Oh, fear not that.

Bran. Never ſtir, Uncle; I have mighty Need——I muſt needs do you know what.—He looks Vengeance ſurly;

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ſurly: He makes me wink as bad as a Flaſh of Lightning wou'd. [*Aſide.*

Caſt. Come, Nephew, what, are you baſhful? — Neice, this is the Perſon I told you of, that to-morrow will make you an happy Woman, and be an Evidence of my Care and Kindneſs.

Sam. I need no ſuch Teſtimony, Sir.

Bran. What does ſhe ſay, Uncle, that ſhe has no Need of me? Why, then I have no Need of her; I'll be beholden to no Body living.

Caſt. No, no, you are too miſtruſtful. — Come, Neice, prepare againſt to-morrow, to be made Miſtreſs of the greateſt Fortune *Sienna* boaſts of.

Bran. I think, I can tell ſome few Particulars without Book, of ſome ſmall Lordſhips, that ſerve my Turn to cover this poor Outſide, and ſome ſlight Equipage of Servants and Attendants. — Now dare not I proceed to Particulars, for fear I ſhould come to name that wild-looking Man's Eſtate, which ſhou'd make up the Catalogue. [*Aſide.*] I'll tell you a pretty Jeſt, Miſtreſs: A Friend of mine would have had me married a Kinſwoman of his, — and —

Sam. I wou'd you had, Sir.

Bran. Why, how ſhou'd I have had you then?

Sam. I muſt have been content, Sir.

Bran. Nay, I thank you for that; ſo I might have forfeited my Covenants to your Uncle; I may be ſued, if I don't marry you to-morrow.

Cial. How's this? [*Aſide.*

Mir. Peace! does this Coxcomb move you? [*To* Cial.

Caſt. 'Tis as he tells you, Neice.

Sam. I wonder, Sir, you ſhould diſpoſe of me ſo abſolutely, without allowing me ſome larger time.

Caſt. You had need conſider indeed, for ſuch a Fortune!

Sam. Is there nothing but Fortune to be thought on? Content ſprings not alone from Wealth: Marriage, you know, admits no Separation; and if Affections ſhou'd not be united, the Perſons muſt be miſerable.

Caſt. Hey day! no more of this Love-Logick: What, you would have it a Romance, and after ſome long Time, and ſtrange Adventures, diſcover Pity for your Knight-Errant,

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Errant. Remember, your Father left you to my Care; if you marry not *Brancadoro* to-morrow, I'll throw you out of it.

Sam. 'Tis ſtrange, Sir, that you ſhou'd preſs me thus, ſo ſuddenly to diſpoſe my ſelf for ever.— What ſay you, Sir? I hope you are ſo civil as not to urge it. [*To* Brancadoro.

Bran. Why, I ſay, a Bargain's a Bargain.

Cial. This is monſtrous! I can hold no longer. [*Aſide.*

Mir. Conſider, you may do hurt.

Cial. I care not — Signior *Caſtruccio*, I think it does not much become you to force your Neice to any thing; her Father ne'er believ'd that you would uſe the Truſt which he repos'd in you, to ſuch an End.

Bran. Nay, for my Part, if ſhe ben't as willing as I, a Fig for her, and you too.— I am horribly afraid. [*Aſide.*

Mir. How the Aſs ſhakes and briſtles both together! [*Aſide.*

Caſt. Signior *Cialto*, I wonder more that you ſhou'd give your unask'd Counſel, to diſturb the Advancement of my Neice and Family.

Cial. He can make large Jointures indeed,—Thanks to his Father's baſe and griping Practices.

Caſt. You are uncivil in my Houſe.

Cial. You are old, and *Samira*'s Uncle; theſe are Protections; you may ſay any thing: But I would not adviſe this wealthy Coxcomb, for all your Articles, to venture upon Marriage; 'twill be dangerous, Signior *Brancadoro*.

Caſt. Pray leave my Houſe, Sir; I deſire no ſuch rude Company.

Sam. Pray, Sir, go; this does no good.

Mir. Come, you are to blame; you may do Injury.

Cial. Pardon me, fair *Samira*, I am gone;
My Prayers were heard, could but your Happineſs
Be divided from all Mankind, though I am one.
[*Exit* Cialto.

Bran. He's gone;——would I might never live if I ha'n't a great Mind to bolt the Door after him. Now, perhaps, I ſhall venture to ſay ſomething, if I knew what.— He won't pop back trow, will he? [*Aſide.*

Caſt. Come, Neice, you will hereafter thank me for this

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this Happiness; I know you will command him, and his whole Estate.

Bran. Nay, she may do what she will in Reason; but if I'm urg'd, I'm as stout and surly as the stoutest of 'em, let it be Man or Woman. This Gentleman thought to flatter me out of my Bargain; but I think he was deceiv'd; he had best let me alone.

Mir. Seem to comply, dear Sister; I'll tell you why hereafter. [*Aside.*

Sam. I hope, Sir, you will allow me a few Hours to think; perhaps, to perswade my self to an Obedience, which you press so much.

Cast. Do, my good Niece; for to-morrow I must needs have your Company: Speak for your self, Nephew.

Bran. I can't tell what to say, for fear this blunting Fellow shou'd peep in again, yet I'll set a good Face on't. [*Aside.*] — Did you know my Father, Mistress? — Who's that at Door? [*Aside.*

Sam. I have seen him, Sir.

Bran. I doubt he listens: —— Well! I care not; I am resolved *Villerotto* shall get his Throat cut, that he shall. — And now I will speak boldly. [*Aside.*] Why, Mistress, he would have been your Father-in-Law, had he liv'd to't; I had help'd you to a wise Father, I can tell you that.

Mir. Wou'd he had had a wiser Son. [*Aside.*

Bran. As for my Mother's Part ——

Mir. She brought forth an Ass. [*Aside.*

Bran. I'll speak a bold Word, tho' I say it, that thou'd not say it ——

Sam. You promis'd, Sir, to leave me to my Thoughts for a few Hours.

Cast. Well, Virgins will be modest: Come, Nephew, we'll leave her to her self to-day; to-morrow she shall be yours, or mine no more. Your Brother, I hope, is more sensible than you of your own good; you know my Mind: Farewel, — be wise.

Bran. Your Uncle gives you good Counsel, Mistress; farewel till to-morrow. — In the mean time, I'll go find *Villerotto*; I dare not for my Ears venture to marry, unless he makes fife this furious *Cinthio*, then I shall keep all quietly,

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ly, or else I may perhaps be invited to an honourable Duel, which how I can endure —— [*Aside.*

Cast. Farewel, Neice; and prepare to make your self and me truly happy. [*Exeunt* Castruccio *and* Brancadoro.

Sam. Now, Brother, to what Purpose did you advise me to seem willing?

Mir. I have some Thoughts, which only want of Time yet hinders me to ripen: I like not my Uncle's picking Quarrels thus; all's in his Power, he may do mischief; therefore, seem to consent: Yet fear not, tho' the Wedding is so near, at the last Minute I know a Way to free thee; —— within I'll tell thee my Design: —— This Mushroom never shall be yok'd to thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Brancadoro *and* Villerotto. *They whisper.*

Vill. Now, Sir, do you yet believe it is a Consequence, that you must not expect to live, if proud *Cialto* does? Or wou'd you have the Parish Priest to make you Friends, and all the Neighbourhood invited to the reconciling Dinner?

Bran. Why, thou see'st I look'd thee out for the nonce, to know, if thou canst have him quickly dispatch'd; why Man, I cannot marry else.

Vill. Well, be secure; reckon that insolent Enemy to your Repose and Fortunes, in his Grave. [*Enter* Montalto *and his Companions.*] ——But see, Sir, ——yonder are an odd Parcel of Men, I think I have seen the Face of one of them before; if I mistake not, they are a sort of People fitted by their own Wants for my Designs. Retire, Sir, and leave me to sound them.

[*As* Bran. *goes out, he returns and speaks.*

Bran. But be sure, Man; be sure, I say: If thou should'st miss, and *Cialto* find me married, —— Um —— I might give my Life for a Farthing. [*Exit* Brancadoro.

Vill. Fear not, fear not. —Save you, Gentlemen.

Mont. And you, Sir.

Vill.

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Vill. You ſeem Perſons that have not been ſo kindly us'd by Fortune as your Merits might juſtly challenge; your Carriage ſpeaks you to have been Men of Action.

Mont. We have ſeen Danger, Sir, and have not ſhrunk;
When thoſe that live at Eaſe have ſhook to hear
The Story told.

Vill. 'Tis pity, at leaſt to our frail Reaſon it ſo appears, that neither Virtue nor Courage ſhou'd be ſafe from Mixtures of Neceſſity.

Mont. We are us'd as our Swords are;
When the Danger's paſt, hung by.

Vill. And yet if ſuch as you, whoſe haughty Minds
Brook not the Sight of other Mens Enjoyments,
Or think it barbarous Injuſtice to ſtarve
Amidſt that Plenty, which your Swords
Secur'd or purchas'd; if ſuch Men as you
But ſnatch'd at ſome ſmall Share,
You wou'd be puniſh'd certainly.

Mont. We have found that.

Vill. Nay, the Clergy wou'd declare your Souls
In dangerous Condition.

Mont. Yes, damn'd, without diſpute

Vill. Come, we are betray'd and fool'd;
Thoſe that have Power over us
Confirm themſelves by Cruelty and Cheating;
One they call Juſtice, th'other Policy.
Mean while the Poor muſt ſtarve, or elſe be whip'd;
The Soldier out of War, want, or be hang'd;
Nature's relieving Laws are loſt in theirs;
If ſhe whiſpers unto Man his own Advantage;
And he be guilty then in that Purſuance,
The Fault ſtill reſts in thoſe that urg'd the Act;
The rich and powerful Part of Men
Are anſwerable for thoſe Deeds
To which they force the Poor and the Neceſſitous.

2 *Com.* Oh admirable Reaſon!

Mont. 'Tis moſt profound, and never to be anſwer'd.

Vill. Are you convinc'd then?

Mont. 1 *C.* & 2 *C.* Yes, yes, yes.

Vill. Then I may tell you, I have a Buſineſs for you,

If

If you dare attempt it; in which there will not be
Much Danger, but great Profit.

Mont. Pish, Danger's our Companion:
Name the Thing, Sir.

Vill. Follow me then to a more private Place,
Where you shall know your Task; my own Sword
Shall share a little with you, as far as I dare;
I may, for ought I know, keep with the boldest.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cialto *solus.*

Cial. No News yet, and the dangerous Time so near!
When she for ever may be lost to me,
And forc'd into a Fool's Embraces!
For tho' she never can be mine, I cannot
Suffer she shou'd be another's.
——I hardly can be jealous of *Miranzo*:
Yet Friendship it self is not Security enough
To give him Credit for *Samira*; I dare not trust
That Treasure thus uncertainly; I must prevent
The quickest Way: Friendship and Fate
Have their slow Pace; but Passions will not wait.

[*He offers to go out.*

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. Whither so fast? hey day! which is now Predominant: Love or Fortune? One of 'em is ever vexing thee.

Cial. 'Tis well you can continue merry.

Mir. Come, what's the matter?

Cial. Nothing.

Mir. That's unkind.

Cial. Pray, urge me not.

Mir. Is there any thing to be conceal'd from Friends?

Cial. Yes; Trouble and Misery.

Mir. No more, or find some other Friend.

Cial. You do not well to press me thus; it will not please you, when you hear it.

Mir.

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Mir. Pray, let me know it.

Cial. You shall; but I must beg another thing.

Mir. What's that?

Cial. Only, to save you and me Trouble, pray, when you have heard it, give no Counsel.

Mir. O! by no means, Sir, not for a World.

Cial. Why, 'tis no great Matter —— I'll kill *Brancadoro*.

Mir. How!

Cial. Nay, your Wonder is as unnecessary as your Counsel.

Mir. Have you consider'd what you said?

Cial. Yes; and I find it reasonable, I admire you do not.

Mir. Faith not I; I think 'tis an unreasonable Thing to kill an Ass: Some think that Fools are damn'd for their original Ignorance; thou wou'dst not send him to Hell on thy Errand, wou'dst?

Cial. Ha, ha! shou'd I, for fear of sending him to Hell, let him enjoy my Heaven here! —— perhaps it grows indifferent to you.

Mir. Do you suspect, that *Brancadoro*'s Wealth has bribe'd me, Sir? I thank you.

Cial. I do not say, it has; but yet ——

Mir. But yet! it looks scurvily: A Friend, when he's jealous, is like a Child that's froward; he knows not why he's out of Humour. Come, trust all to me, you shall not be deceiv'd; I've a Design, spare me but for a few Minutes.

Cial. Methinks, your Kindness gives me greater Joy
Than a bare Friendship cou'd: —— All Thoughts
Of my Revenge on others vanish; —— yet ——
When I am too much press'd with Misery,
Be but so kind to give me leave to die. [*Exit* Cialto.

Miranzo *stays and studies.*

Mir. It shall be so.—If I can frighten him, and make him decline the Marriage with my Sister, 'twou'd be excellent; for certainly he's a rank Coward: See where most luckily he comes.

Enter Brancadoro.

Now Fortune; —— yet, if this fail, I've a sure Remedy

dy at last.—— Noble Signior, I was going to look after you.

Bran. What, I warrant your Sister sent to me; I am coming.

Mir. No, Sir, 'twas a Business of another Nature.

Bran. Nay, I cannot stay to talk of Business now.

Mir. You must, Sir.

Bran. Must, Sir!

Mir. I think you must; your Honour will enforce you.

Bran. Why, what has my Honour to do with't? Must!

Mir. It concerns it; and I must beg your Pardon, that am th' unwilling Messenger.

Bran. Why, if you be unwilling, let it alone; I'll excuse you.

Mir. I dare not, Sir; I am oblig'd so far in common Ties that every Gentleman is bound unto another by; I was unhappy that it was requir'd from me.

Bran. Well, another time, another time.

Mir. None but this can serve, Sir; 'tis the last Request that you will have from Signior *Cialio*.

Bran. The last! well, that mollifies somewhat; What is't then?

Mir. Why, it seems reasonable, that as you have his Fortune, and are now going to possess his Mistress; he but desires that you would now be pleas'd fairly to take away his Life too.

Bran. What's this! I hope, I am not discover'd by *Villetto!* Fairly, quoth he! *Aside.*

Mir. Life, in his Condition, is but useless to him.

Bran. Why, he may hang himself.

Mir. That he's unwilling to do; you shall try to free him, with your honourable Sword.

Bran. I'll not try, Sir.

Mir. You must, Sir; and for that End he stays for you hard by the Nunnery, in the Cypress Grove.

Bran. There let him stay; you know, as well as I, I am ngag'd, and cannot come.

Mir.

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Mir. No Ingagement, Sir, ought to be above your Honour. Beſides, mine will ingage me not to receive ſo ſlight an Anſwer.

Bran. Why, 'tis your Sifter I am going to marry; is it not?

Mir. I conſider not that, Sir.

Bran. If *Cialto* ſends me a Challenge, I hope I may appoint my Time and Weapon.

Mir. That I think you may.— Sure he dares not fight, does he? [*Aſide.*

Bran. Why then tell your Friend from me, I'll meet him the next Day after I'm married, any where: I'll not delay ſuch Matters as theſe.

Mir. Why, he has Courage ſure. [*Aſide.*] But, Sir, 'tis handſomeſt to end theſe Matters quickly.

Bram. So 'twere, Sir, if a Man were free; but ſince I am engag'd, I will be married firſt, and then have at him. If he be in Haſte to fight, let him faſten a Quarrel on ſomebody elſe, to paſs away the Time till I am married.

Mir. 'Slid, he amazes me. [*Aſide.*

Bran. Thus, Sir, I ſhall preſerve my Honour every way; I hope he underſtands himſelf as well as I do.

Mir. There is no Help, this will not do. —— How the Raſcal has cozen'd me! —— well —— who knows but he may be valiant? [*Aſide.*] This is your Reſolution, Sir?

Bran. Ay marry, Sir; nor will I alter it.

Mir. I ſhall acquaint *Cialto* with it, Sir, and then attend you to your Nuptials: Farewel, *Signior.*

Bran. You ſhall be welcome, Sir. [*Ex.* Miran.] There will be a fine Sight, I pay ſome on't. Ha, ha, how I have couzen'd 'em! *Miranzo* has no Mind I ſhou'd have his Sifter, and ſo they agreed to frighten me from't; I found it; poor ſilly Fellows, 'twas too late; I have promis'd to meet *Cialto* the next Day after I am married, that is the next Day after he is dead; 'Tis the ſame Thing; —— 'um —— but if *Villerotto* ſhou'd fail I were in a fine Caſe, poſitively ingag'd to fight with him. I'll look him, and make ſure Work. I grow horribly afraid to think of fighting, tho' I never intend to come to't. [*Exit.*

SCENE

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SCENE IV.

Enter Montalto *ſolus.*

Mont. What has this Raſcal perſwaded us to! Nay, rather, what have I perſwaded my ſelf to! To fancy I have Courage, and know all the while what a dangerous Lie 'tis to own it; for I had talk'd ſo loudly of my killing, that 'twas very probable I ſhou'd be ſet to work; and as luck is, 'tis to kill one that will not eaſily be kill'd; unleſs I cou'd catch him aſleep: Wou'd this rhetorical Gentleman had his Money again. He gave me Earneſt very formally. The Devil's to raiſe Forces, and he's his Agent to give the Preſs-money. Here come my engag'd Friends. — What made ye ſtay behind?

Enter 1, 2 *Companions.*

1 *Com.* Why, the Gentleman, you know who——

Mon. That hir'd us to do you know what.

1 *Com.* Had ſtill more to ſay to us: he's very earneſt.

Mont. I had rather he were in Jeſt. [*Aſide.*

1 *Com.* He promiſes to double our Reward, if we ſtrike home, and loſe no Opportunity; we ſhall hardly have ſuch another Bargain.

Mont. That's likely; for 'tis very probable we may be hang'd for this: I find I have more Conſcience than I thought I had.

1 *Com.* As good hang as ſtarve; nay, Captain, if you're in Dialogue with Fear and Conſcience, I ha' done.

Mont. I do but caſt the worſt, to try your Spirits: I am a Villain, if Fear be not Gentleman-uſher to Conſcience; I thought I had had no ſuch thing; now I am afraid, I find I have a moſt troubleſome Stock of it.

Enter Villerotto.

——Um——the Devil has ſent his Reſident again; the Fiend knew I had a good Thought or two, and his Agent's come to treat for 'em; yet if I fall back, he'll cut my Throat, that's certain. [*Aſide.*

Vill. Gentlemen, ſome new Thoughts made me overtake you; 'Tis to tell you, I am now reſolv'd ſtill to keep near

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near you, that no Opportunity be loſt, nor I robb'd of my Part in th' Action.

Mont. I wou'd afford any one a Penniworth of my Share. [*Aſide.*

Vill. It were a Fault to doubt your Courages; but Words waſte Time; no more: Go preſently and ſtay for me in the Cypreſs Walk that leads unto the Nunnery. [*Exe. Mont. and Comp.*] This Captain, methinks, looks ſomething ſuſpiciouſly; I muſt not be long from them: My Sword ſhall make ſure Work.

Enter Brancadoro.

How — my wiſe Maſter! What Buſineſs ſends him hunting after me?

Bran. Villeretto, haſt bargain'd? *Caſtruccio* has ſent me Word, that he has got his Neice's Conſent: But all's one for that; if thou canſt not get him kill'd, they ſha'n't get me to marry, for a Reaſon beſt known to my ſelf: Yet prethee bargain as cheap as thou canſt; for all that, I dare truſt thee tho' to uſe thy own Diſcretion.

Vill. I will do more than uſe my own Diſcretion: I'll uſe my Sword too: Go marry, Sir, and think not of a dead Man.

Bran. Haſt got him diſpatch'd already?

Vill. As good, Sir; 'tis ſure.

Bran. But had I beſt marry before it be quite done?

Vill. Fear not, Sir; truſt to my Care and Faith.

Bran. But be ſure.

Vill. Nay, if you ſuſpect me, Sir.

Bran. Why, then I'll venture; fall back, fall edge: let him meddle with me if he dares. Diſpatch quickly, good *Villeretto*. [*Exit* Brancadoro.

Vill. Yet again! he needs not doubt me, if he knew all: but when 'tis done I muſt propoſe ſome conſiderable Conditions to ſet up for my ſelf, and leave his wife Worſhip:

He dares not but conſent; the Guilty muſt
Submit to be the Slaves of thoſe they truſt. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Bottolo.

Bot. HOW that Fire-brand the Cook ſputters! there's no coming near to have a Cut for Breakfaſt. I, am a Villain, if the Butler too be not grown as outragious a Beaſt as he. What Coil's here! —

Enter Taccola.

O Mother, — how! — What, you in a Pelt too! Do the Quinces prove rotten? or is all the Biſket-ſlabber ſpilt?

Tacco. Out upon thee, thou tak'ſt Care for nothing; ſhe has been my Charge theſe ſeventeen Years, and I do not mean to quit my Care yet a while.

Bot. Yes, Faith, Mother, you muſt deliver up; ſhe's going to have another Governour, and, as luck will have it, as old as your grave ſelf: We are like to plant our fair young Twig in hopeful Soil; does it not trouble you, Mother?

Tacco. What's that to thee, Sirrah? Thou art ever full of roguiſh Thoughts; the Man may do well enough; Age is not ſo contemptible.

Bot. Nay, I dare ſwear, Mother, you believe you cou'd entertain the youngeſt of them all with wondrous Proweſs.

Tacco. Come, leave your prating; the Bridegroom's near at hand, with ſuch a gallant Troop; they are hard by: Nay, I'll tell thee what — Out upon't, — what do I here! The Jelly will be ſpoil'd. [*Exit* Taccola.

Bot. O take care of that, by all means; the old Gentleman will need it.

Enter Moreno.

Mor. How now, Sirrah? what, loit'ring here? the Company's

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pany's juſt coming to the Gate; get you gone, and mind your Buſineſs within.—— Why Daughter, Daughter.

Emilia *appears above.*

Emil. Your Pleaſure, Sir.

Mor. Be ready there, Daughter; the Bridegroom will ſalute you with Muſick preſently. I had almoſt forgot the chiefeſt News; this Day the fair *Samira*, *Caſtruccio*'s Neice, muſt marry the great and rich *Brancadoro*'s Heir. Be ready, Daughter, I cannot ſtay.— Hark,— they come.

Emil. Governeſs, *Tacola.*

Tacola *appears above.*

Tac. Here, ſweet Charge.

Emil. Come, it muſt be your Part to tell me the Names of every one; have you inform'd your ſelf?

Tac. Yes, yes, I know them all.

Emil. Peace then, and obſerve.

Enter firſt ſome bearing Bays and Roſemary, then Moreno *and* Caſtruccio, *then* Brancadoro *and* Samira, *then* Miranzo *and others*; *As theſe paſs over the Stage, they ſpeak above.*

What be theſe Men?

Tac. They bear Love's Enſigns: you know the Gentleman that follows.

Emil. Yes, yes. Who's he that leads his fair Neice?

Tac. The wealthy *Brancadoro*, who is to marry her this Day; they ſay he's an Aſs, though his Trappings be rich.

Emil. A ſudden Wedding! but what young Man is that which follows next?

Tac. Ay marry, that's his fine Nephew *Miranzo*, Newly return'd from Travel.

Emil. Peace; they begin.

As ſoon as the Maſque begins the Curtain draws, and Emilia *appears*; Miranzo *keeps his Eyes fix'd on her all the while the Maſque is preſented.*

The Perſons being all plac'd about the Stage,
Enter a Cupid, *who waves an Arrow, and ſpeaks.*

Cup. Hymen, O gentle *Hymen*, come away.

Enter Hymen.

Hym. When Love's great God commands, I never ſtay.

Cup.

Cup. Then light thy Torch.
Hym. For that I hither came,
And ſee 'tis ready to receive a Flame,
Whenever by thy powerful Summons preſt.
Cup. Then light it at that aged Lover's Breaſt.
Hym. Where Time has been deſtroying, can there be
A Warmth for him, much leſs a Flame for me?
Cup. Thoſe groſſer Flames that feed on wanton Hearts,
Burn not in his; the ſharpeſt of my Darts
Had found no Way, where Nature frozen lies,
But that 'twas thaw'd by fair *Emilia*'s Eyes.
Hym. Call hither all thy Votaries to gaze,
That with ſuch Fires thy Altars ſtill may blaze;
Not fed with looſe Deſires, but pureſt Hearts:
So I my Torch may ſave, and thou thy Darts.

Enter Charon.

Cup. But ſtay: what diſmal Apparition's this,
That mingles Horror with approaching Bliſs?
Cha. Charon I am, that o'er the *Stygian* Waves
Waft only Fares that firſt have paſs'd through Graves:
From thence I came, where all the Deſtinies
Do ſit and ſmile at theſe unequal Ties:
'Tis vain to ſing an Hymeneal Note;
Light not thy Torch, for I prepare my Boat.
Hym. Why, *Charon*, why?
Char. Know, I did lately view
The fatal Siſters, whilſt his Thread they drew;
The laſt Remains were on the Diſtaff put,
And one prepar'd the feeble Twine to cut.
Hym. Fond Fool, go back again, and thou ſhalt find
So fair a Thread with his ſo firmly twin'd,
No Deſtiny will venture to divide
A Life that is with fair *Emilia*'s ty'd.
Gaze, and ſubmit.
Char. What's this appears more bright,
Than Souls prepar'd for the *Elyſian* Light?
Appear, appear, you fatal Siſters, come
Before a Power that can reverſe your Doom.

Enter Deſtinies.

See, they obey; 'tis juſt that Love and Fate
Shou'd on the fair *Emilia*'s Nuptials wait.

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Cup. First, I resign my Arrows and my Bow.
Hym. The Fates submit their dreadful Ensigns too.
Char. Charon will leave his unfrequented Shore;
And at *Emilia*'s Feet lay down his Oar.
Hym. Ascend, ascend, you happy Shades, and move
In various Measures with the God of Love.

Enter Spirits.

Char. They come, they come! hark, hark! our charmed Ears
Are struck with Musick from the moving Spheres.

[*The Spirits first dance an Antick; Then the Destinies join in a grand Dance.*

Mir. How my Eyes are chain'd unto that glorious Object! she acts like what she is, a Miracle; and I am lost in Wonder!

Cast. Good Morning to my fairest Mistress: may but my Joys this Day, be yours for ever; I know not how to wish you more.

Bran. Uncle, must I bid her good-morrow too? these Spirits have so amaz'd me, I can scarce fetch my Breath.

Cast. By all Means.

Bra. Why then,——Good-morrow, Mistress; 'tis Signior *Bracandoro* bids you good-morrow: I wish you as good luck as my self. As I suppose, you may have heard of me; for I am going the way of all Flesh too.

Mir. If I cou'd speak, I find I cannot join in Wishes of this Nature: How my Soul struggles in me! [*Aside.*

Mor. Come down, Daughter, and meet us in the Hall, so to the Temple, where all Compliments are quickly ended. Come, Son, your Ceremony defers your Happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

The Curtain drawn. *Manet* Mirandzo.

Mir. The lovely Apparition's vanish'd; O for a Spell to call it back again; but the black Spirits only are subject unto Charms, and not the brighter Angels: At what a distance she surpriz'd!
Had the great God of Love us'd other Eyes,
He had at Rovers vainly shot his Dart;
Hers had the Power alone to carry level to my Heart.
How hapless must my Destiny needs prove,
That in one Instant both despair and love! [*Exit.*

SCENE

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SCENE II.

Enter Taccola *and* Bottolo.

Tac. Good *Bottolo*, ſet theſe things upon the Shelf; I muſt ſtay here to give my Lady her things, ſhe's coming down this way; I had forgot her Veil; nay, pr'ythee do ſo much for me.

Bot. Well, well: Poxen't, I takens Joy in this Wedding.

Tac. Nay, pr'ythee no Diſcourſe now, honeſt *Bottolo*.

Bot. O rare! honeſt *Bottolo!* before Night you'll ſcold at this honeſt *Bottolo*.

Tac. Thou deſerv'ſt it twice, where I do it once, Sirrah.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. What's the Matter?

Bot. Nothing, Miſtreſs.— Ah, 'tis a thouſand Pities.— [*Exit* Bottolo.

Emil. Have you brought my things, Governeſs?

Tac. Yes, my ſweet Charge.

Emil. Where's the Company?

Tac. They all ſtay for you in the Hall.

Emil. I go, I go. [*As ſhe offers to go, Enter* Mirantzo.

Mir. Stay, ſtay, faireſt Maid.

Emil. What's your Pleaſure, Sir?

Mir. I dare not tell her 'tis to gaze on her. [*Aſide.*] Madam, the Buſineſs I muſt acquaint you with, deſerves a Privacy; pleaſe you to command your Woman for a Minute to withdraw.

Emil. Leave us a little, Governeſs.

Tac. By my troth a comely Gentleman; had luck been, this might have made the better Husband. [*Aſide.*] Pray, Sir, be not tedious, here's Buſineſs to be done. [*Exit.* Taccola.

Mir. Not by the old Gentleman.——— I am a Stranger to you, Madam; my Buſineſs will ſeem ſtrange too.

Emil. Pray quickly, Sir; I am ſtaid for.

Mir. That's Part of it.

Emil. Of what?

Mir. Why, of my Buſineſs, to deſire you not to go.

Emil. What mean you, Sir? why do you gaze ſo wild-

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ly? I hope your Thoughts are not ſo much unſettl'd as your Looks; why do you deſire me not to go?

Mir. Why, you go to be married, do you not?

Emil. Yes; what do you mean? Pray leave me.

Mir. I muſt not, nay I cannot leave you.

Emil. Not leave me! What is the Buſineſs that thus unſeaſonably you ſtay me for?

Mir. I know I have done ill to trouble you; but who can help it; Love and Whirlwinds will have their giddy Courſes. The Story's ſhort: I ſaw and lov'd you. Wonder not; Lightning burns at a Flaſh, when leſſer Fires do by degrees conſume.

Emil. It is not well to give me this ſtrange Trouble. How did you come to meet me? pray ſay no more: I muſt obey, and marry.

Mir. Do, and be happy.——'Tis true, I might have dy'd without afflicting you; for that I ask Forgiveneſs.

Emil. I forgive you freely.

Mir. This then finiſhes my Wooing.

[*He draws a Ponyard.*

Emil. Hold; you do not mean ſo madly!

Mir. I mean thus, ſoberly.

Emil. Where is your Reaſon and your Juſtice, Sir! think on't; wou'd you rob another of his Right? your near Relation too!

Mir. Not by dying, do I?

Emil. That offends Heaven, at whoſe Diſpoſal you ought to be.

Mir. I am ſo; you are my Heaven here, and you diſpoſe me to my Fate.

Emil. Why d'you cruelly diſturb me? I know you dare not be ſo injurious as to deſtroy at once your ſelf, and all my Peace.

Mir. You miſtake; Alas! I have not Courage enough to try whether or no I can endure to live.

Emil. Oh, you have ruin'd me! what ſhall I do!

Mir. I am ſorry I have troubled you, indeed I am; but you began to plague me firſt: I was at Peace with Womankind; that is, I lov'd none, 'till your Eyes began the Quarrel.

Emil. What wou'd you have me do? how can I now a void this Marriage, ready for the Temple, ingag'd by my Obedience, and my Promiſe!

Mir.

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Mir. You may pretend a ſudden Sickneſs, Madam.

Emil. I need not much pretend it. [*Aſide.*] But what is your Deſign in this?

Mir. I dare not name a Pardon at the firſt; I only beg to be Repriev'd, that I may try if it be poſſible to love you leſs, and you may try to love me more: but if you think it too much Mercy to Reprieve me, pronounce my Sentence quickly, you ſhall find me your faithful Executioner.

Emil. You preſs me ſtrangely; I dare not be the Cauſe of any Murther: Live—— I will not marry; by all that's good I will not: but from this time ſee me no more, cruel Diſturber of my Peace.

Mir. I loſt mine firſt by ſeeing you; and though I promis'd to obey one Sentence, yet this is too hard, dying's eaſier: I cannot promiſe never to ſee you more, and live.

Emil. Be gone, and leave the moſt unhappy of all Women.

Mir. I go: remember only this Vow I leave behind, Never to live to ſee you wretched or unkind. [*Exit.*

Emil. Ah me!—— I need not wholly counterfeit Sickneſs; I have an Ague in my Thoughts, which ſhakes my Soul; I ſhall grow faint indeed.—Governeſs!

Enter Taccola.

Tac. O, ſweet Charge, there's old calling for you.

Emil. I cannot go yet; lead me to my Chamber; I fear I ſhall grow ill.

Tac. How, how!

Emil. Pr'ythee Peace.

Tac. Why, what, a God's Name, hath this young Fellow done? what, is he gone, and left you?

Emil. Nothing, nothing; pr'ythee along. I faint.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Bottolo.

Bot. Hey day, what doings there's within! Signior *Brancadoro* has loſt his Miſtreſs; by this time they are hunting on a cold Scent, or elſe have quite given her over.

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I wonder my Miſtreſs had not the Wit to run away, and hide for good and all, from her old Caterpillar. Hark, there's a new Noiſe within, [*Noiſe within.*] and louder too than ever; I'm a Villain if I don't fancy I hear *Taccola's* Shrieks a Note above them all; what ſhould this mean?

Enter Brancadoro.

Bran. O, *Bottolo*, did'ſt thou ſee my Miſtreſs? As I live and breathe, I never took more Pains a Squirrel-hunting, than I have done in ſeeking her; I would give any thing in reaſon to any that could but bring Tale or Tidings of her.

Bot. That reaſonable Reward would prove a *Julio*.

Bran. Come, *Bottolo*, pr'ythee come and help to look her. [*Exit* Brancadoro.

Bot. I had rather help to hide her from ſuch a covetous vapouring Coxcomb. How now!

Enter Moreno *haſtily*.

Mor. O *Bottolo*, *Bottolo!* run, run, *Bottolo*.

Bot. Whither, Sir?

Mor. Any whither; run, run, fetch a Phyſician quickly.——— O, my Daughter, my Daughter!—— what, art thou here yet?

Bot. Why, what ails my Miſtreſs?

Mor. Dying, dying; ſhe fainted ſuddenly, and lies without a Sign of Life.

Bot. A pretty Wedding towards; poor Soul, who can blame her to be afraid to be claſp'd by an old Ivy, whoſe Embraces never ſuffer any thing to proſper?

Mor. Art thou not gone yet? Run quickly, Sirrah, to *Leonardo* the Phyſician; make all the haſte thou canſt.

Bot. I knew there wou'd no good come of this Wedding, firſt or laſt. I go, Sir, I go. [*Exit* Bottolo.

Enter Caſtruccio.

Caſt. O Miſchief! No hearing of my Neice!

Mor. My Daughter, my Daughter's going.

Caſt. And my Neice is quite gone: every Corner has been ſearch'd, but no finding her. Oh, oh, what a ſad Day is this!

Mor. Never a hopeful Morning ſo o'ercaſt!

Caſt. O my Miſtreſs! O my Neice! Undone, undone!

Mor.

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Mor. Let's in and adviſe together; I have ſent *Barvolo* for a Phyſician. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. There's yet ſome hopes; the ſubtle Politician that cannot reach his Ends in Peace, throws all into Diſorder. He ſnatches others firſt from their Enjoyments, and that makes way for his Deſigns. I find we are alike; for Peace muſt be more fatal than Love's civil War to me. What a World of Thoughts now offer their troubleſome Service to me! Wou'd my Man *Baptiſta* were come; Heaven prevent Miſchance; I cannot doubt his truth: I truſted him to help my Siſter's Flight to the Nunnery: no way was left at laſt but that, to cozen *Brancadoro* of her; the Fool had almoſt flown her to a Mark.—O *Cialto*, I have ſtrange News to tell thee.

Enter Cialto.

Cial. Your Looks expreſs as much—I thought Sorrow and Wildneſs had hung upon no Brow but mine. Where have you been? what, is the Wedding finiſh'd? why are you thus confus'd?——ha!——where's *Samira*?

Mir. Not married to *Brancadoro*, nor ever ſhall.

Cial. O, my beſt Friend, pardon my Fears; how ſafe I am in thee! But where is ſhe?

Mir. You ſhall know preſently; I appointed my Man *Baptiſta* to wait my coming to this Place; but an Accident has brought me ſooner than I thought.

Cial. Bleſs me! What Accident? In ſhine Eyes appears a ſtrange Diſorder.

Mir. No, no, no great Matter; we may be Friends, Sir, at your own Rate; I am turn'd Lover too.

Cial. Why, 'tis impoſſible! Who, *Miranzo*? he that us'd to brag his Heart was fortified with Scorn and Chearfulneſs!

Mir. O, Sir, I rejoyce you are in ſuch perfect Memory; but ſee, *Baptiſta* is return'd.—Now, what News?

Enter Baptiſta.

Bapt. As you directed, Sir, I found an Opportunity that favour'd the Deſign your Siſter had: the idle Perſons, that

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had no Buſineſs but to mind others Actions, I got into the Cellar, whilſt ſhe made her Eſcape.

Mir. To the Nunnery?

Bapt. Thither ſhe told me ſhe would go.

Mir. 'Tis well.

Cial. How! to the Nunnery! ſhe may be willing to ſtay there, 'tis probable; for nothing here below is worth her Love: I find I cannot yet ſubmit; my Paſſion will reſiſt, though Heaven it ſelf does prove my Rival.

[*Exit* Cialto *haſtily.*

Mir. Cialto, Friend *Cialto*!—he's gone.—Hey day, how Love tumbles us about! yet I admire not now at this Diſtraction; for mad Men wonder not at one another.

Bapt. But, Sir, I have ſtrange News to tell you; the fair *Emilia,* with her old Governeſs, is fled to the Nunnery too.

Mir. How! is't poſſible?

Bapt. 'Tis certain, Sir; and to that Purpoſe ſhe left a Note upon her Table: all the Houſe is in an Uproar, and fancy 'twas a Plot between the Ladies.

Mir. Above my Hopes ſhe then has kept her Word, not to beſtow her ſelf; but what a Devil does ſhe do at the Nunnery? that may be worſe than th' other; if ſhe ſhou'd turn Nun now; like enough; when People are croſs'd and vex'd, they grow Religious preſently. I muſt do ſomething.——How my Thoughts work, [*he ſtudies.*] heaving like labouring Moles within the Earth! Ha, *Baptiſta.*

Bapt. Sir.

Mir. Haſt thou not told me thou haſt a Brother is a Friar?

Bapt. I have, Sir, in the next Convent.

Mir. Cou'dſt thou not prevail with him to lend me a little of his Holineſs?

Bapt. What mean you, Sir?

Mir. Nay, I mean none of his Prayers nor Meditations; at this Time I have no uſe for a good Thought: 'tis his Habit only for a few Hours; I'll not abuſe it, on my Honour; thou dar'ſt truſt me, dar'ſt not?

Bapt. You cannot doubt that, Sir; and I am ſure my Brother's Thoughts of you are as mine are: I'll try preſently, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Mir.

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Mir. Come, I'll go along with thee; for my Design requires ſome haſte: thy Care and Love ſhall be requited.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Moreno.

Mor. Worſe and worſe! my Daughter, my Daughter! cozen'd, abus'd and cheated! Signior *Caſtruccio*, *Brancadoro*, where are you?

Enter Caſtruccio *and* Brancadoro.

Caſt. What's the Matter?

Mor. Oh, my Daughter! gone, fled, run away, with her old Beldame.

Caſt. How, fled and gone!

Mor. Gone, gone.

Bran. My Miſtreſs ſhew'd her the way.—*Villerotto* ſhall let him alone now, if I cou'd but find him. No Wedding, no Killing. [*Aſide.*

Enter a Servant.

Caſt. How now? any News yet? where's my Nephew *Miranzo?*

Serv. He's not in the Houſe, Sir.

Mor. We are all abus'd and cheated.

Bran. I am cozen'd too of my Miſtreſs; but as long as I can keep my Money, the Care's the leſs.

Caſt. It is in vain longer to vex our ſelves; let's in and conſult; then, if we judge it fit, we'll go together to the Nunnery, and there make our Demands, you for your Daughter, I for my Neice.

Mor. You adviſe well; come, let us not delay: Signior *Brancadoro*, you muſt along too.

Bran. With all my Heart; I long to ſee what the Meaning of theſe Tricks are: every Body's cozen'd, as well as I. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Montalto, *and two Companions.*

Mont. We are marvellouſly kept on Duty; not one Alarm yet?

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1 Com. Our Sport is watching for Intelligence; to say truth, the Gentleman takes a world of Pains.

Mont. Wou'd he wou'd take less; he pays well, and 'tis no Matter how long 'tis a doing.

2 Com. What, are you squeamish still, Captain?

Mont. Pox on't, I can't conceal my villainous Apprehensions from these Rascals; without doubt the Rogues are as timorous as I am, though they hide it better. [*Aside.*

Enter Villerotto *with another, and pulling in* Samira. How now? what's here to do?

Vill. Nay, do not seem angry: this is strange rambling on your Wedding Day.

Sam. Impudent Rascal, unhand me: how dare you assume the Boldness to examine me?

Vill. Spoil not your good Face with Frowns; 'tis to no Purpose; You must be my Prisoner.

Sam. Your Prisoner, Slave!

Vil. Yes mine, 'till I know in what Condition you have left my Master; your Flight's suspicious; perhaps y'ave murther'd him.

Sam. No, the Fool's alive to thank you for your officious Rudeness.

Vill. If he be not, your Life shall satisfie.

Mon. 'Tis not in our Bargain to deal with Women. [*Aside.*

Vill. There's something more than ordinary; for guilty Persons use such Flights; here, take her away.

Sam. What, will you murder me? help, help.

Vill. Stop your Mouth, or I'll spoil the Passage to't, [*He shews a Dagger.*] and make an Hole to let your Clamours out by th' way, before they climb up to your Throat.

Enter Emilia *and* Taccola.

What have we here? more Quarry on the Wing? how the Covey's scatter'd? sure 'tis she; 'tis, 'tis *Emilia*. Here has been some Mischief practis'd; I'll seize her too, else t'other will want Company.——Stay, who are you?

Emil. Ah me!

Vil. Whither this way in fast? may be you cannot speak for want of Air, I'll give you vent.——I thought so——'tis she. [*He unveils her.*

Emil. Oh, I am ruin'd.

Vill.

Vill. Troth, like enough; and possibly you have deserv'd it.

Emil. Pray stop me not; but rather, if you have Pity, conduct me to the Nunnery.

Vill. O, do your Mischiefs prompt you to a Refuge? I'll find you out a Place of Safety. Two of you come along with me; bring them along too.

Tos. Rascal, what dost thou mean to do with us?

Vill. Nothing with your Antiquity.

Sum. Conduct us to an Officer of Justice; we dare appear, Sir.

Vill. Stop her Mouth; I'll consider what to do with you; bring them along, I say. Do you wait here till I return; a Minute brings me back.

[*Exeunt with the Women,* Villerotto *and the second Companion.*

Mont. Why, this is horrible Injustice; we must only it seems do the worst Work. Why, methinks one might serve this unconscionable Stomach: but it may be we, like Serving-men, may be permitted to fall to after him. This Plunder though ought to be divided among us that did the Duty.

1 *Com.* 'Tis but reasonable; perhaps he thinks that full Temptation cannot live in our hunger-starv'd Bodies.

Mon. Before I saw these sprightly Wenches I thought so too; but I am not hungry now: a Man has never any Stomach when he is over-heated.

Enter Villerotto *hastily, with the second Companion.*

Vill. Whist, whilst; this way, this way: now bravely seize the Prey: he's coming to you.

Mont. Pox o'th' News: Now have I no Mind to the Wenches neither; this Fear can lay that Devil, that will obey nor Hunger, nor Poverty.

Vill. Come, follow me; thrust home and fire.

Mont. Ay, Ay, do we might——

Vill. Doubt not your full Reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter Miranzo *in a Friar's Habit, with a Friar and* Baptiſta.

Mir. Thanks, holy Sir; and pray be confident that I have no Deſign nor Thought which may abuſe this Habit.

Fri. You are too noble.

Mir. In that reſt aſſured; now Sir retire, I need no farther your Protection.

Fri. Heavens direct and ſend you Peace of Mind.

Mir. Thanks, holy Father. *Baptiſta*, wait at my Uncle's Houſe till you hear from me; I ſhall need nothing now but an old Shoe caſt after me.

Bap. I will not fail, Sir.—This is ſtrange! He uſes not to be ſo diſturb'd. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Cialto *ſolus.*

Cial. Love's conſtant Diet is not Hope, I ſee;
For mine wou'd then be ſtarv'd: but it is ſtill alive,
And ſtrangely on Deſpair knows how to thrive.
Yet think, *Cialto*, how prepoſterous 'tis
To fear the Loſs of that which 'twere unworthy
In thee now to wiſh.
But though the Sun muſt at a Diſtance ſhine,
It would beget an Horror in Mankind,
Shou'd they but fear he wou'd for ever ſet.
Though in this Place ſhe riſes a Degree
Up towards Heaven, yet ſhe ſets to me.

Enter Villerotto, Montalto, *and two Companions; with their Hands on their Swords.*

Ha! who are theſe, whoſe diſmal Looks are ſeconded by their Poſtures!———Which is your Way, Gentlemen? You ſtare as if you had loſt it.

Vil. No, we know our Way, 'tis to thy Heart, and thus we force it.

Cial. 'Twill be hard to find.

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As they fight, enter Miranzo *in his Friar's Habit; he snatches a Sword from one of them, and by his Help the Assailants are beat off.*

Mir. What horrid Act is this! How, *Cialto!*

Vil. Villains, make up; sure I have sped him.

Cial. So bold, Sir?

Vil. Bold as your self, Sir. ——— It is in vain; Hell take these Rascals. [*Ex.* Vil. *and the Assailants.*

Mir. What caus'd this Play, Sir?

Cial. Holy Sir, you know as much I.

Mir. How do you feel your self?

Cial. Hurt, Sir; but not to any Danger, as I guess; yet I bleed: Your timely Aid makes my Life yours; I shou'd not have expected such a Relief from any in your Habit.

Mir. How, *Cialto*, do you not know me? ——— not yet? Look again; sure if you lov'd me, there's no Disguise cou'd hide *Miranzo* from you.

Cial. How, *Miranzo!* O, my Friend, what means this Habit?

Mir. You bleed; I dare not spend the Time to tell you all my Story; I doubt here was foul Play. One of these Villains I know to be *Brancadoro*'s Servant; but whither were you going?

Cial. To the Nunnery; but pr'ythee satisfy my Longing, what's to be done in this Disguise?

Mir. A very pious Work, I assure you; ——— why, ——— I am going to confess my Mistress.

Cial. Thy Mistress!

Mir. You may remember my Uncle was in a fair Way to Marriage.

Cial. Why, is he not married?

Mir. No.

Cial. How so?

Mir. I frighted his Mistress away, and in this Nunnery she has taken Sanctuary; her I am going to confess; I should be abominably out of Countenance ———

Cial. At what, Man?

Mir. Why, if she shou'd confess, amongst her Sins, that she lov'd me, for one.

Cial. You wou'd absolve her, wou'd you not?

Mir.

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Mir. Yes, and her Penance shou'd be to continue in her Sin; but we wilbe here, forgetting thy Condition.

Cial. Pish, I scarce feel my Hurts.

Mir. Come, our Adventures lye together; lean on me; nay, yet more; counterfeit enough, 'twill move the more Pity; thy Wounds and my Habit will without Doubt open these charitable Gates. [*They knock.*

A Nun appears.

Nun. What is your Business, Father?

Mir. I am sent from Father *Vincentio*, unto the Lady *Emilia*.

Nun. Here's no such Person.

Mir. How! 'tis not the Custom of holy Places to deny Truths.

Nun. Nor is it now practis'd.

Mir. Why her Father sent to Father *Vincentio*, immediately to dispatch some holy Man, to reconcile her troubled Spirit, which caus'd her to fly hither.

Nun. She came not to this Place.

Mir. Nor *Samira*, *Castruccio*'s Niece?

Nun. By all that's holy, neither.

Mir. I dare not but believe you, pardon me for pressing you so far.

Nun. All Peace dwell with you. [*Exit Nun.*

Cial. How, not here! did you not mistake, *Mirantes*? and have forgot, and sent her to some other Place?

Mir. I am amaz'd!

Cial. Do not wonder; you cannot lose your Sister, Sire.

Mir. Not lose her!

Cial. I hope so; for 'tis probable she knows your Mind.

Mir. I scarce understand yours, nor do you know your own; if you do, 'twill be ingenuous to speak it plainer.

Cial. If I shou'd be jealous, or dislike any Thing, it wou'd seem ridiculous; such Humours are only fit for those that either hope, or else are in Possession. ——Farewel——I wish your Sister happy. [*He offers to go out.*

Mir. Stay;——consider this is the second Time that you have started into mean Suspicions. You will repent.

Cial. I do repent that I pursu'd your Sister With a Passion that has ow'd all my Property,

As

As if a Ghost shou'd love; for 'tis not I,
But 'tis *Cidio's* Shadow that you gaze on.
Mir. It is indeed his Shade, or something less,
That bears no Shape of him, nor of his Mind.
Cial. I know it but too well, ——yet perhaps you
May have so much Friendship left, at my Request,
To give it out that I am dead.
Mir. What's your Design
In that Report?
Cial. You will not do it then?
Mir. I wou'd know why.
Cial. Nay then——
Mir. Come, your Humour
Shall have its Course, I'll do't without a Question:
But why shou'd I report that you are dead?
Cial. You said you wou'd not ask me; nor need you fear
To give out an Untruth; it may be shortly so:
In the mean Time I must disguise my Self,
As from henceforward I shall every Day
Resemble less and less what once I was.
Things running to Decay grow every Moment
More unlike themselves; and so do I.
That at the last the Name of Friend
Will not fit you or me; for I shall be decay'd,
Never to be repair'd again; and we must part
Still more and more, till at the last our Distance
Will grow so great that none will guess
We ever were united: So Lines
Both from one Centre drawn, still more and more divide,
'Till for the World at last they grow too wide. [*Exit.*
Mir. I forgive thee, poor *Cidio*; for I am sensible
What a Distraction governs thee, by the Confusion
That throws my Thoughts into as much Disorder;
For I have rais'd a War where Peace still flourish'd,
In the calm Empire of *Emilia's* Breast;
And made fled from me, back to her Peace.
——Yet—— [*He studies.*
What is the Meaning that my Sister fails?
I know not what to think; I stand like one
Has lost his Way, and no Man near him to enquire it of.

Yet

Yet there's a Providence above that knows
The Roads which ill Men tread, and can direct
Enquiring Justice: The Passengers that travel
In the wide Ocean, where no Paths are,
Look up, and leave their Conduct to a Star. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Montalto, *and his two Companions.*

1 *Com.* TRoth, Captain, I did not perceive that daring Valour you talk of.

Mont. Thy Fears blinded thee, else thou might'st have seen what furious Thrusts I exchang'd with that Devil in a Friar's Habit. You are a courteous Gentleman, to lend your Sword at such a Time.

2 *Com.* He came behind me on the sudden, and wrench'd it from me: Who wou'd have suspected a Friar for such Tricks?

1 *Com.* All our Reward is lost; if we might have it, I think we shou'd be asham'd to ask it; he that hir'd us was hurt himself.

Mont. Why, 'twas his own Cause, and his own Fault; as for Example, I'll shew you what he shou'd have done; Observe me.——

Enter Miranzo, *and* Baptista *following at a Distance.*

How now——what Apparition's this, as a Friar? I hope, 'tis not another fighting Friar. 'Slid, 'tis he; my villainous Apprehensions go as true as a Sun-dial. What an unlucky Posture he has found me in! wou'd my Sword were up to the Hilts in him, or a Dunghil, or any Thing that wou'd but hide it.

Mir. What, more Mischief towards? I am provided for them now; they are those very Rascals:——I know that bluftring Fellow again: Now, Heaven prosper my Designs;

I

I have a fair Occaſion to improve them.——How now, Gentlemen! What means a Weapon drawn?

Mont. We, Sir, are Men that have been us'd to handle Swords; when there's no War to employ them, we play with 'em in Peace: I hope 'tis no Offence to have a Kindneſs for our beſt Friends.—Sure he knows us not.——— [*Aſide.*

1 *Com.* Alter your Countenance as much as poſſible, Captain; perhaps he may not know us. [*Aſide.*

2 *Com.* I'll ſeem blowing my Noſe, and ſo hide my Face.—'Slid! I have no Handkerchief to do it with. [*Aſide.*

Mir. You ſtare as if you did not know me.

Mon. Know you? how ſhou'd we know you?

Mir. No? That's ſtrange; one of you was ſo civil to lend me a Sword lately; can you yet call me to Remembrance?

Mon. We know not what you mean; if we were Friends, we are not now at Leiſure to anſwer idle Queſtions. [*He offers to go.*

Mir. Nay, you muſt ſtay; come, no Bluſtring; I am provided now, look you—— [*He ſhews a Sword under his Gown.*] I ſhall not trouble you for a Sword again.

Mont. Wou'd he had mine, where I cou'd wiſh it. [*Aſide.*

Mir. I am ſorry I have an unpleaſant Queſtion to ask you; but yet it muſt be anſwer'd.

Mon. Muſt!

Mir. Yes, muſt; and you will do it calmly, for all your ſtormy Looks. Bladder, if thou continueſt thus to ſwell, I'll make an Hole to let out your vain Humour.

Mon. 'Tis well you are a Man of Peace, or elſe——

1 *Com.* Not half ſo much as he is. [*Aſide.*

Mir. Never at Peace with Murtherers; impudent Villains, who hir'd you to that damn'd Act of murthering the generous *Cãlto*? Had not your Feet been nimbler than the Sword, I'd paid you your juſt Hire, Sir——Come, confeſs.

1 *Com.* We are undone.—Lord, how our Captain looks big, and trembles all at once! [*Aſide.*

Mon. We do not underſtand you.

Mir. Well, I cannot ſtay to parley; here, take away theſe Raſcals Swords. *Mon.*

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Mon. How, our Swords!

Mir. Come, come; nay, it muſt be ſo; I know your gentle Natures.

Mon. Why, Sir, I deny nothing to one of your Coat, or elſe———

Mir. You wou'd deliver them however.

1, 2 *Com.* Good Sir, diſgrace us not.

Mon. Pox on't, would that were the worſt; how the Rogues ſtand upon their Credit? [*Aſide.*

Mir. Diſgrace you! is that poſſible? Come, deliver, deliver, or you ſhall have ours, d' ye ſee, where you do not wiſh them.

Mon. Well, our Religion obliges me to this; but it ſhall be upon Condition you uſe it well 'till you return it; 'tis a good Blade. [*They deliver their Swords.*

Mir. If the Blade be good, you ſhall have a Knife out of it, 'tis your only Weapon; this was not well mounted.

Mon. Well, Sir, you are merry, and we take our Leaves.

Mir. O, by no Means; you muſt deliver your Selves up too. Here, carry theſe Gentlemen Murtherers to *Thales*'s Kinſman; theſe are the Rogues he has been looking for; I have them to his Examination.

Mon. Sir, good Sir, we will do any Thing.

Mir. Away with them; I'll follow at a Diſtance, if they ſtir; and d' ye hear— [*He whiſpers to Baptiſta.*

Bapt. Yes, Sir.——Come, my Maſters. [*Exit Mirantzo.*

Mon. What ſay you, Friends? umh———This was a good Bargain; we ſhall never have ſuch another: How plaguily you gueſs'd! we are not likely to live to make another: What ſay you to a Dialogue with Fear and Conſcience?

1 *Com.* Why, if we hang we ſhall be in no more Wants, and you'll be in no more Frights, Captain.

Bapt. Come along, Gentlemen of the peaceable Blade: But, d' ye hear? if you can yet be honeſt, and confeſs truly and penitently, you may 'ſcape, I'll undertake it.

Mon. We will confeſs all we know, Sir.

2 *Com.* Yes, and more too, if that will do't.

Bapt. Come, deſpair not then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter, as to the Nunnery, Castruccio, Moreno, Brancadoro *and* Bottolo.

Bran. If they be here, we'll fetch them out with a Vengeance: Knock, *Bottolo*, break the Gate down.

[Bottolo *knocks.*

Bot. They are deaf, or else at Prayers.

Bran. Ay, so they had need, to ask Forgiveness for all their Tricks. How out of Countenance, Uncle, will my Mistress be when she sees me?

Cast. And my Mistress too, Nephew.

Bran. Why, there's one Comfort yet, they did not run after other Men; I'd have made my Man smoak that shou'd have been so bold to have venturd on my Mistress.—— What, no Bolly come yet?—— Knock again; these be fine Tricks. [Bottolo *knocks.*

Bot. Not a distressed Damsel yet appears out of the sacred Castle:—— Now one bolts; we shall have a godly Exhortation, whether we get any Women, or no.

Enter Nun.

Nun. What means this earnest knocking at the Gates?

Bran. What a foolish Question's that? we wou'd come in.

Nun. Our Laws forbid that Men shou'd enter here.

Bran. Fiddle faddle, I'll come in, and fetch others out too; see, who shall say me nay.

Nun. Use no rude Force, 'twill be a Disrepect to Heaven, as well as want of Manners: Is there a Cause for all this Passion?

Bran. Yes, that there is; here you shelter every Runaway: Bring 'em out, or I'll seeze you.

Bot. Why, he'll beat her; 'tis a fierce Hector.

Nun. What is it you demand, or whom?

Bran. Why, we demand *Samira* and *Emilia*: Here is her Uncle, and the other's Father.—— My Name's Signior *Brancadoro*; you have heard on't, I warrant you, e're now.

Nun.

Nun. I know not what you mean.

Mor. 'Tis true, holy Maid, such we have lost, and hither they are fled.

Nun. Certainly, Sir, there are none such here. But I'll go in and ask the Truth.

Cast. We thank you. [*Exit Nun.*

Bran. 'Slid, if she had not left her Tricks and Denials, I wou'd have hit her a Dowse in the Chops.

Bot. Like enough; perhaps, he ne'er struck any Body in his Life, and now wou'd flesh himself upon a Woman.

Enter Nun.

Nun. Here are no such Persons as you enquire for.

Mor. How, how! why my Daughter *Emilia* left a Letter upon her Table, expressing she fled hither, for some Trouble she had within her.

Nun. There's some Abuse in this; for but e'en now there was a Friar that enquir'd for these Ladies; he held a Gentleman seem'd hurt to Death: He was earnest, as you are; but he was satisfy'd, as you may please to be.

Bran. No, it does not please us to be satisfy'd, nor will we be satisfied; let's in and search.——That hurt Gentleman was *Cialto*, without Question.——Now if I cou'd but find my Mistress. [*Aside.*

Nun. I hope, you do not mean to be injurious.

Cast. I hope, you do not think it lawful to conceal Children from their Parents; this wou'd be the Refuge then of every wilful Child.

Nun. Pray, believe you are not now abus'd; by our best Hopes, there no are such Persons with our Walls; we wou'd not for a World deny a Truth.

Mor. This is strange; but we must believe.

Bran. But we may chuse, whether we will or no.

Nun. Heaven restore all you have lost, and then preserve it to you.

Cast. We thank you. [*Exit Nun.*

Bran. I'll not thank her; a Pox of her Truths; I'll not be cozen'd by any holy Jugler of them all.

Mor. Come, let's not neglect to enquire some other Way;

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Way; 'tis vain to linger here. Signior *Brunoadoro*, what Course take you?

Bran. I'll go about a little Business, and presently set some to enquire; if she be above-ground, I'll have her.

Cast. Farewel, Signior; we'll lose no Time neither.

[*Ex.* Castruccio *and* Moreno.

Bran. Some Comfort yet, that I have such fair Hopes, *Cinlio*'s dead; now I shall keep my Estate quietly; and if I cou'd but find my Mistress, I shou'd have her too. Now the roaring Lion's dead, I dare look after my Prey. Well,—what's best to do? let me consider.

Enter Villerotto.

Vill. What, is he studying! why the Devil does he thus seem to search for prudent Thoughts, that has not lodging in his Brains for one? Yet he studies; something is in the Matter. Fortune that brought those beauteous Prisoners under my Power, prosper me now in driving of my Bargain.—— Sir.

Bran. How now?—O *Villerotto*, come just in the nick; I want thy Advice and Help; my Mistress is not here at the Nunnery,

Vill. How, Sir! not at the Nunnery! why, you told me that *Emilia* had left a Note upon her Table, that she was fled hither: and is neither here?

Bran. Pox of her Note; neither she nor *Samira* are here.

Vill. Who told you this?

Bran. Why, a little harlotry Nun.

Vill. She lied sure.

Bran. I said so; I was going once hit her a Cuff o'th' Ear, but that she told me some good News.

Vill. What was that?

Bran. She told me a Gentleman was dying, and a Friar has carried him away; that's you know who. Hast heard any News?

Vill. Yes; your Enemy is dead.

Bran. For certain?

Vill. So 'tis reported generally.

Bran.

Bran. Why, I have nothing that can fear but his Ghost; and if that shou'd be troublesome, I'll quiet him, if *Christendom* can afford a Conjurer. Now if I cou'd but find my Mistress ——— But *Villerotto*, if any of the Rogues shou'd be taken that know thee ——

Vill. I hope not, Sir.

Bran. Hope! ——— is't come to that? Art not sure, ——— ha? Now shall not I sleep one wink this Night; I shall do nothing but think and dream, and dream, and think of Judges, Serjeants, Bars, and Hangmen; wou'd I had ne'er medled with it.

Vill. There is a Way, Sir, to secure you.

Bran. Name it, name it, good *Villerotto*.

Vill. I must get gone, Sir, in another Country; then you are safe.

Bran. Why, Faith and Troth, I shall be loth to part with thee; but what must be, must be; Friends must part. —Wou'd I were were well rid of him. [*Aside.*] — If thou think'st it fit, I shall be rul'd.

Vill. And consent I shall be gone.

Bran. But against my Will, as I'm an honest Man; for let the worst come to the worst, I know thou wou'dst not betray me, ——— wou'dst thou, *Villerotto*? ——— ha?

Vill. Nay, I cannot tell what Operation a Rack and Torture might have on me; I am Flesh and Blood.

Bran. So am I too, I know it by my shaking. This was a Bugs Word; ——— wou'd he were gone. [*Aside.*] ——— Nay, *Villerotto*, 'tis for thy Safety too so well assume, that I consent; when wou'dst go?

Vill. Soft, Sir, something is first to be consider'd on.

Bran. What's that? What's that?

Vill. First tell me, Sir, is there no News of the Ladies?

Bran. No, not neither Tale nor Tidings.

Vill. Have Signior *Castruccio* nor *Moreno* heard nothing neither?

Bran. Not a Syllable; I have told you all.

Vill. Are not the old Gentlemen much troubled? You bear your Losses pretty well, Sir.

Bran.

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Bran. I have took on too, that I have as much as the best of 'em; it has made me ready to hang my self; but while my Money's left, I shan't part with this World easily; yet I wou'd give somewhat more than I'll say, to get my Mistress once again.

Vill. What wou'd you give, Sir?

Bran. Nay, nothing, unless I were sure to have her, and then sure she wou'd not run away again.

Vill. What wou'd you give to marry her?

Bran. Ay, ay, that's the Business that I am to look after; I must get some Heirs quickly, for fear the *Brancadoro's* Race should cease.

Vill. That were pity. [*Aside.*] But if I could be instrumental, nay, the only Means to find your Mistress out, and then marry her to you; what then?

Bran. Why, she may run away afterwards, for ought I know.

Vill. But what if I shou'd put you to Bed together? after that 'twill be too late for her to take her Flight.

Bran. Ay, marry, Sir; do this, and I'll give thee twenty Crowns.

Vill. I thought so.—You are wondrous bountiful: But not to trifle longer, look ye, Sir, if you sign this for my comfortable Subsistence, I'll be gone. [*He shews a Writing.*] 'Tis to secure you in a certain Salary: and into the Bargain I'll help you to your Mistress; you shall wed her, and Bed her.

Bran. What is't? let's see.

Vill. There's the Sum, Sir. [*He points in the Writing.* Brancadoro *reads it.*

Bran. How! two hundred Crowns a Year! I'll give two thousand on my Teeth as soon.

Vill. Why then take your Chance, and I'll take mine: I must not starve, nor will I.

Bran. But if thou shou'dst not help me to her.

Vill. Then I'll be gone, and forfeit my Reward.

Bran. I wou'd fain have her; but I wou'd fain keep my Money: But if I don't, he'll betray me, or cut my Throat; 'Tis a terrible dogged Fellow. [*Aside.*] Well, *Villeroso*, I'll think

think on't; come along, we'll go try if we can drive a Bargain: — But doſt thou know where ſhe is?

Vill. That I do not tell you; 'tis enough, I'll run the venture. Hark you, Sir. [*He whiſpers.*

Enter Miranzo *in the Habit of a Friar.*

Mir. Ha! — 'tis he; 'tis *Brancadoro* and his Raſcal, that did attempt *Cialo's* Life: Fortune ſure has offer'd them thus fairly to me, to make ſome Uſe of: I hope they know me not; I'll try. —— Save you, Gentlemen; —— may it not appear rude to ask you, if you know one call'd Signior *Brancadoro*?

Bran. Yes; I know him as well as I know my ſelf.

Mir. I have a little Buſineſs with him, Sir, and wou'd be glad to know where I might find him.

Bran. Why, did I not tell you I knew him as well as my ſelf? That's as much as to ſay, I am he, if you mean the honourable *Brancadoro*, Son and Heir to *Brancadoro*, who was lately the great rich Senator.

Mir. 'Tis he, Sir, I mean, whoſe known Worth made it a Duty in me to acquaint him of a black Scandal ſome wild Tongues have caſt upon him.

Bran. What's the Buſineſs? if they talk of me, I'll make 'em hold their Tongues.

Vill. How's this! [*Aſide.*

Mir. It will deſerve your Ear, Sir: The Cauſe that made me knowing of your Wrongs, ſuch I dare call 'em, was by ſome Diſcourſe that happen'd of the unfortunate *Cialo's* Death: There 'twas reported, that an idle Fellow, who takes on him the Title of a Captain, gives out that he was hir'd by a Servant of yours to murder him; and they talk, as if the Captain, and his lewd Companions, had been ſecur'd, at leaſt ſearch'd after, by the Direction of a Friar; but what Friar I cou'd not hear.

Vill. Plague on that holy Raſcal. [*Aſide.*

Bran. Hey, hey, a Friar! what Friar, *Villerotto?*

Vill. Why the Devil do you ask me? I know no Friar. O the damn'd Coxcomb! [*Aſide.*

Mir. They grow concern'd; it works. [*Aſide.*

Brad. Villerotto, d'ye hear? if thou cou'dſt be ſure to help me

me to *Samira*, and then wou'dst be gone into another Country, I wou'd sign the Writing.

Vil. I'll do it, Sir; nor shall you set your Hand to't, till I have shew'd you I can do it:—But hark you, Sir, if if you shall then refuse it, I'll betray all.

Bran. Like enough; I must do't. [*Aside.*

Vil. Ha,—a lucky Fancy mingles on the sudden among my crouding Thoughts; 'tis excellent; this Friar may be a fit Person,——I'll try him.——Let me see,——'tis right. —— If I joyn *Brancadoro* to his Mistress, that way my Fortune's gain'd; and to be safe, this Friar shall make *Emilia* mine: that done, her Friends will ne'er endure to see her Husband hang'd; though *Brancadoro* share Part of the Feast, yet by his leave I'll taste both Dishes first.——Sir, pray give me leave to ask this honest Friar some Questions in relation to your Service.

Bran. With all my Heart.

Vil. You cannot tell, Sir, whether these Rasca's are yet in Custody, or not?

Mir. No, Sir.

Vil. Nor cou'd you hear what Friar this is?

Mir. I am almost a Stranger in *Sienna*.

Vil. I like that. [*Aside.*]——You have expreſt a great Kindness and Respect for my Master *Brancadoro*; possibly, Sir, I cou'd propose a Service you might do him, that might deserve a large Reward.

Mir. I shou'd be glad to have that in my Power, Sir.

Vil. Perhaps Men of your Profession may scruple to do a thing in private, without the Allowance of all Parties.

Mir. What mean you, Sir?

Vil. Hark you, a word in private. [*Whispers* Miran.

Mir. Let me alone, Sir, to make good the Title, and fit the Party ready for Possession. [*Aside to* Vil.

Vil. O happy Accident! I am ravish'd with my good Fortune. [*Aside.*

Mir. What means all this? I'll try the bottom of it [*Aside.*

Vill. Come, Sir, be chearful, and be confident. [*To* Brancad. In a few Hours, I'll make you safe and happy.— If your

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Occaſions, reverend Sir, permit you to undertake what I have mention'd to you, I'll ſhew you ſuddenly your Client.

Mir. I am ready, Sir.

Vil. You muſt engage to ſecrecy.

Mir. Upon my Holineſs.

Vil. Nay, you have forſworn that already in your Diſcourſe.

Mir. Upon my Life, Sir.

Vil. Come, Sir, [*To* Bran.] to your Houſe then, there you ſhall ſee what I will do in order to my Promiſe.—Sir, I hope this reverend Perſon ſhall receive Rewards proportionable to that Service he is engag'd to do you:—but—when we come there [*To* Mir.] you, muſt be pleas'd to uſe a little Patience I have brought together the Perſons you muſt tie in ſacred Bonds. I'll on before, Sir. [*Exit* Villerotto.

Mir. I ſhall obſerve all you direct.

Bran. What does he mean, now?

Mir. I cannot gueſs; but I believe 'tis ſomething in order to your Service.

Bran. Nay, 'tis a notable Fellow; and you wou'd ſay ſo, did you know as much as I: as cunning as my Miſtreſs is, he'll go near to hunt her out, let her make as many Doubles as ſhe will. Come, Sir, I'll bid you welcome at my Houſe; 'tis not the worſt in *Sienna*; you ſhall take a full View of it.

Mir. You oblige me, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Villerotto *ſolus.*

Vil. So, now to my Priſoners:
A ſingle Beauty cou'd not have the Power
To keep my Blood thus at high Tide; if one
Permits my Veins to find but the leaſt Ebb,
The other makes 'em riſe, and ſo kept always
Flowing by one or t'other's Eyes:
And like my Blood, my Flames find no Retreat
——I muſt allay my Fires,—— or waſte
In this Expence of Heat.—Come forth, come forth,

Enter

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Enter Samira, Emilia *and* Tacola.

My Lady Brides; you wou'd have made such Fools
Of Men.———'Tis not amiss to give you Joy.

Sam. What means the Villain?

Emil. O give him gentle Words, his Looks are dreadful.

Sam. Give him Ratsbane.

Emil. O speak gently to him! when I was a Girl they us'd to frighten me with such a one.—— I tremble.

Sam. Fear not, *Emilia*; the Villain dares not wrong us.

Vil. But the Villain dares revenge his Wrongs.

Sam. Who has injur'd thee?

Vill. He that did it will do so no more, I can assure you.

Sam. What dost thou mean?

Vil. Why, this Wound, as shallow as it is, was fathom'd by *Cialto*'s Sword.

Sam. Pish.

Vil. 'Tis true indeed; but I was more bold with him, and put in farther; he had no time to make a Will; I doubt he left you nothing.

Sam. What dost thou mean, Screech Owl?

Vil. Oh, you have no Mind to understand; this 'tis plainly, *Cialto*'s dead; I kill'd him in my own Defence.

Sam. Villain thou lyest, in every thing thou lyest; he cou'd do nothing basely; nor could thy Power reach his generous Life.

Vil. Why, in good truth, 'twas he that stirr'd my Blood, and made this Hole to let it out at; but, as Luck wou'd have it, 'twas not deep enough: I saw his Error, and did rectifie it; I thrust my Sword two or three Inches deeper, and that laid him to rest.

Sam. O Heaven protect us!

Vil. Why now you run on that Mistake again; no Help can come so quickly as you'll want it.

Tac. Thou dost not mean to ravish us, dost thou, Varlet?

Vil. Us! canst thou be ravish'd, old Willingness?

Tac. How do you know, Jackanapes, whether I am willing or no? you never try'd yet.

Vil. Nor ever will: This She-devil will ravish me. Be quiet, or I'll slit your Tongue; d'ye see this. [*He shews a Dugger.*

Sam. O for ſome Help! I'll tear the Villain.

Em. Peace, pray Peace, let me beg again—Good Sir, let's go, why do you fright us ſo? you dare not be ſo wicked as you talk.

Vil. Pretty, their diſſenent Tempers bring to my Enjoyment Variety of Bliſs; in her Embraces I ſhall enjoy a calm and childiſh Innocence; in th'other, Loftineſs of Mind and Spirit; as if kind Nature had preſented now all that ſhe cou'd produce, for me to rifle.

Emil. Do you not hear me, Sir? I pray releaſe us: you have no Cauſe to keep us Priſoners; yet we will pay a Ranſom.

Vil. Why, ſo you ſhall before you go pretty one; is't more unjuſt for you to be my Priſoners, than me to be your Slave?

Sam. Our Slave!

Vil. Nay, put not on a ſcornful Look; I ſhall not beg your Pity.

Emil. But we are willing to beg yours, good gentle Sir,

Sam. Beg not ſo meanly: he dares not injure us.

Vil. O, by no means; why that Frown? thoſe Storms ſhall caſt away no Heart of mine; I'll force my way to harbour in your Arms.

Sam. What do you mean?

Vil. I mean to make my ſelf as fortunate as Man can be in his full-crown'd Wiſhes; I will enjoy you both.

Tac. Which two d'you mean?

Tac. Pox on thee, wou'dſt thou be one?—Nay, wonder not, nor bleſs your ſelves, unleſs it be in Admiration of my Juſtice, ſhew'd to the equal Power of your Beauties; you may ſee the Image of it every Day; 'tis in the labouring Bee, that gathers Sweetneſs from every Flower that contends in Beauty.

Tac. By that Simile he ſhould go near to venture on us all.

Sam. Monſter, dar'ſt thou entertain a Thought of ſuch a Villany?

Vil. Alas, 'tis paſt that, I am almoſt ready for Action; yet for all that you ſhall be honeſt Women when I have done.

Emil.

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Emil. For Heaven's Sake, Sir, what mean theſe dark Expreſſions; I hope they include no Evil.

Vil. Not any; perhaps you may ſcruple it a little at the firſt; but I'll allow you ſome ſmall time to conſider on't: what an excellent Contrivance 'twill be! you ſhall have all Love's ſtolen and ſweeteſt Joys, and yet be honeſt; come prepare.

Sam. For what?

Vil. For my Embraces.

Sam. For thoſe of Snakes firſt.

Vil. O, mine are gentler far.

Sam. Villain, thou——

Emil. Pray Peace, and let me beg once more, upon my Knees; Pray, Sir, do not affright us; I know you cannot mean the thing you threaten; you are too wiſe, by our Unhappineſs to bring on your own Ruin.

Vil. Ha, ha! why, you will not publiſh your own Shame; this will not do; no, if I were ſure that Death waited for me, as ſoon as I had crown'd my Paſſion and Revenge, I wou'd think it a good Bargain, to chop a little time for ſo much Satisfaction.

Sam. Be merciful, and kill us.

Vil. That's to be cruel to my ſelf——but I trifle time: a little Buſineſs calls me; be wiſe, and meet my Embraces willingly; if not, know your Doom; for by thoſe Powers that govern me, Love and Revenge, I'll ſacrifice both your Enjoyments to them,——ſo ponder till I return.

[*Exit* Villerotto.

Emil. Ah, Madam, what ſhall we do?

Sam. Die, *Emilia.*

Emil. When, Madam?

Sam. Preſently.

Emil. Alas, I tremble at your naming it.

Sam. Why do you ſhake? you muſt die one Day?

Emil. I know it: by that time I may be willing; old Age, or a Diſeaſe may make it welcome, at leaſt more gentle, than it now appears by an approaching Violence——but——

Sam. Orather, with a juſter Apprehenſion, recount the lingering Torments a Sickneſs or old Age may bring on;

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a violent Fever may make the Body a Furnace for the Soul to ſuffer, not to live in; or old Age may take away our Reaſon, and the uſe of Senſe and Faculties, and rob the Body and Soul both of their Eyes: this way a Minute's Pain aſſures Felicity for ever.

Emil. Which way, how'd we do it?

Sam. See, this I had ſtill about me in all my Fears of having forc'd to be made Wife to *Brancadoro*: [*She draws a ſhort Dagger.*] why do you wink? the Brightneſs of it ſhines moſt lovely in my Eyes, when I but think what Service it may do in ſending us to a perpetual Peace.

Emil. Can a Soul be carried through a Stream of Blood to Peace in t'other World? is't not a Sin to deſtroy Life?

Sam. 'Tis to avoid a greater Sin we do it: Dare you, fay, can you live ſtain'd with this—— I tremble more to name or think on that, than on the Death that will prevent it. But I have given you my Opinion, and will afford you my Example: if you ſtay behind me you will repent, among thoſe Miſeries that I am freed from.

Emil. Oh! do not ſpeak of leaving me behind you,
To the rude Paſſions of this horrid Villain;
I know not how to live without you,
Nor die, but as you teach me;
Pray blame me not, nor take it ill of me:
Sick Men, though they are told, and do believe
That Health is offer'd in a bitter Potion,
Shrink at the taking of it; 'tis no more in me:
I know, at laſt I ſhall chuſe Death, rather than Shame;
—— Yet I know not how I ſhall endure to hurt my ſelf,
I have cryed when I have but cut my Finger.

Sam. That only was, becauſe 'twas unexpected; your Reſolution now for a juſt Cauſe will make this welcome, and prepare you for it.

Emil. I fear I ſhall hardly ſtrike home,—— that I may ſuffer all that Shame and Miſchief I would avoid; pray therefore grant me one thing.

Sam. What is't?

Em. To kill me firſt.

Sam. That were to commit Murder.

Emil. Why, have you a better Title to your own Life, than

than unto mine? you purchas'd one no more than you did t'other; there is no Contract, or Permission, granted from Heaven, that allows the Difference.

Sam. But alas, my sweet *Emilia*, I never shall endure to hurt thee.

Emil. Nor your self neither, did not that Virtue prompt you which bids me beg it, and then the Argument's the same for me.

Sam. Prettily reason'd; but it will be needless
To dispute this—I know my fair Example,
In dying first, will arm thy feeble Hand,
With double Strength, to force a Passage
For thy unstained Soul to fly with mine,
Where every thing is in perpetual Lustre.

Emil. Shall we know one another there?

Sam. No question of it, else this bad World
In something might exceed the best.

Emil. You have confirm'd me, Madam; pray forgive
My simple, if not unbeseeming Fears;
'Twas no Dispute my Virtue did admit of,
But a Confusion brought upon me suddenly,
By Nature, and still flattering Hope, Reason's and Virtue's Enemies.

Sam. Come, dear *Emilia*, we'll prepare our selves,
And make the Circumstances of our Death
Familiar to us; for 'tis Practice only
Takes the sharp Nature off from things,
And gives them new ones, that at the last
We shall be so much Strangers to the Thoughts,
Or the Desires of Life, that all will seem
Already done, which we resolve to try,
And we shall both seem dead before we die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cialto *ſolus.*

Cial. WHY do I ſtill purſue, what ſtill muſt fly,
And what I dare not wiſh to overtake?
It ſeems like the Purſuit of Night, which follows Day
In the ſame Track, and yet can never reach it;
That Diſtance Nature did for them decree,
And Honour has deſign'd the ſame for me:
Yet ſtill there is a Mutiny within,
Againſt thoſe Laws which Honour ſtrictly makes;
And Paſſion, like a cunning Traytor ſets,
The Name of Liberty on its own Rebellion.

Enter Baptiſta, Montalto, *and his two Companions.*

Bap. Sir.

Cial. Ha, *Baptiſta!*

Bap. A Word, Sir, in your Ear.—My Maſter, Sir, by chance has lighted on the Villains that attempted you; he thought it fit that you ſhou'd firſt examine 'em, as Kinſman to your ſelf, and to that End has ſent them to you; farther, he bid me tell you that in a little time you will perceive you wrong'd him in your Thoughts.

Cial. Pr'ythee ſay no more; my Thoughts have ſo much Diſproportion in them, that they are neither juſt nor equal unto my ſelf, or him; has he not ſent his Pardon by thee?

Bap. He can take nothing ill of you, Sir; perhaps he did admire a little.

Cial. He is a perfect Friend, and can love one whoſe Mind is loft, as well as Fortunes.—Now Gentlemen, have you received your Wages?

Mon. For what, Sir?

Cial. For killing my Kinſman *Cialto.*

Mon. We hope he is not dead.

Cial.

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Cial. D'you hope so, Rascals? Come, confess every Circumstance, how it was done, and who hir'd you to't; if you miss a tittle——or——

Mon. This Gentleman told us, if we did confess, we shou'd not suffer.

Cial. Well, if you do it truly, and afterwards perform all I enjoin you, I will make good his Word: Come, who hir'd you?

Mon. It was an ill-minded Man, Sir. One that belong'd to Signior *Brancadoro.*

Cial. Was it his Master's Instruction?

Mon. Ay, no doubt on't, Sir.

Cial. Did he say so?

Mon. Yes, and more too.

Cial. What more?

Mon. Why, he told us, it was an honourable Action, and therefore wou'd share in't himself; and accordingly he said his Master shou'd reward us.

Cial. You know him when you see him?

Mon. Yes, yes, Sir.

1 *Com.* Good Sir, let us not suffer, we have your Word.

Cial. Trust to it; have you any more to say?

Mon. Nothing, Sir, of any Consequence.

Cial. Well, what trivial thing have you?

Mon. When we were waiting, Sir, for that worthy and unhappy Gentleman, *Cialto*, a couple of silly Women by chance came by, and the Rascal snatch'd them up too; all was Fish that came to his Net.

Cial. How, Women? what Women? speak, quickly, ha—

Mon. Why does your Worship grow angry?

Cial. Speak, Dogs, what Women?

Mon. What a Rogue was I to name them; 'slid, 'tis he himself. [*Aside.*

1 *Com.* You must be over-doing it. [*Aside.*

Mon. Plague on you, did not you advise to tell all? nay, more than all, if need were? [*Aside.*

Cial. It may be it was *Samira* and *Emilia*: [*Aside.*]— Rogues, what Women?

Mon. Good Sir, we know not; but, he talk'd of their running away upon their Wedding-day, and took them, as he said, upon Suspicion of murdering his Master *Brancadoro.*

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Cial. It must be they, the Circumstance assures it.—O you Dogs, did you help take them! I'll send your mischievous Souls to that Devil that instructs them.

Mon. O good Sir, we hope you are the Gentleman, and there's no hurt done, O good Sir,

1 *Com.* Remember your Promise, Sir.

Mon. We have more to confess, Sir; or if you please, we'll unconfess it all again.

Cial. I had forgot to ask, what did the Slave do with them?

Mon. He sent them Prisoners to his Master's House, as we think.

Cial. O Heavens! Rogues, Prisoners! Come along with me; for if I find you tell me any Lies, I'll spoil your Throats from venting any more. Come, good *Baptista*, help guard the Rascals; if they but offer to stir, kill 'em. I'll carry back to the Slaves Heart all these intended Mischiefs, and break upon them like a Whirlwind, wrapping them up together into nothing. [*Exeunt hastily.*

SCENE II.

Enter Samira *and* Emilia.

Sam. Come, come, *Emilia*, dry those tender Eyes,
We are not going to be miserable,
But to be safe from Miseries.

Em. Wou'd it were past; I am willing to reach
My Journey's End; yet I start like one
That travels in the Night, in unknown Ways;
For we must through Darkness,
Wander in Places, from whence none that went
Ever return'd to tell us what they were.

Sam. O do not shake thy virtuous Resolution
With feeble Apprehensions; 'tis a Journey
That we must one Day take: All the Dispute
Which can be rais'd, is only from the Loss
Of some uncertain Time, which yet perhaps
May prove to full of Miseries, you'd wish
That Fate which now you wou'd so much decline.

Em. My Resolutions from, for all my Shakings;

They

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They are but Starts which sometimes Nature makes:
As Wolves kept tame may now and then
(Provok'd by Appetite, or some Displeasure,)
Start into Actions like their usual Wildness,
Before they were reduc'd to an Obedience;
So 'tis with me, though I have brought my Nature
To a Tameness, and Submission:
Yet at th' unwelcome Prospect that it takes
Of my intended Dissolution——
It starts within me, and wou'd fain break
Those severe Fetters, Virtue and Reason tyes them up with.

Sam. Here, take thy Choice then;

[*She shews a Knife and a Dagger.*

This Knife by Chance
Taccola had about her: which will you have?

Em. The Dagger, if you please; that seems the sharpest.
And will be best for my weak Hand.

Sam. Nay do not weep that we shall dye;
But smile to think how we shall live in Fame.

Em. I must weep, since I must part with you.

Sam. We shall meet again so quickly,
Thy Tears will be but thrown away:——
Now hide that fatal Friend unto thy Honour,
And when I strike, strike too, that we may fall
In one another's Arms, and go to Rest together.
——See, the Monster comes, be resolute.

Em. Fear me not.

Enter Villerotto.

Vil. How fare my beauteous Prisoners? what is't, Sadness, or Modesty, that fixeth thus your down-cast Eyes? Come, come, I'll be more ingenuous, and acknowledge the Happiness I shall enjoy; but you must be bashful; go in, go in; and there I'll hide your Blushes, that if you please, you shall unseen blush that you were unwilling.

Sam. Sure thou canst not be such a prodigious Monster; hast thou neither Fear of earthly Punishment, nor Heaven's Vengeance?

Vil. Pish, I'll not trifle, nor defer my Joys a Minute longer: Thus, I'll force you to——how!——

[*They draw their Dagger and Knife.*

Sam.

Sam. Are you amaz'd? were you ſo unacquainted with all Good, nay, with any Thought of it, that you could never think there might be Women that wou'd prefer their Death before Diſhonour?

Vil. Indeed I have read of a fooliſh *Lucrece*; but I believe the Story otherwiſe than perhaps you may do: yet if you have a Mind to imitate that wilful Matron, kill your ſelves as ſhe did, when you know what was done.

Sam. Stop thy lewd Breath, thou Monſter; we need not to be told when we ſhou'd dye; we are prepar'd, but not as your damn'd Tongue directed us.

Vil. And this you think will ſtop me;
No, your Romance Trick will not do:
I know you dare not venture to hurt your ſelves;
And therefore——thus——

Sam. Strike, *Emilia*, ſtrike home be ſure.

Vil. Hold, excellent Ladies, hold;
Pardon my cruel Curioſity, that led me
To make this Tryal of you; you have ſhew'd
There is a Virtue, which I thought impoſſible
To live with Women; I have call'd back to me
The Opinion of your Sexes ſtedfaſt Goodneſs,
Which has been ſo long baniſhed from me.

Em. Can this be real!

Vil. You ſee it muſt be ſo; 'tis no faint Repentance,
Charm'd from your Tears, or ſad Expreſſions,
Which might be feign'd in Women; but my Converſion
Comes from the real Knowledge of a Virtue
That wou'd have ſtook Man's Faith to think in Woman.

Sam. This amazes me!

Vil. Why do you wonder? is't not poſſible
A Man may once grow good? Why do you miſtruſt?
Are you not in my Power ſtill? Take Heed, fair Saints,
Of ſharing any Guilt, that ſeems like mine,
So ſlowly to believe Goodneſs in Man,
As I have done in Woman: You know what Virtue is;
I ſcarce knew it 'till you taught it me;
And you will be more guilty than I was,
If you believe as ſlowly as I did.

Em. Sure 'tis real?

Vil.

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Vil. You then will know it, when I have reſtor'd
You to your Liberty, as you have done
Me to my long-loſt Goodneſs.
Sam. If this be real, we ſhall believe our ſelves
As much preſerv'd by you, as if another
Had been the intended Raviſher; for 'tis greater
Virtue, to reſcue us thus from your ſelf,
Than from another; as much as 'tis harder
To overcome our Paſſions, than an Enemy:
Vil. I glory much in that high Character
You raiſe me to; pray give me Leave to ſeal
My Pardon on your fair Hands? nay, permit
[*They offer their left Hands.*
My moſt ambitious Lips to receive it
Upon thoſe noble Hands that were to write
The horrid Tragedy, with your virtuous Blood.
[*He offers to kiſs their right Hands, and ſo ſnatches away their Weapons.*
Sam. Ha, deceived?
Em. Ah me!
Vil. I can't but laugh to think how we have cozen'd one another; did you believe I was turn'd virtuous? troth I never thought you were ſo fooliſh to be ſo really.
Sam. Doſt thou take Pains to appear Devil?
Vil. No, not all; I do it eaſily: The Truth on't is, I fear'd you might have acted ſome pretty odd fantaſtical Scene, perhaps to let a little Blood out, and then talk finely, whilſt the purple Drops diſtill'd; calling your ſelves, your Virtues Martyrs; then in a Tone moſt neatly counterfeited, fall into high Notions of meeting in *Elyſium*, and walking in perpetual ſpringing Groves, or ſome ſtrange imagin'd Pleaſure; perhaps all the while believe as much as I: But by this Means you might have loſt ſome of that Blood, which I have ſo much Uſe of for to ſhir you.
Sam. Monſter, Devil, wilt thou not permit us a Way to dye?
Em. Kill us, Sir, and yet we will believe you gentle.
Vil. After I have done, you may do what you pleaſe.—Come.———

Sam.

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Sam. Help, help!

Enter Taccola.

Tac. Help, help!

Vil. Plague of this Clap of Thunder: I'll diſpoſe of you, and ſpoil the Spring of your Chops. [*Exit with* Taccola.

Em. Some Help, good Heaven.

Sam. Let's ſtop our Breaths,
Or tear the Devil's Throat out.

Em. No Help left us!

Enter Villerotto.

Vil. Who ſhou'd help you? I have gagg'd your ſoul-mouth'd Hound, ſhe can fill up the Cry no more: Yield quietly, or I'll drag you——thus.——

Sam. Emil. Help, help! Murder, Murder! [*They both.*

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. What Noiſe is this? blaſt me! are my Eyes true? Or is that bleſſed Shape ever before them?
It was their Cries.—Hold, what's the Matter?

Vil. Ha! who wanted your ſacred Company
Before your Time?

Mir. I heard a Noiſe, Sir, and I did not know whether you might not be in Danger.

Vil. You ſee I am not;
Wait where I told you, 'till I ſend for you.

Mir. Then 'twas the Ladies, Sir, cry'd out, it ſeems.

Vil. What then?
Is it a uſual Call for you when Women ſqueak?

Sam. O Sir, for Heaven's Sake help us; we ſhall be——

Vil. Stop your Mouth, or I'll ſtop it for you. [*Draws.*

Mir. Good Sir, uſe no Violence; perchance the Ladies may be a little frightned from Reaſon; if you but give them Time——

Sam. O Heaven! are all Men ill? under that Habit can there be hid the Love of Sin?

Vil. Well, be gone; I want not your Advice, nor your Aſſiſtance yet.

Mir. If you pleaſe, Sir, I will endeavour to perſwade them: I can prove that Neceſſity may excuſe many Things, that wou'd be ſinful, uncompell'd——if you pleaſe, Sir.

Vil. No, no, be gone; you grow impertinent.

Mir.

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Mir. But if you please, Sir, to hearken to my Opinion—

Vil. Hang your Opinion; —I do not like this Fellow; I'll trust him no more. [*Aside.*] —Ha! — what Noise is this, *A Noise.* [Brancadoro *calls* Villerotto *and enters.*

Mir. A seasonable Interruption.

Bran. Villerotto, why where have you been, Man? I have been looking you up and down all the House: Here's *Bortolo* come from his Master, and has strange News for me, he says: I told him I car'd not a Farthing what it was.——But for all that, I wonder what it should be?—How now, what's here, *Villerotto*? Ha——— hast got her? Hast got her i'faith? pr'ythee let me———

Vil. You had best spoil all, Sir, and destroy the Pains I have taken for you?

Bran. Nay, pr'ythee, I will but———

Vil. Come, you shall not but; have not I been careful, and dare you not trust me now? Come along with me.

Bran. What, I must salute her first, Man, in good Manners.

Vil. You must not; 'tis unseasonable: I have not wrought her yet enough——Nay——

Bran. But why thy Sword drawn, Man?

Vil. You shall know the Reason suddenly: Come, be quiet, and I'll perform all I promis'd:—Hell—how I am troubled with him:———Come, Sir. [*Pushing him forward.*

Bran. Push me no Pushes; I will not go; and see who dares make me.

Vil. Come, you must, Sir.

Bran. 'Slid, who's Master? You or I? Take heed of my Fury.

Mir. Good Signior *Brancadoro*, help us; hear us.

Vil. To be fool'd again; you have not a Mind to be cozen'd once more, have you?

Bran. What's that to you? I will hear 'em, 'Slid, I will stay, and I will not go yet.

Vil. I'll betray all, if you play the Fool thus: Come, you must go now; *Bortolo* stays for you.

Bran. I will not, I say.

Vil. Go, go.

Mir. I'll follow him, and get some Help.

[*Exit* Brancadoro. *The Friar offers to go out too.*

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Vil. Hold, Sir, you my worthy ſpiritual Counſellor; ſtir not, nor attempt to come near the Door; if you do no more but ſo:——Within there, ho!——You Raſcals, how came this Friar in? [*Two appear.*

1. He told us you appointed him, when he heard a Noiſe, that he ſhould come.

Vil. Pox on your credulous Coxcombs; now remember you heard me ſay, if he offers to come out, let me find him dead: Stir not, but guard the Door; he has robb'd our Maſters——If you fail, I'll cut your Throats. [*Exit* Villeroto.

Mir. [*Aſide.*] Yet I am pleas'd that I am brought to die before her, that with my laſt Breath, which feldom unſucceſsfully petitions, I may at once beg of the fair and wrong'd *Emilia*, Forgiveneſs and Belief;——yet I wou'd know a little more, if it were poſſible. My Paſſion makes me vainly inquiſitive. I muſt do't; yet it is but an idle Curioſity to ask for News the Minute I muſt die.

Sam. What means this Friar? does that Habit harbour an Inſtrument fitted for that vile Monſter?

Mir. Was there not a great Noiſe, Ladies, ſomething like Womens Cries?

Sam. They were our Cries, Sir.

Emil. If you cannot help us to live with Honour, help us to die: we had two Weapons: Arm us but again, he has yet not diſarm'd our Minds.

Mir. Wou'd I knew how; wou'd you accept it as a true Witneſs of my Sorrow, if I die firſt in the oppoſing that Miſchief I know not which way to prevent?

Em. Ah me, we do not ask of you to die, but to help Death to us.

Mir. 'Tis impoſſible.

Sam. Strangle us then. Why do you turn away your Head? it is a Charity to grant it.

Mir. Alas! I need not ſay I muſt deny; you will believe it, when I let you know you ask it of *Miranzo*.

[*He diſcovers himſelf.*

Em. Miranzo!

Sam. My Brother.

Mir.

Mir. Fair *Emilia*, 'tis the criminal *Miranzo*, that loves *Emilia* ſtill.

Em. O *Miranzo!* I bluſh to think how you encreaſe my Senſe of Dangers, while you are mingled with 'em.

Mir. I ſee I am to blame in all Conditions, to wiſh your Kindneſs; I but ſtrive to nouriſh a Sickneſs that ſends Infection to your Peace.

Em. What muſt become of us?

Mir. Thus naked as I am, I will defend you; and with my Breaſt I'll dull his Sword, perhaps his Cruelty.

Em. O do not talk more cruelly; Death is gentler, which you may help us to.

Sam. Ah Brother, be not ſo raſh, do not deceive your ſelf; a thouſand Lives loſt in our Defence would not give ſtop to his lewd Purpoſes: Heaven ſure will ſend ſome Remedy. O Brother! O *Cialto!*

Mir. Forgive me, deareſt Siſter; I had forgot to tell you, *Cialto* lives; tho' this Villain was one of them that did attempt his Murder.

Sam. O do not flatter me; for I ſhall grow as much out of Love with Death, as even now I was with Life. — Is there no Hope?

Mir. The Villain has appointed them to murder me, if I attempt but to go forth. — Ha! — Now I think on't, it was the Friar he gave them Charge of: I am none; I'll try if they will let me out; ſo I may call ſome Help.

[*He takes off his Diſguiſe.*

Em. O take heed!

Mir. 'Tis but attempting. — But firſt I'll ſet the Friar in the beſt Poſture I can. Here, Siſter, ſupport my Shape a little, to countenance my Deſign; — nay, no trifling. — [*He ſets his Habit on his Siſter.*] So — now to your Prayers, — Within there, ho: —

1. How now, who are you?

Mir. A Friend of *Villerotto's*, who left me to ſtay a little while for your Aſſiſtance: Now I am going, have the greater Care of the Friar there; he may venture to eſcape, for he has robb'd your Maſter.

1. We warrant you. Sir Friar, you had not beſt try to bolt. [Miranzo *goes out, and returns back ſuddenly.*

Mir.

Mir. I have done ill, I dare not venture them a Minute; Honour and Reason turns me back — Bleft Opportunity, — Rogue —

[*He ſtrikes up one of their Heels, t'other fights a little, and runs out with a Noſe; he gets a Sword from one of them.*

1. How now, what do you mean, Sir. Help, help!

Mir. So, I have ſomething now to frame an Argument for my ſelf with, and to diſpute a little.

Em. Now you may kill us; you have got a Sword.

Mir. Dear *Emilia*, do you believe I know not how to make a better Uſe of ſuch a Weapon? [Emilia *weeps.*] Pray weep not, do not unman me now. Hark, a Noiſe.

Enter Villerotto *with him that run out, and another.*

Vill. Ha, *Miranzo*, are you Metamorphoſed from a Friar?

Mir. Do you ſtare, Monſter? is a Sword bright Metal? The Mirror that can only ſhew th' affrighting Shapes of thy unheard-of Villanies.

Vill. Alas! I have not been afraid a long time; I have forgot what 'tis. — Hark, a Noiſe. [*A Noiſe within.*] diſpatch him quickly; you ſhall tell no News, Sir. — Ha, what is this new Face for?

Enter Cialto.

Cial. This ſhall tell thee, Villain. [*They offer to fight.*

Mir. Hold ———

[Miranzo *drives out the two Men, comes back and parts them.*

Cial. Miranzo, rob me not of that Revenge, which only can belong to me. — Hark, a Noiſe, — guard the Paſſage, or we may all be loſt. [*A Noiſe ſtill.*] Nay, trifle not; — hark, the Noiſe encreaſes, diſpatch. — Now, Sir, do you ſtare to ſee *Cialto*, whom you hir'd Rogues to Murder?

[*Exit* Miranzo.

Vill. I do not ſtare, nor am I frightned: What, you're not dead it ſeems?

Sam. O, *Cialto!*

Cial. Ha! ſince thou haſt given me Cauſe to view thee with a ſtrict Survey, my Eyes are grown clear ſighted, and find thee not the Villain which thou ſeem'ſt, but what thou art; the baſe *Borazzo*.

Mir.

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Vill. 'Tis well, we know one another then.

Cial. Excellent Rascal, has your hot Revenge been rak'd up all this while?

Vill. Cou'dst thou expect less from me, whom thou hast disgrac'd and ruin'd, by enhancing me from my Command?

Cial. And what canst thou expect, Villain, but that Fate thou didst design for me?

Vill. My Sword says no.

Sam. Hold, hold, I command you hold, *Cialto*: Hold, Sir, I will engage for your Forgiveness.

Vill. My Forgiveness! this is my Indemnity.

Cial. Do not hang upon me, unless you mean to have me murder'd in your Arms.

Vill. Nay, I think I may drive this through your Shield.

Cial. For Heavens sake let me go.

Sam. And Heaven protect you.

[*They fight*, Villeratto *falls*

Cial. Now, Sir, what think you?

Vill. That I shall patiently be quiet, and think no more. Help, help!

Cial. 'Tis vain to call, no Man has Charity left for thee; trouble not thy Throat, unless thou hast some Devil to call upon.

Enter Miranzo.

Mir. Let me embrace my dear *Cialto*,
For whom still ready Victory spreads her Wings;
When e'er his wav'd Sword gives her but the Sign.

Cial. Can *Miranzo* forgive all those distasted Jealousies my Miseries begot within me?

Mir. You injure me to ask it; go dry *Samira's* Eyes.

Cial. I dare not now approach you, fair *Samira*,
But as I won'd thank Powers, I durst hope to reach
With any thing but Prayers: Permit me to receive Forgiveness.

Sam. For what?

Cial. For purchasing you with all my Miseries.

Sam. If you lov'd me as well as you profess,

My

My Kindneſs wou'd infuſe ſuch Joy into you,
As wou'd admit no Senſe of your Misfortunes.
Cannot my Love and Paſſion for you,
Have as much Power as a little Sleep,
To render you inſenſible of Miſeries,
To which you only give afflicting Natures?

Cial. Fool that I was, to think that I cou'd be wretched,
Whilſt you were kind; forgive me, dear *Samira*:
Permit me, fair *Emilia*, to kiſs your Hands too.

Em. Generous Sir, I owe an equal Obligation to you.

Enter Brancadoro.

Cial. Now ſpare me a Minute.

Sam. What means he?

Mir. I know not.

Cial. Signior *Brancadoro*, I think *Miranzo* told me once, you did engage to fight with me.

Mir. Now I gueſs; Peace, this will be good Sport.

Bran. Ay, that was when I was married to *Samira*. But not elſe.

Cial. Wou'd Marriage make you valiant?

Bran. When I have try'd, you ſhall know my Mind.

Cial. By no Means, Signior; I ſhall forbid the Banes: But I muſt have your Anſwer now; look ye, here are two Swords, take your Choice.

Sam. What does he mean?

Mir. Nay, ſtand ſtill.

Cial. Here, Sir.

Bran. 'Tis neither here nor there, I'll not fight with any Man that has a leſs Eſtate than my ſelf; ſuch a one ventures nothing.

Cial. Troth, you will hardly fight then.

Bran. Why, what care I; if there be no Body fit to fight with me —— I hope, they know nothing yet.

[*Aſide.*

Cial. But, Sir, as I remember, you have ſomething did once belong to me; are you not weary of it?

Bran. It's no Matter whether I am or no.

Cian. Pray, let me have't again.

Bral. So you ſhall, when I have nothing elſe to do with it.

Cial.

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Cial. You are ſevere, Sir; I will aſſign you your Money that you lent, to receive it of the Senate.

Bran. No, do't your ſelf, Sir.

Cial I'll fetch others to perſwade you:
Miramzo, pray look to the rich Gentleman.

[Cialto *goes out.*

Sam. What is the Meaning of all this?

Mir. I gueſs now: you'll perceive all preſently.

Vill. Oh!

Mir. How is it?

Vill. Too well; I have Life enough to ſpend in Curſes.

Mir. O Devil!

Em. He makes me tremble ſtill.

Enter Cialto *and* Baptiſta, *with* Montalto, *and his two Companions.*

Cial. Now, my moſt wealthy Signior, do you know theſe Gentlemen?

Bran. Not I; 'tis not likely that I ſhould be acquainted with ſuch Ragamuffians.

Cial. Do you know them, angry Sir?

Vill. Yes, I know them to be raſcally Cowards; ten ſuch would not venture to cut one Throat.

Cial. Why, you need not be angry; they have not had their full Hire.

Vill. They deſerv'd none, they did not do their Buſineſs.

Bran. I know the Rogues now. [*He whiſpers.*] Why, *Villerio*, thou wilt not betray me, I hope.

Cial. What was that Buſineſs they ſhou'd have done?

Vill. Why, cut your Throat.

Cial. Brave Villain! D'ye ſee, Signior? Theſe were your Penſioners; the Confidence it ſeems of their Performances, made you ſo bold, to promiſe when you were married to fight with me; that was after I was dead, as you believ'd. But now, Sir, the Hangman ſhall end our Quarrel.

Bran. Good Sir, ſpeak ſoftly: I vow, that Villain perſwaded me, and told me I ſhould never keep my Land in quiet elſe, nor ever have my Miſtreſs.

Mir. Compound, Signior; 'tis your beſt way.

Cial.

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Cial. What say you, noble Undertakers?

Mon. Why, Sir, we must confess——

Bran. 'Tis needless, Sir, 'tis needless; I will do any thing.

Mir. Offer him his Estate again; you are rich enough besides; you'll cheat some body else in a little while of as much more.

Bran. No, Sir, I am not wise enough to do't; my Father's gone, Peace be with him; he perhaps might have given a 'Say to some such Matter.

Mir. Are you willing? you may hang else.

Bran. No, I can't endure that, I'm sure, not hardly th'other.

Mir. Come, *Cialto*; Signior *Brancadoro*, so he may have your Friendship, is content——

Cial. What to do?

Mir. To restore your Estate again.

Cial. Well, I love Peace; he shall have an Assignment to receive his Money from the Senate.

Bran. That I shall never get; but I must consent.

Mir. Fear not, Signior; you have the publick Faith for't.

Cial. Now, *Samira*, I can forgive my self, if I presume, with my restor'd Fortunes, to——

Sam. Take heed, Sir; for if you name it, that generous Cause that forc'd me to declare I lov'd you, will urge me to despise you.

Cial. I am charm'd.

Bran. I hope, noble Signior, you will forgive *Villeretto* too.

Cial. You are deceiv'd, Sir, 'tis not *Villeretto*; 'tis *Borazzo*, an ancient Friend of mine.

Mir. Pray forgive him, Sir; he may repent.

Vill. Yes, I do repent.

Mir. That's well said; of what?

Vill. Why, that I did not rifle those Treasuries, and leave you nothing to enjoy, but what I feel, the Torments of a vexed Soul: I shou'd have fitted them for your Embraces, and wou'd have taken Care you shou'd have known it.

Mir. Bold impudent Dog!

Cial. He was still furnish'd with too great a Courage so much Boldness was not fit to have been trust ed but a Frame where it was ballanc'd with much Virtue.

Mir.

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Mir. Come, we'll force him to be good.

Vill. I think it muſt be forc'd.

Mir. He will die ſnarling.

Vill. I would die biting.

Bran. Wou'd he had been hang'd before he bit me.

Mir. Here, come hither, you that were once his Creatures; take him up, that he may be deliver'd from us into the Hands of the ſevereſt Juſtice.

Vill. Do you believe my Spirit will endure
Tamely to wait upon a formal Sentence,
And ſtay till you ſhall force it out of Doors?
No, I will tear theſe Wounds ſo wide,
I'll make it room enough to go, if it be willing.

Enter Bottolo, *after him* Caſtruccio *and* Moreno.

Cial. Away with him. [*They carry him out.*

Bot. What, no Body to be found in the Houſe? — Hey day, what's gather'd together! My Maſter! My Miſtreſs!

Mir. See, *Emilia*, your Father and my Uncle.

Bran. Gentlemen, no Words; you remember our Bargain.

Cial. Doubt us not.

Emil. O, my dear Father, are you ſtill as ready to forgive me as you were wont?

Mar. If I were angry, the Sight of thee wou'd bring a Joy enough to force it from me.

Mir. Your Pardon, Uncle, joyn'd to this, will make me and *Emilia* happy.

Caſt. Is't ſo? was this the Trick on't? Well, well, what muſt be, muſt be; I am Friends, Nephew; I was partly in the Fault my ſelf; I dare ſwear I made thee half in Love, with praiſing her. Well, — I am glad all Troubles are at an End: But ſhe ſhall ſtill be ſo much mine, that I may give her to thee.

Emil. You honour me, to own a Title in me.

Sam. One Pardon more, Sir, for me, that in no other thing will ever diſobey you.

Caſt. What ſay you, Signior *Brancadoro?*

Bran. I ſay any thing, Sir. —— Odds my Life, I can ſcarce hold from crying.

Cial.

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Cial. Many Things, Sir, may ſeem ſtrange to you; but you ſhall know it all at better Leiſure.

Mor. Come, no more; but let Forgiveneſs dwell in every Breaſt: Back to the Nuptials now again; this will ſcarce ſeem an Interruption: Come, let's away; our Meat is hardly cold yet.

Cial. The God of Love, if he can borrow Eyes,
Will be more pleas'd with this new Sacrifice;
Since by that Change which he himſelf has made,
More equal Hearts are on his Altar laid. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

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THE

COMMITTEE.

A

COMEDY.

(1665.)

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR 1722.

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PROLOGUE.

To cheat the most Judicious Eyes, there be
Ways in all Trades, but this of Poetry:
Your Tradesman shews his Ware by some false Light,
To hide the Faults and Slightness from your Sight:
Nay, though 'tis full of Cracks, he'll boldly swear
'Tis excellent, and so help off his Ware.
He'll rule your Judgment by his Confidence,
Which in a Poet you'd call Impudence;
Nay, if the World afford the like again,
He swears he'll give it you for nothing then.
Those are Words too a Poet dares not say;
Let it be good or bad, you're sure to pay.
——Would 'twere a penn'worth; —— but in this you are
Abler to judge, than he that made the Ware:
However his Design was well enough,
He try'd to shew some newer-fashion'd Stuff.
Not that the Name Committee *can be new,*
That has been too well known to most of you:
But you may smile, for you have past your Doom;
The Poet dares not, his is still to come.

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Dramatis Personæ.

MEN.

Colonel *Careless.*
Colonel *Blunt.*
Lieutenant *Story.*
Nehemiah Catch,
Joseph Blemish,
Jonathan Headstrong,
Ezekiel Scrape, } Committee-Men.
Mr. *Day*, the Chairman to the Committee.
Abel, Son to Mr. *Day.*
Obadiah, Clerk to the Committee.
Tog.
Tavern-Boy.
Bayliffs.
Soldiers.
Two Chair-Men.
Gaol-Keeper.
Servant to Mr. *Day.*
A Stage Coachman.
Bookseller.

WOMEN.

Mrs. *Arbella.*
Mrs. *Day.*
Mrs. *Ruth.*
Mrs. *Chat.*

SCENE *LONDON.*

THE

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THE COMMITTEE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Mrs. Day, *Mrs.* Arbella, *Mrs.* Ruth, *Colonel* Blunt, *and a Stage-Coachman.*

Mrs. Day *enters bruſhing her Hoods, and Scarfs.*

Mrs. DAY.

NOW out upon't, how duſty 'tis! All things conſider'd, 'tis better travelling in the Winter; eſpecially for us of the better ſort, that ride in Coaches. And yet, to ſay Truth, warm Weather is both pleaſant and comfortable; 'tis a thouſand pities that fair Weather ſhould do any Hurt.—Well ſaid, honeſt Coachman, thou haſt done thy Part: My Son *Abel* paid for my Place at *Reading*, did he not?

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Coach. Yes, an't please you.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, there's something extraordinary, to make thee drink.

Coach. By my Whip, 'tis a Groat of more than ordinary Thinness.——Plague on this new Gentry, how liberal they are. [*Aside.*] Farewell, young Mistress; farewell, Gentlemen: Pray when you come by *Reading*, let *Toby* carry you. [*Exit Coachman.*

Mrs. *Day.* Why how now, Mrs. *Arbella*? What, sad? why, what's the Matter?

Arbel. I am not very sad.

Mrs. *Day.* Nay, by my Honour, you need not; if you knew as much as I. Well——I'll tell you one thing; you are well enough; you need not fear, who ever does; say I told you so,——if you do not hurt your self, for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as he will, I can see with half an Eye, that my Son *Abel* means to take Care of you in your Composition, and will needs have you his Guest. *Ruth* and you shall be Bed-fellows. I warrant that same *Abel* many and many a Time will wish his Sister's Place; or else his Father ne'er got him: though I say it, that shou'd not say it, yet I do say it——'tis a notable Fellow.——

Arb. I am fallen into strange Hands, if they prove as hufis as her Tongue—— [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* And now you talk of this same *Abel*, I tell you but one Thing, I wonder that neither he nor my Husband's Honour's chief Clerk *Obadiah* is not here ready to attend me. I dare warrant my Son *Abel* has been here two Hours before us: 'Tis the veriest Princox; he will ever be a galloping, and yet he is not full one and twenty, for all his Appearances: He never stole this Trick of galloping; his Father was just such another before him, and wou'd gallop with the best of 'em: He and Mistress *Busie*'s Husband were counted the best Horsemen in *Reading*, ay and *Berkshire* to boot. I have rode formerly behind Mr. *Busie*, but in Truth I cannot now endure to travel but in a Coach; my own was at present in Disorder, and so I was fain to shift in this; but I warrant you, if his Honour, Mr. *Day*, Chair-man of the honourable Committee of

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of Sequestrations, shou'd know that his Wife rode in a Stage-Coach, he wou'd make the House too hot for some. ——— Why, how is't with you, Sir? what, weary of your Journey? [*To the Col.*

Col. *Bl.* Her Tongue will never tire. [*Aside.*] ——So many, Mistress, riding in the Coach, has a little distemper'd me with Heat.

Mrs. *Day.* So many, Sir? why there were but six—— What wou'd you say if I should tell you, that I was one of the eleven that travell'd at one Time in one Coach?

Col. *Bl.* O the Devil! I have given her a new Theam—— [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* Why, I'll tell you——Can you guess how 'twas?

Col. *Bl.* Not I, truly. But 'tis no Matter, I do believe it.

Mrs. *Day.* Look you, thus it was; there was, in the first Place, my self, and my Husband, I shou'd have said first; but his Honour wou'd have pardoned me, if he had heard me; Mr. *Busie* that I told you of, and his Wife; the Mayor of *Reading*, and his Wife; and this *Ruth* that you see there, in one of our Laps—but now, where do you think the rest were?

Col. *Bl.* A Top o'th' Coach sure.

Mrs. *Day.* Nay, I durst swear you wou'd never guess—why——wou'd you think it; I had two growing in my Belly, Mrs. *Busie* one in hers, and Mrs. Mayoress of *Reading* a chopping Boy, as it proved afterwards, in hers; As like the Father as if it had been spit out of his Mouth; and if he had come out of his Mouth, he had come out of as honest a Man's Mouth as any in forty Miles of the Head of him: For wou'd you think it, at the very same Time when this same *Ruth* was sick, it being the first Time the Girl was ever coach'd, the good Man, Mr. Mayor, I mean, that I spoke of, held his Hat for the Girl to ease her Stomach in.——

Enter Abel *and* Obadiah.

——O, are you come! Long look'd for comes at last. What,——you have a slow set Pace, as well as your hasty Scribble, sometimes: Did you not think it fit, that I shou'd have found Attendance ready for me when I alighted?

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Obad. I ask your Honour's Pardon; for I do profess unto your Ladyship I had attended sooner, but that his young Honour, Mr. *Abel*, demurr'd me by his Delays.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, Son *Abel*, you must be obey'd, and I partly, if not quite, guess your Business; providing for the Entertainment of one I have in my Eye; read her and take her: Ah, is't not so?

Abel. I have not been deficient in my Care, Forsooth.

Mrs. *Day.* Will you never leave your Forsooths? Art thou not asham'd to let the Clerk carry himself better, and shew more Breeding, than his Master's Son?

Abel. If it please your Honour, I have some Business for your more private Ear.

Mrs. *Day.* Very well.

Ruth. What a lamentable Condition has that Gentleman been in! faith I pity him.

Arbel. Are you so apt to pity Men?

Ruth. Yes, Men that are humoursom, as I would Children that are froward; I wou'd not make them cry a purpose.

Arbel. Well, I like his Humour, I dare swear he's plain and honest.

Ruth. Plain enough of all Conscience; faith, I'll speak to him.

Arbel. Nay, pr'ythee don't, he'll think thee rude.

Ruth. Why then I'll think him an Ass.——How is't after your Journey, Sir?

C. *Bl.* Why, I am worse after it.

Ruth. Do you love riding in a Coach, Sir?

C. *Bl.* No, Forsooth, nor talking after riding in a Coach.

Ruth. I shou'd be loth to interrupt your Meditations, Sir: We may have the Fruits hereafter.

C. *Bl.* If you have, they shall break loose spite of my Teeth.—This Spawn is as bad as the great Pike. [*Aside.*

Arbel. Pr'ythee Peace:——Sir, we wish you all Happiness.

C. *Bl.* And Quiet, good sweet Ladies,——I like her well enough.——Now wou'd not I have her say any more, for fear she shou'd jeer too, and spoil my good Opinion:

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Opinion. If 'twere possible, I wou'd think well of one Woman.

Mrs. *Day*. Come, Mrs. *Arbella*, 'tis as I told you, *Abel* has done it; say no more: take her by the Hand, *Abel*. I profess, she may venture to take thee for better, for worse: Come, Mrs. the honourable Committee will sit suddenly. Come, let's along. Farewel, Sir. [*Ex. all but* C. Blunt.

C. *Bl*. How, the Committee ready to sit. Plague on their Honours; for so my honour'd Lady, that was one of the eleven, was pleas'd to call 'em. I had like to have come a Day after the Fair. 'Tis pretty, that such as I have been, must compound for their having been Rascals. Well, I must go look a Lodging, and a Sollicitor: I'll find the arrantest Rogue I can too: For, according to the old Saying, Set a Thief to catch a Thief.

Enter Col. Careless, *and Lieutenant.*

C. *Careless*. Dear *Blunt*, well met; when came you, Man?

C. *Bl*. Dear *Careless*, I did not think to have met thee so suddenly. Lieutenant, your Servant. I am landed just now, Man.

C. *Car*. Thou speak'st as if thou had'st been at Sea.

C. *Bl*. It's pretty well guest; I have been in a Storm.

C. *Car*. What Business brought thee?

C. *Bl*. May be the same with yours: I am come to compound with their Honours.

C. *Car*. That's my Business too; why, the Committee sits suddenly.

C. *Bl*. Yes, I know it; I heard so in the Storm I told thee of.

C. *Car*. What Storm, Man?

C. *Bl*. Why, a Tempest, as high as ever blew from Woman's Breath: I have rode in a Stage Coach, wedged in with half a dozen; one of them was a Committee-man's Wife; his Name is *Day*: And she accordingly will be call'd, Your Honour, and Your Ladyship; with a Tongue that wags as much faster than all other Womens, as in the several Motions of a Watch, the Hand of the Minute moves faster than that of the Hour. There was her Daughter too; but a Bastard without Question; for

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she had no Resemblance to the rest of the notch'd Rascals; and very pretty, and had Wit enough to jeer a Man in Prosperity to Death.—— There was another Gentlewoman, and she was handsom, nay very handsom; but I kept her from being as bad as the rest.

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee how, Man?

C. *Bl.* Why, she began with two or three good words, and I desired her she would be quiet while she was well.

C. *Car.* Thou wer't not so mad?

C. *Bl.* I had been mad, if I had not—— But when we came to our Journey's End, there met us two such formal and stately Rascals, that yet pretended Religion and open Rebellion ever painted: They were the Hopes and Guide of the honourable Family, *viz.* The eldest Son, and the chiefest Clerk, Rogues——and hereby hangs a Tale.—— This Gentlewoman I told thee I kept civil, by desiring her to say nothing, is a rich Heiress of one that died in the King's Service, and of this state und sequestration. This young Chicken has this Kite snatch'd up, and designs her for this her eldest Rascal.

C. *Car.* What a dull Fellow wert thou, not to make Love, and rescue her.

C. *Bl.* I'll wooe no Woman.

C. *Car.* Wou'dst thou have them court thee? A Soldier, and not love a Siege!—— How now, who art thou?

Enter Teg,

Teg. A poor Irishman, and Christ save me, and save you all; I pr'ythee give me Six-pence, gad Mastero.

C. *Car.* Sixpence? I see thou wouldst not lose any thing for want of asking. Here, I am pretty near; there's a Groat for thy Confidence.

Teg. By my troth it is too little.

C. *Car.* Troth, like enough: how long hast thou been in *England*?

Teg. Ever since I came hither, i' faith.

C. *Car.* That's true; what hast thou done since thou cam'st into *England*.

Teg. Serv'd God and St. *Patrick*, and my good sweet King, and my good sweet Master; yes indeed.

C. *Car.* And what dost thou do now?

Teg.

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Mr. MOODY in the Character of TEAGUE.

I poor Irishman, & Christ save me, & save you

"I prythee give me Sixpence good Masters."

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Teg. Cry for them every day, upon my Soul.

C. *Car.* Why, where's thy Maſter?

Teg. He's dead Maſtero, and left poor *Teg*; upon my Soul, he never ſerv'd poor *Teg* ſo before.

C. *Car.* Who was thy Maſter?

Teg. E'en the good Colonel *Danger*.

C. *Car.* He was my dear and noble Friend.

Teg. Yes, that he was, and poor *Teg*'s too, i' faith now.

C. *Car.* What doſt thou mean to do?

Teg. I will get a good Maſter, if any good Maſter wou'd get me; I cannot tell what to do elſe, by my Soul, that I cannot; for I have went and gone to one *Lilly*'s; he lives at that Houſe, at the end of another Houſe, by the May-pole-houſe; and tells every body by one Star, and t'other Star, what good luck they ſhall have, but he cou'd not tell nothing for poor *Teg*.

C. *Car.* Why, Man?

Teg. Why, 'tis done by the Stars; and he told me there were no Stars for *Iriſhmen*: I told him he told two or three Lies upon my Soul; There were as many Stars in *Ireland* as in *England*, and more too, that there are; and if a good Maſter cannot get me, I will run into *Ireland*, and ſee if the Stars be not there ſtill; and if they be, I will come back i' faith, and beat his Pate, if he will not then tell me ſome good Luck, and ſome Stars.

C. *Car.* Poor Fellow, I pity him; I fancy he's ſimply honeſt:—— Haſt thou any Trade?

Teg. Bo, bub bub bo, a Trade, a Trade! an *Iriſhman* a Trade! an *Iriſhman* ſcorns a Trade, that he does; I will run for thee forty Miles; but I ſcorn to have a Trade.

C. *Bl.* Alas, poor ſimple Fellow.

C. *Car.* I pity him; nor can I endure to ſee any Man miſerable that can weep for my Prince, and Friend. Well, *Teg*, what ſayeſt thou if I will take thee?

Teg. Why, I will ſay thou wilt do very well then.

C. *Car.* Thy Maſter was my dear Friend: wert thou with him when he was kill'd?

Teg. Yes, upon my Soul, that I was, and I did howl over him, and I ask'd him why he would leave poor *Teg*; and i' faith I ſtaid kiſſing his ſweet Face, 'till the Rogues

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Rogues came upon me and took away all from me; and I was naked till I got this Mantle, that I wear: I have never any Victuals neither, but a little Snuff.

C. *Car.* Come, thou ſhalt live with me; love me as thou didſt thy Maſter.

Teg. That I will i' faith, if thou wou'dſt be good to poor *Teg*.

C. *Car.* Now to our Buſineſs; for I came but laſt night my ſelf; and the Lieutenant and I were juſt going to ſeek a Solicitor.

C. *Bl.* One may ſerve us all; what ſay you, *Lieutenant*, can you furniſh us?

Lieu. Yes, I think I can help you to plough with a Heifer of their own.

C. *Car.* Now I think on't, *Blunt*, why did'ſt not thou begin with the Committee-man's Cow?

C. *Bl.* Plague on her, ſhe lowbell'd me ſo that I thought of nothing, but ſtood ſhrinking like a dar'd Lark.

Lieu. But hark you, Gentlemen, there's an ill-taſting Doſe to be ſwallow'd firſt; there's a Covenant to be taken.

Teg. Well, what is that Covenant? by my Soul I will take it for my new Maſter, if I cou'd, that I wou'd.

C. *Car.* Thank thee, *Teg*—— A Covenant, ſayeſt thou?

Teg. Well, where is that Covenant?——

C. *Car.* We'll not ſwear, Lieutenant.

Lieu. You muſt have no Land then.

C. *Bl.* Then farewel Acres, and may the Dirt choak them.

C. *Car.* 'Tis but being reduc'd to *Teg*'s Equipage; 'twas a lucky thing to have a Fellow that can teach one this cheap Diet of Snuff.

Lieu. Come, Gentlemen, we muſt loſe no more time; I'll carry you to my poor Houſe, where you ſhall lodge: for know, I am marr ed to a moſt illuſtrious Perſon, that had a kindneſs for me.

C. *Car.* Pry'thee, how didſt thou light upon this good Fortune?

Lieu. Why, you ſee there are Stars in *England*, though none in *Ireland*: Come, Gentlemen, Time calls us; you ſhall have my Story hereafter.

C. *Bl.* Plague on this Covenant.

Lieu. Curſe it not, 'twill proſper then.

C. *Car.*

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C. *Car.* Come, *Teg*; however I have a Suit of Cloaths for thee; thou ſhalt lay by thy Blanket for ſome time: It may be, thee and I may be reduc'd together to thy Country fashion.

Teg. Upon my Soul, Joy, for I will carry thee then into my Country too.

C. *Car.* Why, there's the worſt on't; the beſt will help it ſelf. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Day, *and Mrs.* Day.

Mr. *Day.* Welcome, ſweet Duck; I profeſs thou haſt brought home good Company indeed; Money and Money's worth: if we can but now make ſure of this Heireſs Mrs. *Arbella*, for our Son *Abel*.

Mrs. *Day.* If we can? you are ever at your *ifs*; you're afraid of your own Shadow; I can tell you one *if* more; that is, *if* I did not bear you up, your Heart wou'd be down in your Breeches at every turn: well,——if I were gone,—— there's another *if* for you.

Mr. *Day.* I profeſs thou ſayeſt true, I ſhou'd not know what to do indeed; I am beholden to thy good Counſel for many a good thing; I had ne'er got *Ruth* nor her Eſtate into my Fingers elſe.

Mrs. *Day.* Nay, in that Buſineſs too you were at your *Ifs*: Now you ſee ſhe goes currently for our own Daughter, and this *Arbella* ſhall be our Daughter too, or ſhe ſhall have no Eſtate.

Mr. *Day.* If we cou'd but do that, Wife!

Mrs. *Day.* Yet again at your *Ifs?*

Mr. *Day.* I have done, I have done; to your Counſel, good Duck; you know I depend upon that.

Mrs. *Day.* You may well enough, you find the ſweet on't; and to ſay truth, 'tis known too well, that you relie upon it: In truth they are ready to call me Committee-man: they well perceive the weight that lies upon me, Husband.

Mr. *Day.* Nay, good Duck, no chiding now, but to your Counſel.

Mrs. *Day.* In the firſt place (obſerve how I lay a Deſign in Politicks) d'ye mark, counterfeit me a Letter from the King, where he ſhall offer you great matters, to ſerve him and his Intereſt under hand. Very good: and in it let him remember

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remember his kind Love and Service to me. This will make them look about 'em, and think you ſome body: then promiſe them, if they'll be true Friends to you, to live and die with them, and refuſe all great Offers; then, whilſt 'tis warm, get the Compoſition of *Arbella*'s Eſtate into your own Power, upon your Deſign of marrying her to *Abel*.

Mr. *Day*. Excellent.

Mrs. *Day*. Mark the luck on't too, their Names ſound alike; *Abel* and *Arbella*, they are the ſame to a trifle, it ſeemeth a Providence.

Mr. *Day*. Thou obſerveſt right, Duck, thou canſt ſee as far into a Milſtone as another.

Mrs. *Day*. Piſh, do not interrupt me.

Mr. *Day*. I do not, good Duck, I do not.

Mrs. *Day*. You do not, and yet you do; you put me off from the Concatenation of my Diſcourſe: then, as I was ſaying, you may intimate to your honourable Fellows, that one good turn deſerves another. That Language is underſtood amongſt you, I take it, ha.

Mr. *Day*. Yes, yes, we uſe thoſe *Items* often.

Mrs. *Day*. Well, interrupt me not.

Mr. *Day*. I do not, good Wife.

Mrs. *Day*. You do not, and yet you do; by this means get her Compoſition put wholly into your Hands, and then no *Abel*, no Land.—But—in the mean time I wou'd have *Abel* do his Part too.

Mr. *Day*. Ay, ay; there's a want; I found it.

Mrs. *Day*. Yes, when I told you ſo before.

Mr. *Day*. Why, that's true, Duck, he is too backward; if I were in his Place, and as young as I have been.

Mrs. *Day*. O you'd do wonders! But now I think on't, there may be ſome uſe made of *Ruth*; 'tis a notable witty Harlotry.—You thought ſo, when I told you I had thought on't firſt.—Let me ſee,—it ſhall be ſo: we'll ſet her to inſtruct *Abel* in the firſt Place; and then to incline *Arbella*; they are Hand and Glove; and Women can do much with one another.

Mr. *Day*. Thou haſt hit upon my own Thoughts.—

Mrs. *Day*. Pray call her in; you thought of that too, did you not?

Mr.

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Mr. *Day.* I will, Duck. *Ruth*, why, *Ruth*.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Your Pleaſure, Sir.

Mr. *Day.* Nay, 'tis my Wife's deſire, that——

Mrs. *Day.* Well, if it be your Wife's, ſhe can beſt tell it her ſelf, I ſuppoſe. D'ye hear, *Ruth*, you may do a Buſineſs that may not be the worſe for you: you know I uſe but few Words.

Ruth. What does ſhe call a few?—— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Day.* Look you now, as I ſaid, to be ſhort, and to the matter, my Husband and I do deſign this Mrs. *Arbella* for our Son *Abel*, and the young Fellow is not forward enough; you conceive? pr'ythee give him a little Inſtructions how to demean himſelf, and in what manner to ſpeak, which we call addreſs, to her, for Women beſt know what will pleaſe Women; then work on *Arbella* on the other ſide, work, I ſay, my good Girl; no more, but ſo: you know my Cuſtom is to uſe but few Words. Much may be ſaid in a little: you ſhan't repent it.

Mr. *Day.* And I ſay ſomething too, *Ruth*.

Mrs. *Day.* What need you? do you not ſee it all ſaid already to your Hand? What ſayeſt thou, Girl?

Ruth. I ſhall do my beſt—— I wou'd not loſe the Sport for more than I'll ſpeak of.—— [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Day.* Go call *Abel*, good Girl. [*Exit* Ruth.] By bringing this to paſs, Husband, we ſhall ſecure our ſelves if the King ſhou'd come; you'll be hanged elſe.

Mr. *Day.* Oh good Wife, let's ſecure our ſelves by all means: there's a wiſe ſaying, 'Tis good to have a Shelter againſt every Storm. I remember that.

Mrs. *Day.* You may well, when you have heard me ſay it ſo often.

Enter Ruth *with* Abel.

Mr. *Day.* O Son *Abel*, d'ye hear——

Mrs. *Day.* Pray hold your Peace, and give every body leave to tell their own Tale.—D'ye hear, Son *Abel*, I have formerly told you that *Arbella* wou'd be a good Wife for you; a word's enough to the Wiſe: ſome Endeavours muſt be uſed, and you muſt not be deficient. I have ſpoken to your Siſter *Ruth* to inſtruct you what to ſay, and how to carry

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carry your ſelf; obſerve her Directions, as you'll anſwer the contrary; be confident, and put home. Ha Boy, hadſt thou but thy Mother's Pate. Well, 'tis but a Folly to talk of that that cannot be; be ſure you follow your Siſter's Directions.

Mr. *Day.* Be ſure, Boy.—— well ſaid Duck, I ſay. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Ruth *and* Abel.

Ruth. Now, Brother *Abel.*

Ab. Now, Siſter *Ruth.*

Ruth. Hitherto he obſerves me punctually. [*Aſide.*] Have you a Month's mind to this Gentlewoman, Miſtreſs *Arbella?*

Abel. I have not known her a Week yet.

Ruth. O cry you mercy, good Brother *Abel.* Well, to begin then, you muſt alter your Poſture, and by your grave and high Demeanour make your ſelf appear a hole above *Obadiah*; leſt your Miſtreſs ſhould take you for ſuch another Scribble-ſcrabble as he is; and always hold up your Head as if it were bolſter'd up with high Matters, your Hands join'd flat together, projecting a little beyond the reſt of your Body, as ready to ſeparate when you begin to open.

Abel. Muſt I go apace or ſoftly?

Ruth. O gravely by all means, as if you were loaded with weighty Conſiderations.—— ſo.—— Very well. Now to apply our Preſcription: Suppoſe now that I were your Miſtreſs *Arbella*, and met you by accident; keep your Poſture—— ſo,— and when you come juſt to me, ſtart like a Horſe that has ſpy'd ſomething on one ſide of him, and give a little gird out of the way on a ſudden; declaring that you did not ſee her before, by reaſon of your deep Contemplations: then you muſt ſpeak: let's hear.

Abel. 'Save you, Miſtreſs.

Ruth. O fie Man, you ſhou'd begin thus; Pardon, Miſtreſs, my profound Contemplations, in which I was ſo buried that I did not ſee you:—and then, as ſhe anſwers, proceed. I know what ſhe'll ſay, I am ſo us'd to her.

Abel. This will do well, if I forget it not.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel.

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De Wilde Pinxt. R. Smith Sculp.

Mr. SIMMONS as ABEL.

Must I walk trippingly or with a grave pace?

Honest Thieves.

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London, Published by John Cawthorn, No. 5 Catherine Street, Strand, Oct. 31. 1806.

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Abel. Pardon, Miſtreſs, my profound Contemplations, in which I was ſo hid, that you cou'd not ſee me.

Ruth. Better Sport than I expected. [*Aſide.*] Very well done, you're perfect: then ſhe will anſwer, Sir, I ſuppoſe you are ſo buſied with State-affairs, that it may well hinder you from taking notice of any thing below them.

Abel. No forſooth, I have ſome profound Contemplations, but no State-Affairs.

Ruth. O fie Man, you muſt confeſs that the weighty Affairs of State lie heavy upon you; but 'tis a Burthen you muſt bear: and then ſhrug your Shoulders.

Abel. Muſt I ſay ſo? I am afraid my Mother will be angry, for ſhe takes all the State-matters upon her ſelf.

Ruth. Piſh, did ſhe not charge you to be rul'd by me? why, Man, *Arbella* will never have you, if ſhe be not made believe you can do great matters with Parliament-Men, and Committee-Men; how ſhou'd ſhe hope for any good by you elſe in her Compoſition?

Abel. I apprehend you now: I ſhall obſerve.

Ruth. 'Tis well: at this time, I'll ſay no more: put your ſelf in your Poſture——ſo:—— Now go look your Miſtreſs: I'll warrant you the Town's our own.

Abel. I go. [*Exit* Abel.

Ruth. Now I have fix'd him, not to go off till he diſcharges on his Miſtreſs. I could burſt with laughing.

Enter Arbella.

Arb. What do'ſt thou laugh at, *Ruth?*

Ruth. Didſt thou meet my Brother *Abel?*

Arb. No.

Ruth. If thou hadſt met him right, he had played at hard head with thee.

Arb. What do'ſt thou mean?

Ruth. Why, I have been teaching him to wooe, by command of my Superiors; and have inſtructed him to hold up his Head ſo high, that of Neceſſity he muſt run againſt every thing that comes in his way.

Arb. Who is he to wooe?

Ruth. Even thy own ſweet ſelf.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth.

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Ruth. Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted; I'll not spoil the Sport by telling thee any Thing before-hand. They have sent to *Lilly*; and his Learning being built upon knowing what most People wou'd have him say, he has told them for a certain, that *Abel* shall have a rich Heiress; and that must be you.

Arb. Must be?

Ruth. Yes, Committee-Men can compel more than Stars.

Arb. I fear this too late. You are their Daughter, *Ruth*.

Ruth. I deny that.

Arb. How?

Ruth. Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you; 'tis to invite your Confidence in me.

Arb. You amaze me.

Ruth. Pray do not wonder, nor suspect. —— When my Father, Sir *Basil Thoroughgood*, died, I was very young, not above two Years old: 'tis too long to tell you how this Rascal, being a Trustee, catch'd me and my Estate, being the sole Heiress unto my Father, into his Gripes; and now for some Years has confirm'd his unjust Power by the unlawful Power of the Times: I fear they have Designs as bad as this on you: You see I have no reserve, and endeavour to be thought worthy of your Friendship.

Arb. I embrace it with as much clearness; let us love and assist one another. —— Wou'd they Marry me to this their First-born Puppy?

Ruth. No doubt, or keep your Composition from you.

Arb. 'Twas my ill Fortune to fall into such Hands, foolishly enticed by fair Words and large Promises of Assistance.

Ruth. Peace.

Enter Obadiah.

Obad. Mrs. *Ruth*, my Master is demanding your Company, together, and not singly, with Mrs. *Arbella*; you will find them in the Parlor: The Committee being ready to sit, calls upon my Care and Circumspection to set in order the weighty Matters of State, for their wise and honourable Inspection. [*Exit.*

Ruth.

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Ruth. We come; come, dear *Arbilla*, never be perplex'd: chearful Spirits are the best Bladders to swim with: If thou art sad, the Weight will sink thee. Be secret, and still know me for no other than what I seem to be, their Daughter. Another time thou shalt know all Particulars of my strange Story.

Arb. Come, Wench, they cannot bring us to compound for our Humours; they shall be free still. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Teg.

Teg. I'Faith my sweet Master has sent me to a Rascal, now that he has; I will go tell him so too: He ask'd me, why he could not send one that cou'd speak *English*. Upon my Soul, I was going to give him an *Irish* knock. The Devil's in them all, they will not talk with me; I will go near to knock this Man's Pate, and that Man *Lilly*'s Pate too,—that I will: I will make them prate to me, that I will. [*One cries Books within.*] How now, what Noises are that?——

Enter Bookseller.

Bookse. New Books, new Books: A desperate Plot and Ingagement of the bloody Cavaliers: Mr. *Saltmarsh*'s Alarum to the Nation, after having been three Days dead: *Mercurius Britannicus*, &c.

Teg. How's that? now they cannot live in *Ireland* after they are dead three Days!

Bookse. Mercurius Britannicus, or the Weekly Post; or, The Solemn League and Covenant.

Teg. What is that you say? Is it the Covenant, have you that?

Bookse. Yes; what then, Sir?

Teg.

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Teg. Which is that Covenant?

Bookſel. Why, this is the Covenant.

Teg. Well, I muſt take that Covenant.

Bookſel. You take my Commodities?

Teg. I muſt take that Covenant, upon my Soul now, that I muſt.

Bookſel. Stand off, Sir, or I'll ſet you further.

Teg. Well, upon my Soul now, I will take that Covenant for my Maſter.

Bookſel. Your Maſter muſt pay me for't then?

Teg. I'faith now, they will make him pay for't, after I have taken it for him.

Bookſel. What a Devil does the Fellow mean?

Teg. You will make me ſtay too long, that you will; look you now, I will knock you down upon the Ground, if you will not let me take it.

Bookſel. Stand off, Sirrah.

Teg. I'faith I will take it now.

[*He throws the Fellow down, and takes away the Paper, and runs out.*

Bookſel. What a Devil ails this Fellow? He did not come to rob me certainly, for he has not taken above two Pennyworth of lamentable Ware away; but I feel the Raſcal's Fingers. I may light upon my wild *Iriſhman* again, and if I do, I will fix him with ſome Catchpoles that ſhall be worſe than his own Country Bogs. [*Exit.*

Enter C. Careleſs, *C.* Blunt, *and Lieutenant* Story.

Lieu. And what ſay you, noble Colonels? how, and how d'ye like my Lady? I gave her the Title of Illuſtrious, from thoſe Illuſtrious Commodities which ſhe deals in, hot Water and Tobacco.

C. Car. Pr'ythee how cam'ſt thou to think of Marrying?

Lieu. Why, that which hinders other Men from thoſe Venereal Conditions, prompted me to Matrimony, Hunger and Cold, Colonel.

C. Car. Which you deſtroyed with a fat Woman, ſtrong Water, and ſtinking Tobacco.

Lieu. No, faith, the Woman conduc'd but little; but the reſt cou'd not be purchas'd without.

C. Car.

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C. *Car.* She's beholden to you.

Lieu. For all your mocking, she had been ruin'd, if it had not been for me.

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee make but that good.

Lieu. With eaſe, Sir, —— why look you, you muſt know ſhe was always a moſt violent Cavalier, and of a moſt ready and large Faith; abundance of Raſcals had found her ſoft Place, and perpetually wou'd bring her News, News of all Prices; they would tell her News from Half a Crown, to a Gill of hot Water, or a Pipe of the worſt Mundungus: I have obſerv'd their uſual Rates; they wou'd borrow Half a Crown upon a Story of five Thouſand Men up in the North; a Shilling upon a Town's revolting, ſix Pence upon a ſmall Caſtle, and conſume hot Water and Tobacco, whilſt they were telling News of Arms convey'd into ſeveral Parts, and Ammunition hid in Cellars; that at the laſt, if I had not married, and blown off theſe Flies, ſhe had been abſolutely conſum'd.

C. *Car.* Well, Lieutenant, we are beholden to you for theſe Hints; we may be reduc'd to as bad: See where *Teg* comes. Goodneſs, how he ſmiles. Why ſo merry, *Teg*?

Enter Teg *ſmiling.*

Teg. I have done one thing for thee now, that I have indeed.

C. *Car.* What haſt thou done, Man?

Teg. I have taken the Covenant for thee, that I have, upon my Soul.

C. *Car.* Where had'ſt it thou?

Teg. Had'ſt it thou! I threw a Fellow down, that I did, and took it away for thy ſweet ſake; here it is now.

C. *Car.* Was there ever ſuch a Fancy? Why, did'ſt thou think this was the way to take the Covenant?

Teg. Ay, upon my Soul that it is; look you there now, have not I taken it; is not this the Covenant? Tell me that then I pr'ythee.

C. *Bl.* I am pleaſed yet with the poor Fellow's miſtaken Kindneſs; I dare warrant him honeſt, to the beſt of his Underſtanding.

C. *Car.*

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C. *Car.* This Fellow I propheſie will bring me into many Troubles by his Miſtakes: I muſt ſend him on no Errand but, How d'ye; and to ſuch as I wou'd have no Anſwer from again: —— Yet his ſimple Honeſty prevails with me, I cannot part with him.

Lieu. Come, Gentlemen, Time calls—How now, who's this?

Enter Obadiah, *with four Perſons more with Papers.*

C. *Car.* I am a Rogue if I have not ſeen a Picture in Hangings walk as faſt.

C. *Bl.* 'Slife Man, this is that good Man of the Committee Family that I told thee of, the very Clerk; how the Rogue's loaded with Papers! — thoſe are the Winding-Sheets to many a poor Gentleman's Eſtate: 'Twere a good Deed to burn them all.

C. *Car.* Why, thou art not mad, art?—Well met, Sir; pray do not you belong to the Committee of Sequeſtrations?

Obad. I do belong to that honourable Committee, who are now ready to ſit for the bringing on the work.

C. *Bl.* O Plague, what work, Raſ——

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee be quiet, Man—Are they to ſit preſently?

Obad. As ſoon as I can get ready, my Preſence being material. [*Exit.*

C. *Car.* What, wert thou mad? wou'dſt thou have beaten the Clerk, when thou wert going to compound with the Raſcals, his Maſters?

C. *Bl.* The ſight of any of the Villains ſtirs me.

Lieu. Come, Colonels, there's no trifling; let's make haſte, and prepare your Buſineſs, let's not loſe this ſittings come along, along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbella *at one Door,* Abel *at another, as if he ſaw her not, and ſtarts when he comes to her, as* Ruth *had taught him.*

Arb. What's the meaning of this! I'll try to ſteal by him.

Abel. Pardon, Miſtreſs, my profound Contemplations, in which I was ſo hid that you could not ſee me.

Arb.

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Arb. This is a set Form,——they allow it in every thing but their Prayers.

Abel. Now you should speak, Forsooth.

Arb. Ruth, I have found you; but I'll spoil the Dialogue. [*Aside.*] ——What should I say, Sir?

Abel. What you please, Forsooth.

Arb. Why, truly, Sir, 'tis as you say; I did not see you.

Enter Ruth *as over-hearing them, and Peeps.*

Ruth. This is lucky.

Abel. No, Forsooth, 'twas I that was not to see you.

Arb. Why, Sir, wou'd your Mother be angry if you shou'd?

Abel. No, no, quite contrary,——I'll tell you that presently; but first I must say, that the weighty Affairs lie heavy upon my Neck and Shoulders [*Shrugs.*

Arb. Wou'd he were ty'd Neck and Heels.——This is a notable Wench; look where the Rascal peeps too; if I shou'd beckon to her she'd take no Notice; she is resolv'd not to relieve me. [*Aside.*]

Abel. Something I can do, and that with some Body; that is, with those that are some Bodies.

Arb. Whist, whist, [*Beckons to* Ruth, *and she shakes her Head.*] Pr'ythee have some pity. O unmerciful Girl!

Abel. I know Parliament-men, and Sequestrators; I know Committee-men, and Committee-men know me.

Arb. You have great Acquaintance, Sir?

Abel. Yes, they ask my Opinion sometimes.

Arb. What Weather 'twill be? have you any Skill, Sir?

Abel. When the Weather is not good, we hold a Fast.

Arb. And then it alters?

Abel. Assuredly.

Arb. In good time——No mercy, Wench?

Abel. Our profound Contemplations are caused by the Contervation of our Spirits for the Nation's good; we are in labour.

Arb. And I want a Deliverance.—Hark ye, *Ruth,* take off your Dog, or I'll turn Bear indeed.

Ruth. I dare not; my Mother will be angry.

Arb.

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Arb. O hang you.

Abel. You shall perceive that I have some Power, if you please to ——

Arb. O I am pleased, Sir, that you shou'd have Power! I must look out my Hoods and Scarfs, Sir, 'tis almost time to go.

Abel. If it were not for the weighty Matters of State which lie upon my Shoulders, my self wou'd look them.

Arb. O by no means, Sir; 'tis below your Greatness: —— Some Luck yet; she never came seasonably before.

Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. *Day.* Why how now *Abel*! got so close to Mrs. *Arabella*, so close indeed! nay then I smell something: Well, Mr. *Abel*, you have been so us'd to Secresie in Council and weighty Matters, that you have it at your Fingers ends: Nay, look ye Mistress, look ye, look ye; mark *Abel*'s Eyes: Ah, there he looks. *Ruth*, thou art a good Girl; I find *Abel* has got Ground.

Ruth. I forbore to come in, till I saw your Honour first enter; but I have o'er-heard all.

Mrs. *Day.* And how has *Abel* behav'd himself, Wench, ha?

Ruth. O beyond Expectation. If it were lawful, I'd undertake he'd make nothing to get as many Womens Good-wills as he speaks to; he'll not need much teaching: you may turn him loose.

Arb. O this plaguy Wench!

Mrs. *Day.* Sayest thou so, Girl? it shall be something in thy way; a new Gown, or so; it may be a better Penny. Well said, *Abel*, I say; I did think thou wouldst come out with a piece of thy Mother's at last: —— But I had forgot, the Committee are near upon sitting. Ha, Mrs. you are Crafty; you have made your Composition before-hand. Ah, this *Abel*'s as bad as a whole Committee: Take that *Item* from me; come, make haste, call the Coach, *Abel*; well said, *Abel*, I say.

[*Exe. Mrs.* Day *and* Abel.

Arb. We'll fetch our things and follow you. Now Wench, can'st thou ever hope to be forgiven?

Ruth.

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Ruth. Why, what's the matter?

Arb. The matter! Coud'ſt thou be ſo unmerciful, to ſee me practis'd on, and pelted at, by a Blunderbuſs charg'd with nothing but Proofs, weighty Affairs, Spirit, profound Contemplation, and ſuch like?

Ruth. Why, I was afraid to interrupt you; I thought inconvenient to give you what time I cou'd, to make his ſtrong Humour your Friend.

Arb. I am beholden to you: I may cry Quittance.

Ruth. But did you mark *Abel*'s Eyes? Ah, there were Looks!

Arb. Nay, pr'ythee give off; my Hour's approaching, and I can't be heartily merry till it be paſt: Come, let's fetch our Things; her Ladyſhip's Honour will ſtay for us.

Ruth. I'll warrant ye, my Brother *Abel* is not in order yet; he's bruſhing a Hat almoſt a quarter of an Hour, and as long a driving the Lint from his black Cloaths, with his wet Thumb.

Arb. Come, pr'ythee hold thy Peace, I ſhall laugh in's Face elſe when I ſee him come along: Now for an old Shoe. [*Exeunt.*

A Table ſet out.

Enter the Committee as to ſit, and Obadiah *ordering Books and Papers.*

Obad. Shall I read your Honours laſt Order, and give you the Account of what you laſt debated?

Mr. *Day.* I firſt crave your Favours, to communicate an important matter to this honourable Board, in which I ſhall diſcover unto you my own Sincerity, and Zeal to the good Cauſe.

1 *Com.* Proceed, Sir.

Mr. *Day.* The Buſineſs is contained in this Letter: 'tis from no leſs a Man than the King; and 'tis to me, as ſimple as I ſit here: Is it your Pleaſures that our Clerk ſhould read it?

2 *Com.* Yes, pray give it him.

Obad. [*Reads.*] *Mr.* Day, *We have received good Intelligence of your great Worth and Ability, eſpecially in State-matters; and therefore thought fit to offer you any Preferment, or Honour, that you ſhall deſire, if you will become my intire*

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Friend. Pray remember my Love and Service to your discreet Wife, and acquaint her with this; whose Wisdom, I hear, is great. So recommending this to her and your wise Consideration, I remain,

Your Friend, &c. K.

2 *Com.* C. K!

Mr. *Day.* Ay, that's for the King.

2 *Com.* I suspect—[*Aside.*] Who brought you this Letter?

Mr. *Day.* Oh fie upon't, my Wife forgot that particular. [*Aside.*]—— Why, a Fellow left it for me, and shrunk away when he had done: I warrant you, he was afraid I shou'd have laid hold on him. You see, Brethren, what I reject; but I doubt not but to receive my Reward: and I have now a Business to offer, which in some measure may afford you an Occasion.

2 *Com.* This Letter was counterfeited certainly. [*Aside.*

Mr. *Day.* But first be pleased to read your last Order.

2 *Com.* What does he mean? that concerns me. [*Aside.*

Obad. The Order is, that the Composition arising out of Mr. *Lashley*'s Estate be and hereby is invested and allowed to the honourable Mr. *Nathaniel Catch*, for and in respect of his Sufferings, and good Service.

Mr. *Day.* It is meet, very meet; we are bound in duty to strengthen our selves against the day of Trouble, when the common Enemy shall endeavour to raise Commotions in the Land, and disturb our new-built *Zion*.

2 *Com.* Then I'll say nothing, but close with him: we must wink at one another.—I receive your Sense of my Services with a zealous Kindness. Now, Mr. *Day*, I pray you propose your Business.

Mr. *Day.* I desire this honourable Board to understand, that my Wife being at *Reading*, and to come up in the Stage-Coach; it happened that one Mrs. *Arbella*, a rich Heiress of one of the Cavalier Party, came up also in the same Coach. Her Father being newly dead, and her Estate before being under Sequestration; my Wife, who has a notable Pate of her own (you all know her) presently cast about to get her for my Son *Abel*; and accordingly invited her to my House; where, though time was but short, yet my Son *Abel* made use of it. They are without,

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out, as I suppose: But before we call them in, I pray let us handle such other matters as are before us.

1 *Com.* Let us hear then what Estates besides lie before us, that we may see how large a Field we have to walk in.

2 *Com.* Read.

Obad. One of your last Debates was upon the Plea of an Infant, whose Estate is under Sequestration.

Mr. *Day.* And fit to be kept so till he comes of Age, and may answer for himself; that he may not be in Possession of the Land till he can promise he will not turn to the Enemy.

Obad. Here is another of almost the like Nature; an Estate before your Honours under Sequestration: The Plea is, that the Party died without any Offer of taking up Arms; but in his Opinion, he was for the King. He has left his Widow with Child, which will be the Heir; and his Trustees complain of wrong, and claim the Estate.

2 *Com.* Well, the Father in his Opinion was a Cavalier?

Obad. So it is given in.

2 *Com.* Nay, 'twas so, I warrant you; and there's a young Cavalier in his Widow's Belly; I warrant you that too; for the perverse Generation encreaseth: I move therefore that their two Estates may remain in the Hands of our Brethren here, and Fellow-Labourers, Mr. *Joseph Blemish*, and Mr. *Jonathan Headstrong*, and Mr. *Ezekiel Scrape*, and they to be accountable at our Pleasures; whereby they may have a godly Opportunity of doing good for themselves.

Mr. *Day.* Order it, order it.

3 *Com.* Since it is your Pleasures, we are content to take the Burthen upon us, and be Stewards to the Nation.

2 *Com.* Now verily it seemeth to me that the Work goeth forward, when Brethren hold together in Unity.

Mr. *Day.* Well, if we have now finished, give me leave to tell you, my Wife is without, together with the Gentlewoman that is to compound: she will needs have a Finger in the Pie.

3 *Com.* I profess we are to blame to let Mrs. *Day* wait so long.

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Mr. *Day*. We may not neglect the publick for private Respects. I hope, Brethren, that you will please to cast the Favour of your Countenances upon *Abel*.

2, 3 *Com*. You wrong us to doubt it, Brother *Day*. Call in the Compounders.

Enters Mrs. Day, Abel, Arbella, Ruth; *and after them the Colonels, and* Teg; *they give the Door-keeper something, who seems to scrape.*

Mr. *Day*. Come, Duck, I have told the honourable Committee that you are one that will needs endeavour to do good for this Gentlewoman.

2 *Com*. We are glad, Mrs. *Day*, that any Occasion brings you hither.

Mrs. *Day*. I thank your Honours. I am desirous of doing good, which I know is always acceptable in your Eyes.

Mr. *Day*. Come on, Son *Abel*, what have you to say?

Abel. I come unto your Honours, full of profound Contemplations for this Gentlewoman.

Arbel. 'Slife, he's at's Lesson, Wench. [*Aside to* Ruth.

Ruth. Peace—Which Whelp opens next? O, the Wolf is going to bark. [*Aside*.

Mrs. *Day*. May it please your Honours, I shall presume to inform you, that my Son *Abel* has setled his Affections on this Gentlewoman, and desires your Honours favour to be shewn unto him in her Composition.

2 *Com*. Say you so, Mrs. *Day*? why the Committee have taken it into their serious and pious Consideration; together with Mr. *Day*'s good Service, upon some Knowledge that is not fit to communicate.

Mrs. *Day*. That was the Letter I invented. [*Aside*.

2 *Com*. And the Composition of this Gentlewoman is consign'd to Mr. *Day*, that is, I suppose, to Mr. *Abel*, and so consequently to the Gentlewoman. You may be thankful, Mistress, for such good Fortune; your Estate's discharg'd, Mr. *Day* shall have the Discharge.

C. *Bl*. O damn the Vultures! [*Aside*.

C. *Car*. Peace, Man. [*Aside*.

Arb. I am willing to be thankful when I understand the

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the Benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own; but if I must, if a Woman can be a Delinquent, I desire to know my publick Censure, not be left in private Hands.

2 *Com.* Be contented, Gentlewoman; the Committee does this in favour of you; we understand how easily you can satisfie Mr. *Abel*; you may, if you please, be Mrs. *Day*.

Ruth. And then good Night to all. [*Aside.*

Arb. How, Gentlemen! are you private Marriage-Jobbers? d'ye make Markets for one another?

2 *Com.* How's this, Gentlewoman?

C. *Bl.* A brave noble Creature! [*Aside.*

C. *Car.* Thou art smitten, *Blunt*; that other Female too, methinks shoots Fire this way. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* I desire your Honours to pardon her incessant Words; perhaps she doth not imagine the good that is intended her.

2 *Com.* Gentlewoman, the Committee for Mrs. *Day*'s Sake passes by your Expressions; you may spare your pains, you have the Committee's Resolution, you may be your own Enemy if you will.

Arb. My own Enemy?

Ruth. Pr'ythee Peace, 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here; we must use other ways. [*Aside.*

1 *Com.* Come on, Gentlemen; what's your Case? [*To the Colonels.*

Ruth. Arbella, there's the down-right Cavalier that came up in the Coach with us.——On my Life, there's a sprightly Gentleman with him.

[*While they speak, the Colonels pull the Papers out, and deliver 'em.*

C. *Car.* Our Business is to compound for our Estates; of which here are the Particulars, which will agree with your own Survey.

Obed. The Particulars are right.

Mr. *Day.* Well, Gentlemen, the Rule is two Years Purchase, the first Payment down, the other at Six Months End, and the Estate to secure it.

C. *Car.* Can you afford it no cheaper?

2 *Com.* 'Tis our Rule.

C. *Car.* Very well; 'tis but selling the rest to pay this, and our more lawful Debts.

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2 *Com.* But Gentlemen, before you are admitted, you are to take the Covenant; you have not taken it yet, have you?

C. *Car.* No.

Teg. Upon my Shoul but he has now; I took it for him, and he has taken it from me, that he has.

Ruth. What Sport are we now like to have?

2 *Com.* What Fellow's that?

C. *Car.* A poor ſimple Fellow that ſerves me. Peace, *Teg.*

Teg. Let them not prate ſo then.

2 *Com.* Well, Gentlemen, it remains, whether you'll take the Covenant?

C. *Car.* This is ſtrange, and differs from your own Principle, to impoſe on other Men's Conſciences.

Mr. *Day.* Pith, we are not here to diſpute; we act according to our Inſtructions, and we cannot admit any to compound without taking it; therefore your Anſwer.

Teg. Why was it for no matter then that I have taken the Covenant? You there, Mr. Committee, do you hear that now?

C. *Car.* No, we will not take it: much good may it do them that have Swallows large enough; 'twill work one Day in their Stomachs.

C. *Bl.* The Day may come, when thoſe that ſuffer for their Conſciences and Honour may be rewarded.

Mr. *Day.* Ay, ay, you make an Idol of that Honour.

C. *Bl.* Our Worſhips then are different: you make that your Idol which brings you Intereſt; we can obey that which bids us loſe it.

Arb. Brave Gentlemen! [*Aſide.*

Ruth. I ſtare at 'em till my Eyes ake. [*Aſide.*

2 *Com.* Gentlemen, you are Men of dangerous Spirits: know, we muſt keep our Rules and Inſtructions, leſt we loſe what Providence hath put into our Hands.

C. *Car.* Providence! ſuch as Thieves rob by.

2 *Com.* What's that, Sir? Sir, you are too bold.

C. *Car.* Why in good ſooth you may give Lovers leave to ſpeak; I hope your Honours, out of your Bowels of Compaſſion, will permit us to talk over our departing Acres.

Mr. *Day.* It is well you are ſo merry.

C. *Car.* O, ever whilſt you live, clear Souls make light Hearts: faith, wou'd I might ask one queſtion!

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2 *Com.* Swear not then.

C. *Car.* Thou shalt not covet thy Neighbours Goods there's a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*: my Question is only, which of all you is to have our Estates: or will you make Traytors of them, draw 'em, and quarter 'em?

2 *Com.* You grow abusive.

C. *Bl.* No, no, 'tis only to entreat the honourable Persons that will be pleased to be our House-keepers, to keep them in good Reparations; we may take possession again, without the help of the Covenant.

2 *Com.* You will think better on't, and take this Covenant.

C. *Car.* We will be as rotten first as their Hearts that invented it.

Ruth. 'Slife, *Arbella*, we'll have these two Men; there are not two such again to be had for Love nor Money.

Mr. *Day.* Well, Gentlemen, your Follies light upon your own Heads; we have no more to say.

C. *Car.* Why then hoist Sails for a new World:—— D'ye hear *Blunt*, what Gentlewoman is that?

C. *Bl.* 'Tis their witty Daughter, I told thee of.

C. *Car.* I'll go to speak to 'em, I'd fain convert that pretty Covenanter.

C. *Bl.* Nay, pr'ythee let's go.

C. *Car.* Lady, I hope you'll have that good Fortune, not to be troubled with the Covenant.

Asp. If they do, I'll not take it.

C. *Bl.* Brave Lady! I must love her against my Will.——

C. *Car.* For you, pretty one, I hope your Portion will be enlarged by our Misfortunes; remember your Benefactors.

Ruth. If I had all your Estates, I cou'd afford you as good a thing.

C. *Car.* Without taking the Covenant?

Ruth. Yes, but I would invent another Oath.

C. *Car.* Upon your Lips?

Ruth. Nay, I am not bound to discover.

C. *Bl.* Pr'ythee come; is this a time to spend in fooling?

C. *Car.* Now have I forgot every thing.

C. *Bl.* Come, let's go.

2 *Com.* Gentlemen, void the Room.

C. *Cur.* Sure 'tis impoſſible that Kite ſhould get that pretty Merlin.

C. *Bl.* Come, pr'ythee let's go; theſe Muck-worms will have Earth enough to ſtop their mouths with, one Day.

C. *Cur.* Pray uſe our Eſtates husband-like, and ſo our moſt honourable Bailiffs, farewel.

Mr. *Day.* You are rude: Door-keeper, put 'em forth there.

Keep. Come forth, ye there; this is not a Place for ſuch as you.

Teg. Ye are a Raſcal, that you are now.

Keep. And pleaſe your Honours, this profane *Iriſhman* ſwore an Oath at the Door, even now, when I wou'd have put him out.

2 *Com.* Let him pay for't.

Keep. Here, you muſt pay, or lye by the Heels.

Teg. What muſt I pay, by the Heels? I will not pay by the Heels, that I will not, upon my Shoul.

C. *Cur.* Here, here's a Shilling for thee, be quiet—[*Ex.*

Teg. Well, I have not curs'd you now, that I have not: what if I had curſed then?

Keep. That had been Sixpence.

Teg. Upon my Shoul now, I have but one Sixpence, that I have not: Here, though, I will give it thee for a Curſe; there Mr. Committee, now there is Sixpence for the Curſe beforehand, Mr. Committee, and a Plague take you all. [*Runs out.*

Ruth. Hark ye, *Arbella*; 'twere a Sin not to love theſe Men.

Arb. I am not guilty, *Ruth.*

Mrs. *Day.* Has this honourable Board any other Command?

2 *Com.* Nothing farther, good Mrs. *Day*:—Gentlewoman, you have nothing to care for, but be grateful and kind to Mr. *Abel.*

Arbel. I deſire to know what I muſt directly truſt to, or I will complain.

Mrs. *Day.* The Gentlewoman needeth not doubt, ſhe ſhall ſuddenly perceive the good that is intended her, if ſhe does not interpoſe in her own light.

Mr. Day.

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Mr. *Day*. I pray withdraw; the Committee has paſs'd their Order, and they muſt now be private.

2 *Com*. Nay, pray, Miſtreſs, withdraw. [*Exeunt all but the Committee.*] So, Brethren, we have finiſh'd this Day's Work; and let us always keep the Bonds of Unity unbroken, walking Hand in Hand, and ſcattering the Enemy.

Mr. *Day*. You may perceive they have Spirits never to be reconcil'd; they walk according to Nature, and are full of inward Darkneſs.

2 *Com*. It is well truly for the good People, that they are ſo obſtinate, whereby their Eſtates may of Right fall into the Hands of the Choſen, which truly is a Mercy.

Mr. *Day*. I think there remaineth nothing farther, but to adjourn 'till *Monday*. Take up the Papers there, and bring home to me their Honours Order for Mrs. *Arbella*'s Eſtate. So, Brethren, we ſeparate our ſelves to our particular Endeavours, 'till we join in publick on *Monday*, two of the Clock; and ſo Peace remain with you. [*Exe.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Col. Careleſs, *Col.* Blunt, *and Lieutenant.*

Lieu. BY my faith, a ſad Story: I did apprehend this Covenant wou'd be the Trap.

C. *Car*. Never did any Rebels fiſh with ſuch Cormorants; no Stoppage about their Throats; the Raſcals are all Swallow.

C. *Bl*. Now am I ready for any Plot; I'll go find ſome of theſe Agitants, and fill up a blank Commiſſion with my Name. And if I can but find two or three gather'd together, they are ſure of me; I will pleaſe my ſelf, however, with endeavouring to cut their Throats.

C. *Car*. Or do ſomething to make them hang us, that we may but part on any Terms: Nothing anger'd me but

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that my old Kitchen-ſtuff Acquaintance look'd another way, and ſeem'd not to know me.

C. *Bl.* How, Kitchen-ſtuff Acquaintance!

C. *Car.* Yes, Mrs. *Day*, that commanded the Party in the Hackney-Coach, was my Father's Kitchen-Maid, and in Time of Yore called *Gillian*.

Enter Teg.

How now, *Teg*; What ſays the Learned?

Teg. Well then, upon my Shoul, the Man in the great Cloak, with the long Sleeves, is mad, that he is.

C. *Car.* Mad, *Teg!*

Teg. Yes i' faith is he; he bid me be gone, and ſaid I was ſent to mock him.

C. *Car.* Why, what didſt thou ſay to him?

Teg. Well now, I did ask him if he wou'd take any Counſel.

C. *Car.* 'Slife, he might well enough think thou mock'dſt him. Why, thou ſhouldſt have ask'd him when we might have come for Counſel.

Teg. Well, that is all one, is it not? If he wou'd take any Counſel, or you wou'd take any Counſel, is not that all one then?

C. *Car.* Was there ever ſuch a Miſtake?

C. *Bl.* Pr'ythee ne'er be troubled at this; we are paſt Counſel: If we had but a Friend amongſt them, that cou'd but ſlide us by this Covenant.

Lieu. Hark'ye, Colonel, what if you did viſit this transſlated Kitchen-Maid?

Teg. Well, how is that? a Kitchen-maid? where is ſhe now?

C. *Bl.* The Lieutenant adviſes well.

C. *Car.* Nay, ſtay, ſtay; in the firſt Place I'll ſend *Teg* to her, to tell her I have a little Buſineſs with her, and deſire to know when I may have leave to wait on her.

C. *Bl.* We ſhall have *Teg* miſtake again.

Teg. How is that now? I will not miſtake that Kitchen-maid? Whither muſt I go now, to miſtake that Kitchen-maid?

C. *Car.* But d'ye hear, *Teg?* you muſt take no Notice of that, upon thy Life; but on the contrary, at every Word you muſt ſay, Your Ladyſhip, and Your Honour; as for Example,

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Example, when you have made a Leg, must begin you thus; My Master presents his Service to your Ladyship, and having some Business with your Honour, desires to know when he may have Leave to wait upon your Ladyship.

Teg. Well, that I will do: But was she your Father's Kitchen-maid?

C. *Car.* Why, what then?

Teg. Upon my Shoul, I shall laugh upon her Face, for all I wou'd not have a Mind to do it.

C. *Car.* Not for a hundred Pounds, *Teg*; you must be sure to set your Countenance, and look very soberly, before you begin.

Teg. If I shou'd think then of any Kettles, or Spits, or any thing that will put a Mind into my Head of a Kitchen, I shou'd laugh then, shou'd I not?

C. *Car.* Not for a thousand Pounds, *Teg*; thou may'st undo us all.

Teg. Well, I will hope I will not laugh then: I will keep my Mouth if I can, that I will, from running to one Side, and t'other Side. Well now, where does this Mrs. *Teg* live?

Lieu. Come, *Teg*, I'll walk along with thee, and shew thee the House, that thou may'st not mistake that however.

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee do, Lieutenant: Have a Care, *Teg*; thou shalt find us in the *Temple*. [*Exeunt Lieutenant and Teg.*] Now, *Blunt*, have I another Design.

C. *Bl.* What further Design can't thou have?

C. *Car.* Why by this Means I may chance to see these Women again, and get into their Acquaintance.

C. *Bl.* With both, Man?

C. *Car.* 'Slife thou art jealous; do'st love either of 'em?

C. *Bl.* Nay, I can't tell; all is not as 'twas.

C. *Car.* Like a Man that is not well, and yet knows not what ailes him.

C. *Bl.* Thou art something near the Matter; but I'll cure my self with considering, that no Woman can ever care for me.

C. *Car.* And why pr'ythee?

C. *Bl.* Because I can say nothing to them.

C. *Car.* The less thou canst say, they'll like thee the better;

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better; she'll think 'tis Love that has ham-string'd thy Tongue: Besides Man, a Woman can't abide any Thing in the House thou'd talk, but she and her Parrot. What, is it the Cavalier Girl thou lik'st?

C. *Bl.* Canst thou love any of the other Breed?

C. *Car.* Not honestly, ——— yet I confess that ill-begotten pretty Rascal never look'd towards me, but she scatter'd Sparks as fast as kindling Charcoal; thine's grown already to an honest Flame: Come, *Blunt*, when *Tig* comes we will resolve on something. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Arbella *and* Ruth.

Arb. Come now, a Word of our own Matters; how do'st thou hope to get thy Estate again?

Ruth. You shall drink first; I was just going to ask you, how you would get yours again; you are as fast as if you were under Covert-baron.

Arb. But I have more Hopes than thou hast.

Ruth. Not a Scruple more; if there were but Scales that could weigh Hopes: for these Rascals must be hang'd before either of us shall get our own; you may eat and drink out of yours as I do, and be a Sojourner with *Abel*.

Arb. I am hamper'd, but I'll not intangle my self with Mr. *Abel*'s conjugal Cords; nay——I am more hamper'd than thou thinkest; for if thou art in as bad Case as I (you understand me) hold up thy Finger.

Ruth. Behold: nay, I'll ne'er forsake thee. [Ruth *holds up her Finger.*] If I were not smitten, I wou'd perswade my self to be in Love, if 'twere but to bear thee Company.

Arb. Dear Girl! hark ye, *Ruth*, the Composition-Day made an End of all; all's gone.

Ruth. Nay, that fatal Day put me into the Condition of a Compounder too; there was my Heart brought under Sequestration.

Arb. That Day, Wench?

Ruth. Yes, that very Day, with two or three forceable Looks 'twas driven an Inch at least out of its old Place; Sense or Reason can't find the Way to't now.

Arb. That Day, that very Day! if you and I should like the same Man?

Ruth.

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Ruth. Fie upon't; as I live thou mak'ſt me ſtart; now dare not I ask which thou lik'ſt.

Arb. Wou'd they were now to come in, that we might watch one another's Eyes, and diſcover by Signs; I am not able to ask thee neither.

Ruth. Nor I to tell thee; ſhall we go ask *Lilly* which it is?

Arb. Our upon him; nay, there's no need of Stars; we know our ſelves, if we durſt ſpeak.

Ruth. Piſh, I'll ſpeak: if it be the ſame, we'll draw Cuts.

Arb. No, hark ye, *Ruth*, do you act them both, for you ſaw their ſeveral Humours, and then watch my Eyes, where I appear moſt concern'd; I can't diſſemble, for my Heart.

Ruth. I dare ſwear that will hinder thee to diſſemble indeed,——Come have at you then, I'll ſpeak as if I were before the honourable Raſcals: And firſt, for my brave *Blunt* Colonel, who hating to take the Oath, cry'd out with a brave Scorn (ſuch as made thee in Love, I hope) Hang your ſelves, Raſcals, the Time will come when thoſe that dare be honeſt will be rewarded. Don't I act him bravely, don't I act him bravely?

Arb. O admirably well! dear Wench, do it once more.

Ruth. Nay, nay, I muſt do the other now.

Arb. No, no; this once more, dear Girl, and I'll act the other for thee.

Ruth. No forſooth, I'll ſpare your Pains; we are right, no need of Cuts; ſend thee good Luck with him I acted, and wiſh me well with my merry Colonel, that ſhall act his own Part.

Arb. And a thouſand good Lucks attend thee. We have ſav'd our Bluſhes admirably well, and reliev'd our Hearts from hard Duty——But mum, ſee where the Mother comes, and with her, her Son, a true Exemplification or Duplicate of the Original *Day*. Now for a Charge.

Enter Mrs. Day *and* Abel.

Ruth. Stand fair, the Enemy draws up.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, Mrs. *Arbella*, I hope you have conſider'd enough by this Time; you need not uſe ſo much Conſideration for your own Good; you may have your Eſtate, and you may have *Abel*, and you may be worſe offer'd,

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affir'd. — *Abel.* tell her your Mind, ne'er ſtand, ſhall I, ſhall I — *Ruth,* does ſhe incline, or is ſhe wilfull?

Ruth. I was just about the Point when your Honour interrupted us. One Word in your Ladyſhip's Ear.

Abel. You ſee Forſooth that I am ſome Body, though you make no Body of me, you ſee I can prevail; therefore pray ſay what I ſhall truſt to; for I muſt not ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I.

Arb. You are haſty Sir.

Abel. I am call'd upon by important Affairs, and therefore I muſt be bold in a fair Way to tell you that it lies upon my Spirit exceedingly.

Arb. Saffron-poſſet-drink is very good againſt the Heavineſs of the Spirit.

Abel. Nay, Forſooth, you do not underſtand my Meaning.

Arb. You do, I hope, Sir; and 'tis no Matter, Sir, if one of us know it.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well now, who are all you?

Arb. What's here, an *Iriſh* Elder come to examine us all?

Teg. Well now, what is your Names, every one?

Ruth. Arbella, this is a Servant to one of the Colonels; upon my Life, 'tis the *Iriſhman* that took the Covenant the right way.

Arb. Peace, what ſhou'd it mean?

Teg. Well, cannot ſome of you all ſay nothing?

Mrs. *Day.* Why how now Sauce-box? what would you have? What, have you left your Manners without? Go out, and fetch 'em in.

Teg. What ſhou'd I fetch now?

Mrs. *Day.* D'you know who you ſpeak to, Sirrah?

Teg. Well, what are you then? upon my Shoul, in my own Country they can tell who I am.

Abel. You muſt not be ſo ſaucy unto her Honour.

Teg. Well, I will knock you, if you be ſaucy with me then.

Ruth. This is miraculous!

Teg. Is there none of you that I muſt ſpeak to now?

Arb. Now, Wench, if he ſhou'd be ſent to us. [*Aside.*

Teg.

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Teg. Well, I would have one Mrs. *Day* speak unto me.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, Sirrah, I am she; what's your Business?

Teg. O do then, are you Mrs. *Day?*—Well,—I will look well first, and I will set my Face in some Worship, yes indeed that I will; and I will tell her then what I will speak to her. [*Aside.*

Ruth. How the Fellow begins to mould himself!

Arb. And tempers his Chops like a Hound that has lap'd before his Meat was cold enough.

Ruth. He looks as if he had some Gifts to pour forth; those are Mr. *Day's* own white Eyes before he begins to say Grace: Now for a Speech ratling in his Kecher, as if his Words stumbled in their Way.

Teg. Well, now I will tell thee, i' faith: My Master the good Colonel *Careless*, bid me ask thy good Ladyship ——— upon my Soul now the Laugh will come upon me.

[*He laughs always when he says Ladyship or Honour.*

Mrs. *Day.* Sirrah, Sirrah, what, were you sent to abuse me?

Ruth. As sure as can be. [*Aside.*

Teg. I'faith now I do not abuse thy good Honour,—I cannot help my Laugh now. I will try again now: I will not think of a Kitchen then:—My Master wou'd know of your Ladyship ———

Mrs. *Day.* Did your Master send you to abuse me, you Rascal? By my Honour, Sirrah—

Teg. Why do'st thou mock thy self now, Joy?

Mrs. *Day.* How, Sirrah, do I mock my self? This is some *Irish* Traytor.

Teg. I am no Traytor, that I am not; I am an *Irish* Rebel, you see reason'd now.

Mrs. *Day.* Sirrah, Sirrah, I will make you know who I am.—An impudent *Irish* Rascal!

Abel. He seemeth a dangerous Fellow, and of a bold seditious Spirit.

Mrs. *Day.* You are a bloody Rascal, I warrant ye.

Teg. You are a foolish bubble bibble, Woman, that you are.

Abel.

Abel. Sirrah, we that are at the Head of Affairs muſt puniſh your Saucineſs.

Teg. You ſhall take a Knock upon your Pate, if you are ſaucy with me, that I ſhall; you Son of a Round-head, you.

Mrs. *Day.* Ye Raſcally Varlet, get you out of my Doors.

Teg. Will not I give you my Meſſage then?

Mrs. *Day.* Get you out, Raſcal.

Teg. I pr'ythee let me tell thee my Meſſage.

Mrs. *Day.* Get you out, I ſay.

Teg. Well then I care not neither; the Devil take your Ladyſhip, and Honourſhip, and Kitchenſhip too; there now. [*Exit.*

Arb. Was there ever ſuch a Scene? 'Tis impoſſible to gueſs any Thing.

Ruth. Our Colonels have don't, as ſure as thou liveſt, to make themſelves Sport; being all the Revenge that is in their Power: Look, look, how her Honour trots about, like a Beaſt ſtung with Flies.

Mrs. *Day.* How the Villain has diſtemper'd me! Out upon't too, that I have let the Raſcal go unpuniſh'd, and you [*To Abel.*] can ſtand by like a Sheep; run after him then, and ſtop him; I'll have him laid by the Heels, and make him confeſs who ſent him to abuſe me: Call Help as you go, make haſte I ſay. [*Exit Abel.*

Ruth. 'Slid *Arbella*, run after him, and ſave the poor Fellow for Sake's Sake; ſtop *Abel* by any Means, that he may 'ſcape.

Arb. Keep his Dam off, and let me alone with the Puppy. [*Exit.*

Ruth. Fear not.

Mrs. *Day.* 'Uds my Life, the Raſcal has heated me.—Now I think on't, I'll go my ſelf, and ſee it done; a ſaucy Villain.

Ruth. But I muſt needs acquaint your Honour with one Thing firſt, concerning Mrs. *Arbella*.

Mrs. *Day.* As ſoon as ever I have done. Is't good News, Wench?

Ruth. Moſt excellent; if you go out you may ſpoil all. Such

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Such a Diſcovery I have made, that you will bleſs the Accident that anger'd you.

Mrs. *Day*. Quickly then, Girl.

Ruth. When you ſent *Abel* after the *Iriſhman*, Mrs. *Arbella*'s Colour came and went in her Face; and at laſt, not able to ſtay, ſhe ſlunk away after him, for Fear the *Iriſhman* ſhou'd hurt him; ſhe ſtole away, and bluſh'd the prettieſt.

Mrs. *Day*. I proteſt he may be hurt indeed; I'll run my ſelf too.

Ruth. By no Means, Forſooth; nor is there any Need on't; for ſhe reſolv'd to ſtop him before he cou'd get near the *Iriſhman*: She has done it, upon my Life; and if you ſhou'd go out you might ſpoil the kindeſt Encounter that the loving *Abel* is ever like to have.

Mrs. *Day*. Art ſure of this?

Ruth. If you do not find ſhe has ſtopt him, let me ever have your Hatred: pray credit me.

Mrs. *Day*. I do, I do believe thee; come, we'll go in where I uſe to read: There thou ſhalt tell me all the Particulars, and the Manner of it: I warrant 'twas pretty to obſerve.

Ruth. O, 'twas a thouſand Pities you did not ſee't, when *Abel* walk'd away ſo bravely, and fooliſhly, after this wild *Iriſhman*: She ſtole ſuch kind Looks from her own Eyes; and having robb'd her ſelf, ſent them after her own *Abel*; and then ——

Mrs. *Day*. Come, good Wench, I'll go in, and hear it all at large; it ſhall be the beſt Tale thou haſt told theſe two Days. Come, come, I long to hear all. *Abel*, for his Part, needs no Help by this time; come, good Wench. [*Exit*.

Ruth. So far I am right; Fortune take Care for future Things. [*Exit*.

Enter C. Blunt *as taken by Bailiffs*.

C. *Bl*. At whoſe Suit, Raſcals?

1 *Bail*. You ſhall know that time enough.

C. *Bl*. Time enough, Dogs! muſt I wait your Leiſures?

1 *Bail*.

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1 *Bail.* O you are a dangerous Man; 'tis such Traitors as you that disturb the Peace of the Nation.

C. *Bl.* Take that, Rascal, [*kicking him.*] if I had any thing at Liberty besides my Foot, I wou'd bestow it on you.

1 *Bail.* You shall pay dearly for this Kick, before you are let loose, and give good special Bail: Mark that, my surly Companion, we have you fast.

C. *Bl.* 'Tis well, Rogues, you caught me conveniently; had I been aware, I would have made some of your scurvy Souls my special Bail.

1 *Bail.* O, 'tis a bloody-minded Man! I'll warrant ye this vile Cavalier has eat many a Child.

C. *Bl.* I cou'd gnaw a piece or two of you, Rascals.

Enter C. Careless.

C. *Car.* How is this! *Blunt* in hold! you Catchpole, let go your Prey, or —— [*Draws, and* Blunt *in the scuffle throws up one of their Heels, and gets a Sword, and helps drive them off.*]

1 *Bail.* Murder, Murder!

C. *Bl.* Faith, *Careless*, this was worth Thanks. I was fairly going.

C. *Car.* What was the Matter, Man?

C. *Bl.* Why, an Action or two for free Quarter, now made *Treason* and *Conversion*: Nay, I believe we shall be sued with an Action of Trespass, for every Field we have marched over; and be indited for Riots, for going at unseasonable Hours, above two in a Company.

Enter Teg *running.*

C. *Car.* Well, come, let's away.

Teg. Now upon my Shoul run, as I do; the Men in red Coats are running too, that they are, and they cry, Murder, Murder; I never heard such a Noise in *Ireland*, that's true too.

C. *Car.* 'Slife, we must shift several Ways. Farewel. If we 'scape, we meet at Night; I shall take heed now.

Teg. Shall I tell of Mrs. *Tag* now?

C. *Car.* O good *Teg*, no time for Messages.

[*Exeunt several Ways.*

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A Noise within.] *Enter Bailiffs and Soldiers.*

1 *Bail.* This Way, this Way! Oh Villains! My Neighbour *Smallo*, is hurt dangerously. Come good Soldiers, follow, follow.

Enter Careless *and* Teg *again.*

C. *Car.* I am quite out of Breath, and the Blood-Hounds are in a full Cry upon a burning Scent: Plague on 'em, what a Noise the Kennels make? What Door's this that graciously stands a little open? What an Ass am I to ask? *Teg*, scout abroad; if any thing happens extraordinary, observe this Door, there you shall find me; be careful. Now for your famous Landlord, as unknown.

[*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Mrs. *Day and* Obadiah.

Mrs. Day. It was well observed, *Obadiah*, to bring the Parties to compound; 'tis your Master's Will that I should, as I may say, prepare matters for him. In Truth, in Truth, I have too great a Burthen upon me; yet for the publick Good I am content to undergo it.

Obad. I shall wish (mere Care present unto your Honour, from time to time, such Negotiations as I may discreetly presume may be material for your Honour's Inspection.

Mrs. Day. It will become you so to do. You have the Present that came last?

Obad. Yes, and please your Honour; the Gentlewoman concerning her Brother's Release, has also sent in a Piece of Plate.

Mrs. *Day.* It's very well.

Obad. But the Man without, about a Bargain of the King's Land, is come empty.

Mrs. Day. Bid him be gone, I'll not speak with him; he does not understand himself.

Obad. I shall intimate so much to him.

[*Exit Obadiah going out, C. Careless meets him and tumbles him back.*

Mrs. *Day.* Why how now? What rude Companion's this? What want'st you have? What's your Business? What's the Matter? Who dost you? Who d'you belong to? Who! ———

C. *Car.*

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C. *Car.* Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all these Interrogatories; you see I resolve to be your Companion; I am a Man; there's no great Matter; no Body sent me; nor I belong to no Body: I think I have answer'd to the chief Heads.

Mrs. *Day.* Thou hast committed Murder, for ought I know: How is't, *Obadiah?*

C. *Car.* Ha! what luck have I to fall into the Territories of my old Kitchen Acquaintance; I'll proceed upon the Strength of *Teg*'s Message, tho' I had no Answer. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* How is't, Man?

Obad. Truly he came forcesbly upon me, and I fear has bruised some Intellectuals within my Stomach.

Mrs. *Day.* Go in, and take some *Irish* Slat by way of Prevention, and keep your self warm. [*Ex.* Obad.] Now, Sir, have you any Business, that you came in so rudely as if you did not know who you came to? How came you in, Sir Royster? Was not the Porter at the Gate?

C. *Car.* No truly, the Gate kept it self, and stood gaping as if it had a Mind to speak, and say, I pray come in.

Mrs. *Day.* Did it so, Sir? and what have you to say?

C. *Car.* Ay, there's the Point; either she does not, or will not know me: What shou'd I say? How dull am I? Pox on't, this Wit is like a common Friend, when one has need on him he won't come near one. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* Sir, are you studying for an Invention? for ought I know you have done some Mischief, and 'twere fit to secure you.

C. *Car.* So, that's well; 'twas pretty to fall into the head Quarter of the Enemy. [*Aside.*

Mrs. *Day.* Nay, 'tis e'en so; I'll fetch those that shall examine you.

C. *Car.* Stay, thou mighty States-woman; I did but give you time to see if your Memory would but be so honest, as to tell you who I am.

Mrs. *Day.* What d'you mean, Sauce-box?

C. *Car.* There's a Word yet of thy former Employments, that Sauce: you and I have been acquainted.

Mrs. *Day.*

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Mrs. Day. I do not use to have Acquaintance with Cavaliers.

C. *Car.* Nor I with Committee-mens Utenſils; but in *diebus illis*, you were not Honourable, nor I a Malignant. Lord, Lord, you are horrible forgetful: Pride comes with Godlineſs, and good Cloaths: What, you think I ſhou'd not know you, becauſe you are diſguiſed with curl'd Hair, and white Gloves? Alas! I know you as well as if you were in your Sabbath-day's Cinamon Waiſtcoat, with a ſilver Edging round the Skirt.

Mrs. *Day.* How, Sirrah?

C. *Car.* And with your fair Hands bath'd in Lather; or with your fragrant Breath driving the fleeting Ambergreece off from the waving Kitchen-ſtuff.

Mrs. *Day.* O, you are an impudent Cavalier! I remember you now indeed; but I'll ———

C. *Car.* Nay, but hark you the now Honourable, *non obſtante* paſt Conditions; did not I ſend my Footman, an *Iriſhman*, with a civil Meſſage to you; why all this Strangeneſs then?

Mrs. *Day.* How, how, how's this! was't you that ſent that Raſcal to abuſe me, was't ſo?

C. *Car.* How now! what, Matters grow worſe and worſe?

Mrs. *Day.* I'll teach you to abuſe thoſe that are in Authority: Within there, who's within?

C. *Car.* 'Slife, I'll ſtop your Mouth, if you raiſe an Alarm. [*She cries out, and he ſtops her Mouth.*

Mrs. *Day.* Stop my Mouth, Sirrah! whoo, whoo, ho.

C. *Car.* Yes, ſtop your Mouth: what, are you good at a whoo-bub, ha?

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. What's the Matter, Forſooth?

Mrs. *Day.* The Matter! why here's a rude Cavalier has broke into my Houſe; 'twas he too that ſent the *Iriſh* Raſcal to abuſe me too within my own Walls: Call your Father, that he may grant Order to ſecure him. 'Tis a dangerous Fellow.

C. *Car.* Nay, good pretty Gentlewoman, ſpare your Mo-

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Motion. — What must become of me! The has made some strange Miſtake. [*Aſide.*

Ruth. 'Tis he, what ſhall I do! how Invention be equal to my Love. [*Aſide.*] Why, your Ladyſhip will ſpoil all: I ſent for this Gentleman, and enjoin'd him Secrecy, even to you your ſelf, till I had made his Way. O fie upon't, I am to blame; but in Truth I did not think he would have come theſe two Hours.

C. *Car.* I dare ſwear he did not; I might very probably not have come at all.

Ruth. How came you to come ſo ſoon, Sir? 'twas three Hours before you appointed.

C. *Car.* Hey day! I ſhall be made believe I came hither on Purpoſe preſently. [*Aſide.*

Ruth. 'Twas upon a Meſſage of his to me, and pleaſe your Honour, to make his Deſires known to your Ladyſhip, that he had conſider'd on't, and was reſolved to take the Covenant, and give you Five hundred Pound to make his Peace, and bring his Buſineſs about again, that he may be admitted in his firſt Condition.

C. *Car.* What's this? — D'ye hear, pretty Gentlewoman.

Ruth. Well, well, I know your Mind; I have done your Buſineſs.

Mrs. *Day.* Oh, his Stomach's come down!

Ruth. Sweeten him again, and leave him to me; I warrant you the Five hundred Pound, and —— [*Whiſpers.*

C. *Car.* Now I have found it; this pretty Wench has a Mind to be left alone with me, at her Peril. [*Aſide.*

Mrs. *Day.* I underſtand thee — Well, Sir, I can pals by Rudeneſs, when I am inform'd there was no Intention of it; I leave you and my Daughter to beget a right Underſtanding. [*Ex.* Mrs. *Day.*

C. *Car.* We ſhould beget Sons and Daughters ſwains: What does all this mean? [*Aſide.*

Ruth. I am ſorry, Sir, that your Love for me ſhould make you this raſh.

C. *Car.* That's more than you know; but you had a Mind to be left alone with me; that's certain.

Ruth. 'Tis too plain, Sir; you'd never have run your ſelf into this Danger elſe.

C. *Car.*

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C. Car. Nay, now you're out; the Danger run after me.

Ruth. You may dissemble.

C. Car. Why 'tis the proper Business here; but we lose Time; you and I are left to beget a right Understanding: come, which Way?

Ruth. Whither?

C. Car. To your Chamber or Closet.

Ruth. But I am ingag'd you shall take the Covenant.

C. Car. No, I never swear when I am bid.

Ruth. But you wou'd do as bad.

C. Car. That's not against my Principles.

Ruth. Thank you for your fair Opinion, good Signior Principle; there lies your Way, Sir: however, I will own so much Kindness for you, that I repent not the Civility I have done, to free you from the Trouble you were like to fall into; make me a Leg, if you please, and cry, Thank you; and so the Gentlewoman that desired to be left alone with you, desires to be left alone with her self, she being taught a right Understanding of you.

C. Car. No: I am riveted; nor shall you march off thus with flying Colours: my pretty Commander in chief, let us parley a little farther, and but lay down ingenuously the true State of our Treaty. The Business in short is this: We differ seemingly upon two Evils, and mine the least; and therefore to be chosen: you had better take me, than I take the Covenant.

Ruth. We'll excuse one another.

C. Car. You won't not have me take the Covenant then?

Ruth. No; I did but try you: I forgive your idle Looseness, for that firm Virtue: be constant to your fair Principles, in spite of Fortune.

C. Car. What's this got into Petticoats!—but d'ye hear: I'll not excuse you from my Proposition, notwithstanding my Release: Come, we are half way to a right Understanding—nay, I do love thee.

Ruth. Love Virtue; you have but here and there a patch of it; y'are ragged still.

C. Car. Are you not the Committee *Day*'s Daughter?

Ruth. Yes: what then?

C. Car.

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C. *Car.* Then am I thankful: I had no Defence againſt thee and Matrimony, but thy own Father and Mother, which are a perfect Committee to my Nature.

Ruth. Why, are you ſure I wou'd have match'd with a Malignant, not a Compounder neither?

C. *Car.* Nay, I have made thee a Jointure againſt my Will; methinks it were but as reaſonable, that I ſhou'd do ſomething for my Jointure; but by the way of Matrimony honeſtly to encreaſe your Generation, this, to tell you truth, is againſt my Conſcience.

Ruth. Yet you wou'd beget right Underſtandings.

C. *Car.* Yes, I wou'd have 'em all Baſtards.

Ruth. And me a Whore.

C. *Car.* That's a coarſe Name; but 'tis not fit a Committee-man's Daughter ſhould be too honeſt, ſo the Reproach of her Father and Mother.

Ruth. When the Quarrel of the Nation is reconcil'd, you and I ſhall agree: till when, Sir——

Enter Teg.

Teg. Are you here then? upon my ſhoul, the good Colonel *Blunt* is over-taken again now, and carried to the Devil, that he is i'faith now.

C. *Car.* How, taken and carried to the Devil!

Teg. He deſired to go to the Devil, that he did; I wonder of my ſhoul he was not afraid of that.

C. *Car.* I underſtand it now; what miſchief's this?

Ruth. You ſeem troubled, Sir.

C. *Car,* I have but a Life to loſe, that I am weary of: come, *Teg.*

Ruth. Hold, you ſhan't go before I know the Buſineſs; what d'ye talk of?

C. *Car.* My Friend, my deareſt Friend is caught up by raſcally Bailiffs, and carried to the Devil-Tavern; pray let me go.

Ruth. Stay but a minute, if you have any kindneſs for me.

C. *Car.* Yes, I do love you.

Ruth. Perhaps I may ſerve your Friend.

Enter Arbella.

O *Arbella,* I was going to ſeek you.

Arb.

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Arb. What's the matter?

Ruth. The Colonel which thou lik'ſt, is taken by Bailiffs; there's his Friend too, almoſt diſtracted: you know the Mercy of theſe Times.

Arb. What doſt thou tell me? I am ready to ſink down!

Ruth. Compoſe your ſelf, and help him nobly; you have no way, but to ſmile upon *Abel*, and get him to bail him.

Enter Abel *and* Obadiah.

Arb. Look, where he and *Obadiah* come; ſent hither by Providence ——— O Mr. *Abel*, where have you been this long Time? can you find of your Heart to keep thus out of my Sight?

Abel. Aſſuredly ſome important Affairs conſtrain'd my Abſence, as *Obadiah* can teſtifie, *Bona fide*.

Obad. I can do ſo verily, my ſelf being a material Party.

C. *Car.* Pox on 'em, how ſlow they ſpeak!

Arb. Well, well, you ſhall go no more out of my Sight; I'll not be ſatisfied with your *Bona fide's*: I have ſome Occaſions that call me to go a little Way; you ſhall e'en go with me, and good *Obadiah* too: you ſhall not deny me any thing.

Abel. It is not meet I ſhould. I am exceedingly exalted. *Obadiah*, thou ſhalt have the beſt Bargain of all my Tenants.

Obad. I am thankful.

C. *Car.* What may this mean? [*Aſide.*

Arb. *Ruth*, how ſhall we do to keep thy ſwift Mother from purſuing us?

Ruth. Let me alone: As I go by the Parlour, where ſhe ſits, big with Expectation, I'll give her a Whiſper, that we are going to fetch the very Five hundred Pound.

Arb. How can that be?

Ruth. No queſtion now. Will you march, Sir?

C. *Car.* Whither?

Ruth. Lord, how dull theſe Men in Love are! — why, to your Friend. No more Words.

C. *Car.* I will ſtare upon thee, though. [*Exeunt.*

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ACT IV. SCENE I.

Colonel Blunt *brought in by Bailiffs.*

1 *Bail.* AY, ay, we thought how well you'd get Bail.

C. Bl. Why, you unconscionable Rascal, are you angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some Fees? I'll perish in a Dungeon, before I'll consume with throwing Sops to such Curs.

1 *Bail.* Chuse, chuse: come, along with him.

C. Bl. I'll not go your Pace neither, Rascals; I'll go softly, if it be but to hinder you from taking up some other honest Gentleman.

1 *Bail.* Very well, surly Sir; we will carry you where you shall not be troubled what Pace to walk; you'll find a large Bill: Blood is dear.

C. Bl. Not yours, is it? a Farthing a Pint were very dear for the best Blood you have.

Enter Arbella, Ruth, Abel, *C.* Careless, *and* Obadiah.

1 *Bail.* How now! are these any of your Friends?

C. Bl. Never, if you see Women; that's a Rule.

Arb. [*To* Abel.] Nay, you need have no Scruple, 'tis a near Kinsman of mine; you do not think, I hope, that I wou'd let you suffer —You — that must be nearer than a Kinsman to me.

Abel. But my Mother doth not know it.

Arb. If that be all, leave it to me and *Ruth*, we'll save you harmless: besides, I cannot marry, if my Kinsman be in Prison; he must convey my Estate, as you appoint; for 'tis all in him: we must please him.

Abel. The Consideration of that doth convince me. *Obadiah*, 'tis necessary for us to set at Liberty this Gentleman, being a Trustee for Mrs. *Arbella*'s Estate; tell 'em, therefore, that you and I will bail this Gentleman — and — d'ye hear, tell them who I am.

Obad.

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Obad. I shall.—Gentlemen, this is the honourable Mr. *Abel Day*, the First-born of the honourable Mr. *Day*, Chairman of the Committee of Sequestrations; and I my self by Name *Obadiah*, and Clerk to the said honourable Committee.

1 *Bail.* Well, Sir, we know Mr. *Day*, and Mr. *Abel*.

Abel. Yes, that's I; and I will bail this Gentleman: I believe you dare not except against the Bail: nay, you shall have *Obadiah's* too, one that the State trusts.

1 *Bail.* With all our Hearts, Sir.——But there are Charges to be paid.

Abel. Here, *Obadiah*, take this Purse and discharge them, and give the Bailiffs twenty Shillings to drink.

C. *Car.* This is miraculous!

1 *Bail.* A brave Lady!—I'faith, Mistress we'll drink your Health.

Abel. She's to be my Wife, as sure as you are here: What say you to that now?

1 *Bail.* [*Aside.*] That's impossible: here's something more in this.—Honourable Mr. *Abel*, the Sheriff's Deputy is hard by in another Room, if you please to go thither, and give your Bail, Sir.

Abel. Well, shew us the Way, and let him know who I am. [*Exeunt* Abel, Obadiah, *and Bailiffs.*

C. *Car.* Hark ye, pretty Mrs. *Ruth*, if you were not a Committee-man's Daughter, and so consequently against Monarchy, two Princes shou'd have you and that Gentlewoman.

Ruth. No, no, you'll serve my Turn; I am not ambitious.

C. *Car.* Do but swear then, that thou art not the Issue of Mr. *Day*; and tho' I know 'tis a Lie, I'll be content to be cozen'd, and believe.

Ruth. Fie, fie! you can't abide taking of Oaths: Look, look, how your Friend and mine take aim at one another: Is he smitten?

C. *Car.* *Cupid* has not such another wounded Subject, nay, and is vex'd he is in Love too: Troth, 'tis partly my own Case.

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Ruth. Peace; ſhe begins, as Need requires.

Arb. You are free, Sir.

C. *Bl.* Not ſo free as you think.

Arb. What hinders it?

C. *Bl.* Nothing, that I'll tell you.

Arb. Why, Sir?

C. *Bl.* You'll laugh at me.

Arb. Have you perceived me apt to commit ſuch a Rudeneſs? pray let me know it.

C. *Bl.* Upon two Conditions you ſhall know it.

Arb. Well! make your own Laws.

C. *Bl.* Firſt, I thank ye, y'have freed me nobly: Pray believe it; you have this Acknowledgment from an honeſt Heart, one that would crack a String for you; that's one Thing.

Arb. Well! the other.

C. *Bl.* The other is only, that I may ſtand ſo ready, that I may be gone juſt as I have told it you; together with your Promiſe, not to call me back: and upon theſe Terms, I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. *Careleſs*, come ſtand ready, that, at the Sign given, we may vaniſh together.

Ruth. If you pleaſe, Sir, when you are ready to ſtart, I'll cry One, two, three, and away.

C. *Bl.* Be pleaſed to forbear, good ſmart Gentlewoman: you have Leave to jeer when I am gone, and I am juſt going; by your Spleens, Leave, a little Patience.

Arb. Pr'ythee, Peace.

Ruth. I ſhall contain, Sir.

C. *Bl.* That's much for a Woman to do.

Arb. Now, Sir, perform your Promiſe.

C. *Bl. Careleſs*, have you done with your Woman?

C. *Car.* Madam ———

C. *Bl.* Nay, I have thank'd her already; pr'ythee no more of that dull Way of Gratitude: ſtand ready, Man; yet nearer the Door: ſo, now my Misfortune that I promiſed to diſcover, is, that I love you above my Senſe or Reaſon: So farewel, and laugh. Come, *Careleſs*.

C. *Car.*

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C. *Car.* Ladies, our Lives are yours; be but ſo kind, as to believe it, till you have ſomething to command.

[*Exeunt.*

Ruth. Was there ever ſuch Humour?

Arb. As I live, his Confeſſion ſhews nobly.

Ruth. It ſhews madly, I am ſure: an ill-bred Fellow, not indure a Woman to laugh at him!

Arb. He's honeſt, I dare ſwear.

Ruth. That's more than I dare ſwear for my Colonel.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, 'tis but for want of a good Example; I'll make him ſo.

Arb. But d'ye hear, *Ruth*, we were horribly to blame, that we did not enquire where they lodg'd, under Pretence of ſending to them about their own Buſineſs.

Ruth. Why, thy whimſical Colonel diſcharg'd himſelf off like a Gun: there was no Time between the Flaſhing in the Pan, and the going off, to ask a Queſtion: But hark ye, I have an Invention upon the old Account of the Five hundred Pound, which ſhall make *Abel* ſend his Purſuivant, *Obadiah*, to look 'em.

Arb. Excellent! the Trout *Abel* will bite immediately at that Bait: The Meſſage ſhall be as from his Maſter *Day*, Senior, to come and ſpeak with him; they'll think preſently, 'tis about their Compoſition, and come certainly. In the mean time, we'll prepare them with Counter-Expectations.

Enter Abel *and* Obadiah.

Ruth. You have it; Peace: ſee where *Abel* and the gentle 'Squire of low Degree, *Obadiah*, approach, having newly entred themſelves into Bonds.

Arb. Which I'll be ſure to tell his Mother, if he be ever more troubleſome.

Ruth. And that he's turn'd an arrant Cavalier, by bailing one of the Brood.

Abel. I have, according to your Deſires, given Freedom to your Kinſman and Truſtee; I ſuppoſe he doth perceive that you may have Power, in Right of me.

Arb. Good Mr. *Abel*, I am ſincerely beholden to you, and your Authority.

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Ruth. O fie upon't, Brother, I did forget to acquaint you with a buſineſs before the Gentlemen went: O me, what a Sieve-like Memory have I! 'twas an important Affair too.

Abel. If you diſcover it to me, I ſhall render you my Opinion upon the whole.

Ruth. The two Gentlemen have repented of their Obſtinacy, and wou'd now preſent five hundred Pound to your good honourable Mother, to ſtand their Friend, that they may be permitted to take the Covenant; and we, negligent we, have let them go, before we knew where to ſend to them.

Abel. That was the want of being us'd to important Affairs; it is ill to neglect the accepting of their Converſion, together with their Money.

Ruth. Well, there is but one Way; do you ſend *Obadiah*, in your Father's Name, to deſire them both to come to his Houſe about ſome buſineſs that will be for their good, but no more; for then they'll take it ill; for they enjoin'd us Secrecy; and when they come, let us alone. *Obadiah* may enquire them out at ſome Tavern.

Obad. The Bailiffs did ſay they were gone to the Devil-Tavern, to pay a Reckoning.

Abel. Haſten thither, good *Obadiah*, as if you had met my honourable Father, and deſire them to come unto his Houſe, about an important Affair that is for their good.

Obad. I ſhall uſe Expedition. [*Exit.*

Abel. And we will haſten Home, leſt the Gentlemen ſhou'd be before us, and not know how to addreſs their Offers; and then we will haſten our being united in the Bonds of Matrimony.

Ruth. Soft and fair goes far. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the two Colonels, and Teg, *at the Tavern.*

C. *Cur.* Did ever Man get away ſo craftily from the thing he lik'd? Terrible buſineſs! afraid to tell a Woman what ſhe deſir'd to hear. I pray heartily that the Boys do not come to the knowledge of thy famous Retreat; we ſhall be followed by thoſe ſmall Birds, as you have ſeen an Owl purſued.

C. *Bl.* I ſhall break ſome of their Wings then.

C. *Cur.*

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C. *Car.* To leave a handsome Woman, a Woman that came to be bound Body for Body for thee! one that does that which no Woman will hardly do again.

C. *Bl.* What's that?

C. *Car.* Love thee, and thy blunt Humour; a meer Chance, Man, a Thing beſides all the fortunate Stars.

C. *Bl.* You preſtiſe your Wit to no purpoſe; I am not to be perſwaded to lie ſtill, like a Jack-a-lent, to be caſt at; I had rather be a Whiſp hung up for a Woman to ſcold at, than a fix'd Lozen for 'em to point at: Your Squib begun to hiſs.

Enter Obadiah.

C. *Car.* Peace, Man, here's *Jupiter's Mercury*. Is his Meſſage to us, now?

Obad. Gentlemen, you are opportunely over-taken and found out.

C. *Bl.* How's this?

Obad. I come unto you in the Name of the Honourable Mr. *Day*, who deſires to ſpeak with you both about ſome important Affair, which is conducing for your good.

C. *Bl.* What Train is this?

C. *Car.* Peace, let us not be raſh. —— *Teg*

Teg. Well then.

C. *Car.* Were it not poſſible that you cou'd entertain this Fellow in the next Room, till he were pretty drunk?- [*Aſide.*

Teg. I warrant you that now; I will make him and my ſelf too drunk, for thy ſweet ſake.

C. *Car.* Be ſure, *Teg*.—— Some buſineſs, Sir, that will take us up a very little time to finiſh, makes us deſire your Patience till we diſpatch it: In the mean time, Sir, do us the Favour as to call for a Glaſs of Sack; In the next Room *Teg* ſhall wait upon you, and drink your Maſter's health.

Obad. It needeth not, nor do I uſe to drink Healths.

C. *Car.* None but your Maſter's, Sir, and that by way of Remembrance.

Obad. We that have the Affairs of State under our Tuition cannot long delay; my Preſence may be required for the carrying on the work.

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C. *Car.* Nay, Sir; it ſhall not exceed above a quarter of an Hour; perhaps we'll wait upon you to Mr. *Day* preſently: Pray, Sir, drink but one Glaſs or two; we wou'd wait upon you our ſelves, but that wou'd hinder us from going with you.

Obad. Upon that Conſideration I ſhall attend a little.

C. *Car.* Go wait upon him,——now, *Teg*, or never.

Teg. I will make him ſo drunk as can be, upon my Shoul.

[*Ex.* Teg. *and* Obad.

C. *Bl.* What a Devil ſhou'd this Meſſage mean?

C. *Car.* 'Tis too plain; this cream of Committee Raſcals, who has better Intelligence than a State-Secretary, has heard of his Son *Abel*'s being hamper'd, in the Cauſe of the Wicked, and in Revenge wou'd intice us to Perdition.

C. *Bl.* If *Teg* could be ſo fortunate as to make him drunk, we might know all.

C. *Car.* If the cloſe-hearted Rogue will not be open-mouth'd, we'll leave him pawn'd for all our Scores, and ſtuff his Pockets with blank Commiſſions.

C. *Bl.* Only fill up one with his Maſter's Name.

C. *Car.* And another with his Wife's Name for Adjutant General, together with a Bill of Ammunition hid under *Day*'s Houſe, and make it be digg'd down, with ſcandal of Delinquency. A Raſcal, to think to invite us into *Newgate*!

C. *Bl.* Well, we muſt reſolve what to do.

C. *Car.* I have a Fancy come into my Head, that may produce an admirable Scene.

C. *Bl.* Come, let's hear.

C. *Car.* 'Tis upon ſuppoſition, that *Teg* makes him drunk; and, by the way, 'tis a good *Omen* that we have no ſober Apparition in that wavering Poſture of Frailty; we'll ſend him Home in a Sedan, and cauſe him to be deliver'd in that good-natur'd Condition, to the ill-natur'd Raſcal his Maſter.

C. *Bl.* It will be excellent: how I pray for *Teg* to be Victorious!

Enter Muſician.

Muſ. Gentlemen, will you have any Muſick?

C. *Bl.* Pr'ythee no, we are out of Tune.

C. *Car.*

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C. *Car.* Piſh, we never will be out of Humour. Do'ſt hear, canſt ſing us a malignant Sonnet?

Muſ. I can ſing many Songs. You ſeem honeſt Gentlemen.

C. *Car.* Cavaliers, thou mean'ſt. Sing without any apprehenſion.

SONG.

NOW the Vail is pull'd off, and this pitiful Nation
Too late ſee the Gull of a Kirk-Reformation,
How all things that ſhou'd be
Are turn'd topſie turvy;
The Freedom we have,
Our Prince made a Slave,
And the Maſters muſt now turn the Waiters.
The Great ones obey,
While the Raſcals do ſway,
And the Loyal to Rebels are Traytors.

The Pulpits are crowded with Tongues of their own,
And the Preachers Spiritual Committee-Men grown,
To denounce Sequeſtration
On Souls of old Faſhion:
They Rail and they Pray,
Till they quite preach away
The Wealth that was once the wiſe City's.
The Courts in the Hall,
Where the Lawyers did bawl,
Are turn'd into pious Committees.

C. *Car.* This Song has rais'd my Spirits: Here, ſing always for the King; I wou'd have every Man in his Way do ſomething for him; I wou'd have Fidlers ſing for him, Parſons pray for him, Men fight for him, Women ſcold for him, and Children cry for him; and according to this Rule, *Teg* is drinking for him: But ſee,

Enter Teg, *and* Obadiah *drunk.*

See and rejoice where *Teg* with Laurel comes.

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C. *Bl.* And the vanquish'd *Obadiah*, with nothing fix'd about him but his Eyes.

C. *Car.* Stay: sing another Song in the behalf of Compounders, if thou canst, that the Vapours of the Wine may have full Power to ascend up to the Firmament of his truly reformed Coxcomb.

SONG.

COme, Drawer, some Wine,
Let it sparkle and shine,
And make its own Drops fall a bounding;
Like the Hearts it makes light,
Let it flow pure and right,
And a Plague take all kind of Compounding.

We'll not be too wise,
Nor try to advise,
How to suffer and gravely despair:
For Wisdom and Parts
Sit brooding on Hearts,
And there they catch nothing but Care.

Not a Thought shall come in
But what brings our King;
Let Committees be damn'd with their Gains;
We'll send by this stealth
To our Hearts our King's Health,
And there in despite he shall reign.

[Obadiah *repeating with him.*

C. *Car.* This is Sport beyond modest Hopes. How I will adore Sack, that can force this Fellow to Religion. The Rogue is full of Worship.

Teg. Well now, upon my Shoul, Mr. *Obad.* Commit. sings as well as the Man now: come then, will you sing an *Irish* Song after me?

Obad. I will sing *Irish* for the King now.

Teg. I will sing for the King, as well as you. Hark you now. [*He sings an* Irish *Song, and* Obadiah *tries.*

Obad.

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Dodd ad viv. del. Collyer sculp.

Mr. MOODY as TEAGUE,
and
Mr. PARSONS as OBADIAH.

Obad. Good Mr. Teague give me some water to

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Obed. That is too hard ſtuff; I cannot do theſe and theſe material Matters.

Teg. Here now, we will take ſome Snuff for the King ——ſo, there, lay it upon your Hand; put one of your Noſes to it now; ſo, ſnuff now. Upon my Shoul, Mr. *Obed.* Commit, will make a brave *Iriſhman*.

Obed. I will ſnuff for the King no more. Good Mr. *Teg*, give me ſome more Sack, and ſing *Engliſh*, for my Money.

Teg. I will tell you that *Iriſh* is as good and better too. Come, now, we will dance: Can you play an *Iriſh* Tune? can you play this now?

Muſ. No, Sir; but I can play you an excellent *Iriſh* Jig. [*They dance.*

C. *Car.* This is beyond Thought! So, this Motion, like a tumbled Barrel, has ſet the Liquor a working again. Now for a Chair.

C. *Bl.* Drawer! who waits there?

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. What d'you want, Gentlemen?

C. *Bl.* Call a Chair preſently, and bring it into this Room; here's a Friend of ours overtaken.

Drawer. I go, Sir. [*Exit.*

C. *Car.* *Teg*, thou haſt done Miracles; thou art a good *Omen*, and haſt vanquiſh'd the Cauſe, in this Overthrow of this counterfeit Raſcal, its true Epitome: And now, *Teg*, according to the words of Condemnation, we'll ſend him to the Place from whence he came.

Teg. Upon my ſhoul he's dead now; ſhall I howl, as we do in *Ireland*?

C. *Car.* How's that, *Teg*?

Teg. Yo, yo. [*Howls.*

C. *Car.* No more, good *Teg*, leſt you give an Alarm to the Enemy. Welcome, honeſt Fellow; by your Looks you ſeem ſo.

Enter Chairmen with a Chair.

1 *Chair.* How, Colonel, have you forgot your poor Soldier *Ned*?

C. *Car.* Why, this is a miraculous purſuit of good Fortune! honeſt *Ned*; what, turn'd Chairman?

1 *Chair.*

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1 *Chair.* Any thing for Bread and Beer, noble Colonel: shall I have the Honour to carry you?

C. *Car.* No, *Ned*; is thy Fellow honest?

1 *Chair.* Or I'd be hang'd before I'd carry an Inch with him.

C. *Car.* 'Tis well——look you, *Ned*, that Fellow is Mr. *Day* the Committee-man's Clerk, whom with wonderful Industry we have made drunk: just as he is, pack him up in thy Chair, and immediately transport him to his Master *Day*'s House; and in the very Hall turn him out. There's half a Crown for thy Pains.

1 *Chair.* If I fail, say *Ned*'s a Coward: Come, shall we put your short-wing'd Worship into your Mew? Come along. [*They put him in, and Ex.*

C. *Car.* Farewel, *Ned*. *Teg*, come, you must carry some Money to one or two confident Friends of mine; we'll pay our Reckoning at the Bar, then go home and laugh; and, if you will, plot some way to see our inchanting Females once more; they make me so long——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mr. Day, *and Mrs.* Day.

Mrs. *Day.* Dispatch quickly I say, and say I said it; many things fall between the Lip and the Cup.

Mr. *Day.* Nay, Duck, let thee alone for Counsel. Ah, if thou hadst been a Man!

Mrs. *Day.* Why then you wou'd have wanted a Woman, and a Helper too.

Mr. *Day.* I profess so I shou'd, and a notable one too, though I say't before thy Face, and that's no ill one.

Mrs. *Day.* Come, come, you are wandring from the matter; dispatch the Marriage I say, whilst she is thus taken with our *Abel*. Women are uncertain.

Mr. *Day.* How if she shou'd be coy?

Mrs. *Day.* You are at your *ifs* again; if she be foolish, tell her plainly what she must trust to, no *Abel*, no Land; Plain-dealing's a Jewel: Have you the Writings drawn as I advised you, which she must sign?

Mr. *Day.* Ay, I warrant you, Duck; here, here they be. Oh she has a brave Estate!

Mrs. *Day.*

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Mrs. *Day*. What News you have!

Mr. *Day*. Look you Wife.

[Day *pulls out Writings, and lays out his Keys.*

Mrs. *Day*. Pish, teach your Grannam to spin; let me see.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. May it please your Honour, your good Neighbour *Zechariah* is departing this troublesome Life: he has made your Honour his Executor, but cannot depart till he has seen your Honours.

Mr. *Day*. Alas, alas! a good Man will leave us. Come, good Duck, let us hasten: where is *Obadiah* to usher you?

Mrs. *Day*. Why, *Obadiah!*— A Varlet, to be out of the way at such a time; truly he moveth my Wrath. Come, Husband, along; I'll take *Abel* in his Place. [*Exe.*

Enter Ruth *and* Arbella.

Ruth. What's the meaning of this Alarm? there's some Carrion discover'd; the Crows are all gone upon a sudden.

Arb. The She-*Day* call'd most fiercely for *Obadiah*: look here, *Ruth*, what have they left behind?

Ruth. As I live, it is the *Day*'s Bunch of Keys, which he always keeps so closely:——well——if thou hast any Mettle, now's the time.

Arb. To do what?

Ruth. To fly out of *Egypt*.

Enter Abel.

Arb. Peace, we are betray'd else; as sure as can be, Wench, he's come back for the Keys.

Ruth. Well forswear 'em in confident Words, and no less confident Countenances.

Abel. An important Affair hath called my honourable Father and Mother forth, and in the Absence of *Obadiah* I am enforced to attend their Honours; and therefore I conceiv'd it right and meet to acquaint you with it; least in my Absence you might have apprehended, that some Mischance had befallen my Person: therefore I desire you to receive Consolation: and so I bid you heartily farewel. [*Exit.*

Arb. Given from his mouth, this tenth of *April*.— He put me in a cruel Fright.

Ruth.

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Ruth. As I live, I am all one in such a Dew as hangs about a Still, when 'tis first set a going; but this is better and better: there was never such an Opportunity to break Prison. I know the very Places, the Holes in his Closet where the Composition of your Estate lies, and where the Deeds of my own Estate lie. I have cast my Eye upon them often, when I have gone up to him in Errands, and to call him to Dinner. If I miss, hang me.

Arb. But whither shall we go?

Ruth. To a Friend of mine, and of my Father's, that lives near the *Temple*, and will harbour us; fear not; and so set up for our selves, and get our Colonels.

Arb. Nay, the mischief that I have done, and the Condition we are in, makes me as ready as they are: come, let's about it.

Ruth. Stay; do you stand Centinel here; that's the Close-Window; I'll call for thee, if I need thee; and be sure to give notice of any News of the Enemy. [*Exit.*

Arb. I warrant thee.—May but this departing Brother have so much string of Life left him, as may tie this expecting *Dog* to his Bedside, till we have committed this base Robbery—Hark! what's that—this Apprehension can make a Noise when there is none.

Ruth. I have 'em, I have 'em; nay the whole Covey, and his Seal at Arms bearing a Dog's Leg. [*Above.*

Arb. Come, make haste then.

Ruth. As I live, here's a Letter counterfeited from the King, to the Rascal his rebellious Subject *Day*; with a Remembrance to his discreet Wife. Nay, what dost thou think these are? I'll but cast my Eye upon these Papers, that were Schismatical, and lay in seperation: what do'st think they are?

Arb. I can't tell; nay pr'ythee come away.

Ruth. Out upon the precise Baboon! they are Letters from two Wenches; one for an Encrease of Salary to maintain his unlawful Issue; another from a Wench that had more Conscience than he, and refus'd to take the Physick that he prescrib'd to take away a natural Tympany.

Arb. Nay, pr'ythee dispatch.

Ruth.

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Ruth. Here be abundance more; come, run up, and help me carry 'em. We'll take the whole Index of his Rogueries: we shall be furnish'd with such Arms, offensive and defensive, that we shall never need sue to him for a League. Come, make haste.

Arb. I come. [*Exit.*

Enter Chairmen with Obadiah *in the Chair.*

1 *Chair.* Come, open this portable Tomb: 'Slife, here's nothing in it; ferret him, or he'll never bolt. It looks as if we had brought a basket Hare, to be set down and hunted.

2 *Chair.* He's dead.

1 *Chair.* Dead drunk, thou mean'st: turn up the Chair, and turn him out, as they do Badgers caught in a Sack: Shake, Man: so, now he rallies.

[*Obadiah tumbles out of the Chair, and sings as at the Tavern, some of the Song—then enter* Arbella *and* Ruth *from robbing the Closet.*

Arb. What's this? we are undone.

Obad. Mr. *Teg*, will you dance, Mr. *Teg?*

Ruth. Put a good Face on't, or give me the Van. O, 'tis *Obadiah* fallen.

Arb. Nay, and cannot rise neither: d've hear, honest Friends, was this zealous Gentleman your Freight?

1 *Chair.* Yes Mistress: two honest Gentlemen took Care of him, seeing him thus devoutly overtaken.

Arb. It was our Colonels, that thought *Day* sent him to trapan them, as sure as can be.

Ruth. No doubt on't; how unmerciful they are, *Arbella*, every minute to do something or other to encrease our Whimsie.—— Are you paid?

1 *Chair.* Yes, Mistress.——'Slife, we shall be paid double.

Ruth. Stay, where did you leave the two careful-minded Gentlemen.

1 *Chair.* Why do you ask, Mistress?

Ruth. For no hurt. Can't carry us near the Place?

1 *Chair.* Yes, Mistress.—Sure there's no danger in Women.

Arb. What do't mean? [*To* Ruth.

Ruth.

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Ruth. The ſame that thou do'ſt: to ſee 'em, if I can. —Is't near *Temple-Bar?* [Obadiah *ſings.*

1 *Chair.* Hard by, Miſtreſs.

Ruth. Come in, there's my Friend lives hard by; fear not, we can never fly ſo conceal'd—— May that Nightingale continue his Note, 'till the Owl *Day* returns to hear him.—Come, honeſt Fellow, ſtop over-againſt the Place where you left the Gentlemen; we have ſome Buſineſs with them; we'll pay you, and they'll thank you: ſo good Night, Mr. *Day.*

1 *Chair.* I warrant you, Miſtreſs. Come along, *Tom.* [*Exe. all but* Obad.

Obad. Some ſmall Beer, good Mr. *Teg.*

Enter as return'd, Mr. Day, *Mrs.* Day, *and* Abel.

Mr. *Day.* He made a good End, and departed as unto Sleep.

Mrs. *Day.* I'll aſſure you his Wife took on grievouſly; I do not believe ſhe'll marry this half Year.

Mr. *Day.* He died full of Exhortation. Ha, Duck, ſhoud'ſt be ſorry to loſe me?

Mrs. *Day.* Loſe you! I warrant you you'll live as long as a better thing—— Ah, Lord, what's that? [Obadiah *ſings.*

Mr. *Day.* How now! what's this? how!——*Obadiah*—— and in a drunken Diſtemper aſſuredly!

Mrs. *Day.* O fie upon't! who wou'd have believ'd that we ſhou'd have liv'd to have ſeen *Obadiah* overcome with the Creature?——Where have you been, Sirrah?

Obad. D—d—drinking the Ki—Ki—King's Health.

Mr. *Day.* O terrible! ſome Diſgrace put upon us, and Shame brought within our Walls; I'll go lock up my Neighbour's Will, and come down and ſhew him a Reproof.——How——how——I cannot feel my Keys—— nor——[*He feels in his Pocket, and leaps up*] hear 'em gingle: didſt thou ſee my Keys, Duck?

Mrs. *Day.* Duck me no ducks. I ſee your Keys! ſee a Fool's Head of your own: Had I kept them, I warrant they had been forth coming: You are ſo ſlappiſh, you throw 'em up and down at your Tail: Why don't you go look if you have not left them in the Door?

Mr. *Day.* I go, I go, Duck. [*Exit.*

Mrs. *Day,*

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Mrs. *Day*. Here, *Abel*, take up this fallen Creature, who has left his Uprightneſs; carry him to a Bed, and when he is return'd to himſelf, I will exhort him.

Abel. He is exceedingly overwhelmed.

[*He goes to lift him up.*

Obad. Stand away, I ſay, and give me ſome Sack, that I may drink a Health to the King, and *Let Committees be damn'd with their Gain*. [Obadiah *ſings*.] Where's Mr. *Teg*?

Enter Mr. Day.

Mr. *Day*. Undone, undone! robb'd, robb'd! the Door's left open, and all my Writings and Papers ſtollen: undone, undone!——*Ruth*, *Ruth*!

Mrs. *Day*. Why *Ruth*, I ſay! Thieves, Thieves!

Enter Servant,

Serv. What's the Matter, Forſooth? here has been no Thieves: I have not been a Minute out of the Houſe.

Mrs. *Day*. Where's *Ruth*, and Mrs. *Arbella*?

Serv. I have not ſeen them a pretty while.

Mr. *Day*. 'Tis they have robb'd me, and taken away the Writings of both their Eſtates. Undone, undone!

Mrs. *Day*. This came with ſtaying for you, [To Abel.] Coxcomb, we had come back ſooner elſe: you ſlow Drone, we muſt be undone for your Dullneſs.

Obad. Be not in Wrath.

Mrs. *Day*. I'll wrath you, ye Raſcal you; I'll teach you, you drunken Raſcal, and you ſober dull Man.

Obad. Your Feet are ſwift and violent; their Motion will make them fume.

Mrs. *Day*. D'ye lie too, ye drunken Raſcal?

Mr. *Day*. Nay Patience, good Duck, and let's lay out for theſe Women; they are the Thieves.

Mrs. *Day*. 'Twas you that left your Keys upon the Table to tempt them: ye need cry, Good Duck, be patient. Bring in the drunken Raſcal, ye Booby: when he is ſober, he may diſcover ſomething. Come, take him up; I'll have 'em hunted. [*Exeunt Mr* Day *and Mrs*. Day.

Abel. I rejoice yet in the midſt of my Sufferings, that my Miſtreſs ſaw not my Rebukes. Come, *Obadiah*, I pray raiſe your ſelf upon your Feet, and walk.

Obad. Have you taken the Covenant? that's the Queſtion.

Abel.

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Abel. Yes.

Obad. And will you drink a Health to the King? that's t'other Question.

Abel. Make not thy self a Scorn.

Obad. Scorn in my Face! void, young Satan.

Abel. I pray you walk in, I shall be assisting.

Obad. Stand off, and you shall perceive by my stedfast going, that I am not drunk. Look ye now——so, softly, softly; gently, good *Obadiah*, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said that thou art in Drink: So, gently, and uprightly, *Obadiah*.

[*He moves his Legs, but stands still.*

Abel. You do not move.

Obad. Then do I stand still, as fast as you go.

Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. *Day.* What, stay all Day? there's for you, Sir; [*To* Abel.] you are a sweet Youth to leave in Trust; along, you drunken Rascal; [*To* Obadiah.] I'll set you both forward.

Obad. The Philistines are upon us, and Day is broke loose from Darkness, high keeping has made her fierce.

[*She beats 'em off.*

Mrs. *Day.* Out, you drunken Rascal: I'll make you move, you Beast. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Bookseller and Bailiffs, having laid hold on Teg.

Bookse. COme along, Sir; I'll teach you to take Covenants.

Teg. Will you teach me then? did I not take it then? Why will you teach me now?

Bookse. You shall pay dearly for the Blows you struck me, my wild *Irish*; by St. *Patrick*, you shall.

Teg.

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Teg. What have you now to do with St. *Patrick*? he will scorn your Covenant.

Bookſel. I'll put you, Sir, where you ſhall have worſe Liquor, than your Bonny-Clabber.

Teg. Bonny-Clabber! By my Goſhip's Hand now you are a Raſcal if you do not love Bonny-Clabber, and I will break your Pate if you will not let me go to my Maſter.

Bookſel. O you are an impudent Raſcal. Come, away with him.

Enter C. Careleſs.

C. *Car.* How now!—hold, my Friend, whither do you carry my Servant?

Bookſel. I have arreſted him, Sir, for ſtriking me, and taking away my Books.

C. *Car.* What has he taken away?

Bookſel. Nay, the Value of the Thing is not much; 'twas the Covenant, Sir.

Teg. Well, I did take the Covenant, and my Maſter took it from me; and we have taken the Covenant then, have we not?

C. *Car.* Here, honeſt Fellow, here's more than thy Covenant's worth; here, Bailiffs, here's for you to drink.

Bookſel. Well, Sir, you ſeem an honeſt Gentleman; for your Sake, and in Hopes of your Cuſtom, I releaſe him.

1 *Bail.* Thank ye, noble Sir. [*Ex. Bookſ. and Bail.*

C. *Car.* Farewel, my noble Friends——ſo——d'ye hear, *Teg*. Pray take no more Covenants.——Have you paid the Mony I ſent you with?

Teg. Yes; but I will carry no more, look you there now.

C. *Car.* Why, *Teg*?

Teg. God ſa' my Shoul now, I ſhall run away with it.

C. *Car.* Piſh, thou art too honeſt.

Teg. That I am too upon my Shoul now; but the Devil is not honeſt, that he is not; he would not let me alone when I was going; but he made go to this little long Place, and t'other little long Place, and upon my Shoul was carrying me to *Ireland*, for he made me go by a dirty Place like a Lough now; and therefore I know now it was the Way to *Ireland*: Then I would ſtand ſtill, and then he would make me go on; and then I would

go

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go to one Side, and he wou'd make me go to t'other Side; and then I got a little farther, and did run then; and upon my Shoul the Devil cou'd not catch me; and then I did pay the Money: But I will carry no more Mony now that I will not.

C. *Car.* But thou ſha't, *Teg*, when I have more to ſend; thou art Proof now againſt Temptations.

Teg. Well then, if you ſend me with Mony again, and if I do not come to thee upon the Time, the Devil will make me be gone then with the Mony: Here's a Paper for thee, 'tis a quit Way indeed.

C. *Car.* That's well ſaid, *Teg.*—— [*Reads.*

Enter Mr. Day, Obadiah, *and Soldiers.*

Obad. See, Sir, Providence hath directed us; there is one of them that cloathed me with Shame, and the moſt Malignant among the wicked.

Mr. *Day.* Soldiers, ſeize him: I charge him with Treaſon; here's a Warrant to the Keeper, as I told you.

1 Sold. Nay, no Reſiſtance now.

C. *Car.* What's the Matter, Raſcals?

Mr. *Day.* You ſhall know that to your Coſt hereafter: away with him.

C. *Car. Teg*, tell 'em I ſhall not come home to Night: I am engag'd.

Teg. I pr'ythee ben't engag'd.

C. *Car.* Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

Mr. *Day.* That will appear, Sir;——away with him.

Teg. What will you do with my Maſter now?

Mr. *Day.* Be quiet, Sir, or you ſhall go with him.

Teg. That I will, for all you now.

C. *Car. Teg*, come hither. [*Whiſper.*

Teg. Muſt not I go with you then?

C. *Car.* No, no; be ſure to do as I tell you.

Mr. *Day.* Away with him: we will be aveng'd on the Scorner; and I'll go home and tell my Duck this Part of my good Fortune. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chairmen with Sedan, Women come out.

Ruth. So far we are right.—Now, honeſt Fellow, ſtep over, and tell the two Gentlemen, that we two Women deſire to ſpeak with them. *Enter*

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Enter C. Blunt, *and Lieutenant.*

1 *Chair.* See, Miſtreſs, here's one of them.

Ruth. That's thy Colonel, *Arbella*; catch him quickly, or he'll fly again.

Arb. What ſhou'd I do?

Ruth. Put forth ſome good Words, as they uſe to ſhake Oats when they go to catch a skittiſh Jade. Advance.

Arb. Sir.

C. *Bl.* Lady——'tis ſhe.

Arb. I wiſh, Sir, that my Friend and I had ſome Conveniency of ſpeaking with you; we now want the Aſſiſtance of ſome noble Friend.

C. *Bl.* Then I am happy. Bring me but to do ſomething for you; I wou'd have my Actions talk, not I: My Friend will be here immediately; I dare ſpeak for him too——Pardon my laſt Confuſion; but what I told you was as true as if I had ſtaid——

Ruth. To make *Affidavit* of it.

C. *Bl.* Good over-charged Gentlewoman, ſpare me but a little.

Arb. Pr'ythee Peace: can'ſt thou be merry, and we in this Condition?—Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy: If we might withdraw any whither out of Sight, I wou'd acquaint you with the Buſineſs.

Lieu. My Houſe, Ladies, is at that Door, where both the Colonels lodge: Pray command it. Colonel *Careleſs* will immediately be here.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Well now, my good Maſter will not come; that Commit Rogue *Day* has got him with Men in red Coats, and he is gone to Priſon here below this Street; he wou'd not let me go with him i'faith, but made me come tell thee now.

Ruth. O my Heart——Tears, by your Leave awhile—[*Wipes her Eyes.*] D'ye hear, *Arbella*, here, take all the Trinkets, only the Bait that I'll uſe; accept of this Gentleman's Houſe, there let me find thee, I'll try my Skill; nay, talk not. [*Exit.*

C. *Bl. Careleſs* in Priſon! Pardon me, Madam; I muſt leave

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leave you for a little while; pray be confident; this honeſt Friend of mine will uſe you with all Reſpects, 'till I return.

Arb. What do you mean to do, Sir?

C. *Bl.* I cannot tell; yet I muſt attempt ſomething; you ſhall have a ſudden Account of all Things. You ſay you dare believe; pray be as good as your Word; and whatever Accident befals me, know I love you dearly: Why do you weep?

Arb. Do not run your ſelf into a needleſs Danger.

C. *Bl.* How! d' ye weep for me? Pray let me ſee: Never Woman did ſo before, that I know of. I am raviſh'd with it; the round gaping Earth ne'er ſuck'd Showers ſo greedily, as my Heart drinks theſe: Pray if you love me, be but ſo good and kind as to confeſs it.

Arb. Do not aſk what you may tell your ſelf.

C. *Bl.* I muſt go; Honour and Friendſhip call me. Here, dear Lieutenant, I never had a Jewel but this; uſe it as right ones ſhou'd be uſed; do not breath upon it, but gaze as I do,——hold——one Word more; the Soldier that you often talk'd of to me, is ſtill honeſt?

Lieu. Moſt perfectly.

C. *Bl.* And I may truſt him?

Lieu. With your Life.

C. *Bl.* Enough,——pray let me leave my laſt Looks fix'd upon you——So, I love you, and am honeſt. Be careful, good Lieutenant, of this Treaſure——ſhe weeps ſtill——I cannot go, and yet I muſt—— [*Exit.*

Lieu. Madam, pray let my Houſe be honoured with you; be confident of all Reſpect and Faith.

Arb. What Uncertainties purſue my Love and Fortune! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ruth *with a Soldier.*

Ruth. Come, give me the Bundle; ſo, now the Habit; 'tis well, there's for your Pains; be ſecret, and wait where I appointed you.

Sold. If I fail, may I dye in a Ditch, and there lie, and not ſtink it. [*Exit.*

Ruth. Now for my wild Colonel; firſt, here's a Note, with my Lady *Day*'s Seal to it, for his Releaſe; if that fails

falls (as he that will shoot at those Rascals must have two Strings to his Bow) then here's my Red-Coat's Skin to disguise him, and a String to hang up a Ladder of Cords, which I have prepared against it grows dark; one of them will hit sure. I must have him out, and I must have him when he is out: I have no Patience to expect. Within there—ho—

Enter Keeper.

Ruth. Have not you a Prisoner, Sir, in your Custody, one Colonel *Careless*?

Keep. Yes, Mistress; and committed by your Father, Mr. *Day*.

Ruth. I know it; but there was a Mistake in it; here's a Warrant for his Delivery, under his Hand and Seal.

Keep. I wou'd willingly obey it, Mistress; but there's a general Order come from above, that all the King's Party shou'd be kept close, and none releas'd but by the States Order,

Ruth. This goes ill.——May I speak with him, Sir?

Keep. Very freely, Mistress; there's no Order to forbid any to come to him: To say Truth, 'tis the most pleasant'st Gentleman.—I'll call him forth. [*Exit.*

Ruth. O my Conscience every Thing must be in Love with him; now for my last Hopes; if this fail, I'll use the Ropes my self.

Enter Keeper and Careless.

C. *Car.* Mr. *Day*'s Daughter speak with me?

Keep. Ay, Sir, there she is. [*Exit.*

Ruth. O Sir, does the Name of Mr. *Day*'s Daughter trouble you? you love the Gentlewoman, but hate his Daughter.

C. *Car.* Yes, I do love that Gentlewoman you speak of most exceedingly.

Ruth. And the Gentlewoman loves you: But what Luck this is, that *Day*'s Daughter shou'd ever be with her, to spoil all!

C. *Car.* Not a whit, one Way; I have a pretty Room within, dark, and convenient.

Ruth. For what?

C. *Car.* For you and I to give Counter-security for our Kindness to one another.

Ruth. But Mr. *Day*'s Daughter will be there too.

C. *Car.* 'Tis dark; we'll ne'er see her. *Ruth.*

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Ruth. You care not who you are wicked with; me-thinks a Priſon ſhou'd tame you.

C. *Car.* Why, d'ye think a Priſon takes away Blood and Sight? as long as I am ſo qualified, I am Touch-wood, and whenever you bring Fire, I ſhall fall a burning.

Ruth. And you wou'd quench it.

C. *Car.* And you ſhall kindle it again.

Ruth. No, you will be burnt out at laſt, burnt to a Coal, black as diſhoneſt Love.

C. *Car.* Is this your Buſineſs? Did you come to diſturb my Contemplations with a Sermon? Is this all?

Ruth. One Thing more: I love you, it's true; but I love you honeſtly: If you know how to love me virtuouſly, I'll free you from Priſon, and run all Fortunes with you.

C. *Car.* Yes, I cou'd love thee all manner of Ways; if I cou'd not, Freedom were no Bait; were it from Death. I ſhou'd deſpiſe your Offer, to bargain for a Lye.—But——

Ruth. Oh noble——but what?

C. *Car.* The Name of that Raſcal that got thee; yet I lye too, he ne'er got a Limb of thee. Pox on't, thy Mother was as unlucky to bear thee: But how ſhall we ſalve that? take off but theſe Incumbrances, and I'll purchaſe thee in thy Smock; but to have ſuch a Flaw in my Title—

Ruth. Can I help Nature?

C. *Car.* Or I Honour? Why, hark you now, do but ſwear me into a Pretence, do but betray me with an Oath, that thou wert not begot on the Body of *Gillian*, my Father's Kitchen-maid.

Ruth. Who's that?

C. *Car.* Why, the honourable Mrs. *Day* that now is.

Ruth. Will you believe me if I ſwear?

C. *Car.* Ay that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true.

Ruth. I ſwear then by all that's Good, I am not their Daughter.

C. *Car.* Poor kind perjur'd Pretty One, I am beholden to thee; woud'ſt damn thy ſelf for me?

Ruth. You are miſtaken: I have try'd you fully; you are

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are noble, and I hope you love me; be ever firm to virtuous Principles: My Name is not so godly a one as *Ruth*, but plain *Anne*, Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*; one perhaps that you have heard of, since in the World he has still had so loud and fair a Character: 'Tis too long to tell you how this *Day* got me an Infant, and my Estate, into his Power, and made me pass for his own Daughter, my Father dying when I was but two Years old. This I knew but lately, by an unexpected Meeting of an ancient Servant of my Father's. But two Hours since *Arbella* and I found an Opportunity of stealing away all the Writings that belong'd to my Estate, and her Composition: In our Flight we met your Friend, with whom I left her as soon as I had Intelligence of your Misfortune, to try to get your Liberty; which if I can do, you have an Estate, for I have mine.

C. *Cav.* Thou more than———

Ruth. No, no, no Raptures at this time; here's your Disguise, purchas'd from a true-hearted Red-Coat: here's a bundle! Let this Line down when 'tis almost dark, and you shall draw up a Ladder of Ropes; if the Ladder of Ropes be done sooner, I'll send it by a Soldier that I dare trust; and you may. Your Window's large enough. As soon as you receive it, come down; if not, when 'tis dusk, let down your Line, and at the bottom of the Window you shall find yours, more than her own, not *Ruth*, but *Anne*.

C. *Cav.* I'll leap into thy Arms.——

Ruth. So you may break your Neck: If you do, I'll jump too. But Time steals on our Words; observe all I have told you: So farewell———

C. *Cav.* Nay, as the good Fellows use to say, let us not part with dry Lips.———One Kiss.

Ruth. Not a bit of me, till I am all Yours.

C. *Cav.* Your Hand then, to shew I am grown reasonable. A poor Compounder.

Ruth. Fish, there's a dirty Glove upon't.———

C. *Cav.* Give me but any naked Part, and I'll kiss it as a Snail creeps, and leave Sign where my Lips slid along———

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Ruth. Good Snail, get out of your Hole firſt, think of your buſineſs. So fare———

C. *Car.* Nay, pr'ythee be not aſham'd that thou art loth to leave me. 'Slid, I am a Man; but I'm as arrant a Rogue, as thy *Quondam* Father *Day*, if I cou'd not cry, to leave thee a brace of Minutes.

Ruth. Away; we grow fooliſh——— farewel——yet be careful——nay, go in.

C. *Car.* Do you go firſt.

Ruth. Nay, fie, go in.

C. *Car.* We'll fairly then divide the Victory, and draw off together.———So———I will have the laſt Look.

[*Exeunt ſeverally, looking at one another.*

Enter C. Blunt, *and Soldier.*

C. *Bl.* No more Words; I do believe, nay, I know thou art honeſt. I may live to thank thee better.

Sol. I ſcorn any Encouragement to love my King, or thoſe that ſerve him. I took Pay under theſe People, with a deſign to do him Service; the Lieutenant knows it.

C. *Bl.* He has told me ſo: no more Words: thou art a noble Fellow: Thou art ſure his Window's large enough?

Sol. Fear it not.

C. *Bl.* Here then, carry him this Ladder of Ropes: So; now give me the Coat; ſay not a Word to him, but bid him diſpatch when he ſees the Coaſt clear; he ſhall be waited for at the Bottom of his Window. Give him thy Sword too, if he deſires it.

Sol. I'll diſpatch it inſtantly, therefore get to your Place. [*Exit.*

C. *Bl.* I warrant ye.

Enter Teg.

Teg. Have you done every Thing then? By my Shoul now, yonder is the Man with the hard Name; that Man now, that I made drunk for thee, Mr. *Tay*'s Raſcal; he is coming along there behind, now upon my Shoul that he is.

C. *Bl.* The Raſcal comes for ſome miſchief. *Teg*, now or never play the Man.

Teg. How ſhou'd I be a Man then?

C. *Bl.*

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C. *Bl.* Thy Maſter is never to be got out, if this Rogue gets hither; meet him therefore, *Teg*, in the moſt winning Manner thou canſt, and make him once more Drunk, and it ſhall be call'd the Second Edition of *Obadiah*, put forth with *Iriſh* Notes upon him; and if he will not go drink with thee ——

Teg. I will carry him upon my Back-ſide, if he will not go; and if he will not be drunk, I will cut his Throat then, that I will, for my ſweet Maſter now, that I will.

C. *Bl.* Diſpatch, good *Teg*; and diſpatch him too, if he will not be conformable; and if thou canſt but ſtick more be victorious, bring him in Triumph to Lieutenant *Story*'s, there ſhall be the general Rendezvouz: Now, or never, *Teg*.

Teg. I warrant you, I will get Drink into his Pate, or I will break it for him, that I will, I warrant you: He ſhall not come after you now.

C. *Bl.* Good luck go with thee! [*Ex.* Teg.] The Fellow's faithful and ſtout; that Fear's over: Now to my Station. [*Ex.*

C. Careleſs *as in Priſon.*

C. *Car.* The time's almoſt come: how ſlow it flutters. My Deſires are better wing'd: How I long to counterfeit a Faintneſs when I come to the Bottom, and ſink into the Arms of this dear witty Fair!——Ha, who's this?

Enter Soldier.

Sol. Here, Sir, here's a Ladder of Ropes, faſten it to your Window, and deſcend: you ſhall be waited for.

C. *Car.* The careful Creature has ſent it——but d'ye hear, Sir, cou'd you not ſpare that Implement by your Side? it might ſerve to keep off ſmall Curs.

Sol. You'll have no need on't, but there it is; make haſte, the Coaſt is clear. [*Exit.*

C. *Car.* O this pretty ſhe Captain General over my Soul and Body; the Thought of her muſters every Faculty I have: She has ſent the Ropes, and ſtays for me; no Dancer of the Ropes ever ſlid down with that Swiftneſs (or Deſire of Haſte) that I will make to thee. [*Exit.*

Enter Blunt *in his Soldier's Coat.*

C. *Bl.* All's quiet, and the Coaſt clear; ſo far it goes well; that is the Window; in this Nook I'll ſtand, 'till I ſee him coming down. [*Steps in.*

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C. Careleſs above, in his Soldier's Habit, lets down the Ladder of Ropes, and ſpeaks.

C. *Car.* I cannot ſee my North Star that I muſt ſail by; 'tis clouded: perhaps ſhe ſtands cloſe in ſome Corner; I'll not trifle Time: all's clear. Fortune, forbear thy Tricks, but for this ſmall Occaſion.

Enter Blunt.

C. *Bl.* What's this! a Soldier in the Place of *Careleſs*? I am betray'd, but I'll end this Raſcal's Duty.

C. *Car.* How, a Soldier!—betray'd! this Raſcal ſhan't laugh at me.

C. *Bl.* Dog.

C. *Car.* How, *Blunt!*

C. *Bl. Careleſs!*

C. *Car.* You gueſs ſhrewdly; plague, what Contrivance hath ſet you and I a tilting at one another?

C. *Bl.* How the Devil got you a Soldier's Habit?

C. *Car.* The ſame Friend, for ought I know, that furniſh'd you—This kind Gentlewoman is *Ruth* ſtill. Ha, here ſhe is; I was juſt ready to be ſuſpicious.

Enter Ruth, *with a Ladder of Ropes.*

Ruth. Who's there?

C. *Car.* Two notable charging Red-coats.

Ruth. As I live, my Heart is at my Mouth.

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee, let it come to thy Lips, that I may kiſs it. What have you in your Lap?

Ruth. The Ladder of Ropes: How in the Name of Wonder got you hither?

C. *Car.* Why, I had the Ladder of Ropes, and came down by it.

C. *Bl.* Then the Miſtake is plainer; 'twas I that ſent the Soldier with the Ropes.

Ruth. What an Eſcape was this! come, let's loſe no Time; here's no Place to explain Matters in.

C. *Car.* I will ſtay to tell thee, I ſhall never deſerve thee.

Ruth. Tell me ſo when you have had me a little while. Come, follow me; put on your plaineſt Garb; not like a Dancing Maſter, with your Toes out. Come along. [*Ruth pulls their Hats over their Eyes.*] Hang down your Head, as if you wanted Pay. So. [*Mounts.*

Enter

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Enter Mr. Day, *Mrs.* Day, Abel, *and Mrs.* Chat.

Mrs. *Day.* Are you ſure of this, Neighbour *Chat?*

Mrs. *Ch.* I'm as ſure of it, as I am that I have a Noſe to my Face.

Mrs. *Day.* Is my——

Mr. *Day.* Ay! is my——

Mrs. *Day.* You may give one leave, methinks, to aſk out one Queſtion. Is my Daughter *Ruth* with her?

Mrs. *Ch.* She was not, when I ſaw Mrs. *Arbella* laſt. I have not been ſo often at your Honour's Houſe, but that I know Mrs. *Arbella*, the rich Heireſs, that Mr. *Abel* was to have had, good Gentleman, if he has his Due: They never ſuſpected me; for I us'd to buy Things of my Neighbour *Story*, before ſhe married the Lieutenant; and ſtepping in to ſee Mrs. *Story* that now is; my Neighbour *Wiſh-well* that was; I ſaw, as I told you, this very Mrs. *Arbella*: and I warrant Mrs. *Ruth* is not far off.

Mrs. *Day.* Let me adviſe then, Husband.

Mr. *Day.* Do, good Duck; I'll warrant 'em—

Mrs. *Day.* You'll warrant, when I have done the Buſineſs.

Mr. *Day.* I mean ſo, Duck.

Mrs. *Day.* Well! pray ſpare your Meaning too: Firſt then we'll go our ſelves in Perſon to this *Story*'s Houſe, and in the mean time ſend *Abel* for Soldiers; and when he has brought the Soldiers, let them ſtay at the Door, and come up himſelf; and then if fair Means will not do, foul ſhall.

Mr. *Day.* Excellent well adviſed, ſweet Duck; Ah! let thee alone. Be gone, *Abel*, and obſerve thy Mother's Directions. Remember the Place. We'll be reveng'd for robbing us, and for all their Tricks.

Abel. I ſhall perform it.

Mrs. *Day.* Come along, Neighbour, and ſhew us the beſt Way; and by and by we ſhall have News from *Obadiah*, who is gone to give the other Colonel's Goaler a double Charge, to keep the wild Youth cloſe. Come, Husband, let's haſten. Mrs. *Chat*, the State ſhall know what good Service you have done.

Mrs. *Chat.* I thank your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

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Enter Arbella *and Lieutenant.*

Lieu. Pray, Madam, weep no more! ſpare your Tears till you know they have miſcarried.

Arb. 'Tis a Woman, Sir, that weeps! we want Mens Reaſons, and their Courage to practiſe with.

Lieu. Look up, Madam, and meet your unexpected Joys!

Enter Ruth, *C.* Careleſs, *and C.* Blunt.

Arb. Oh, my dear Friend! my dear, dear *Ruth!*

C. *Car.* Pray, none of theſe phlegmatick Hugs; there, take your Colonel; my Captain and I can hug afreſh every Minute.

Ruth. When did we hug laſt, good Soldier?

C. *Car.* I have done nothing but hug thee in Fancy, ever ſince you *Ruth* turn'd *Annice.*

Arb. You are welcome, Sir: I cannot deny I ſhar'd in all your Danger.

Lieu. If ſhe had deny'd it, Colonel, I would have betray'd her.

C. *Bl.* I know not what to ſay, nor how to tell, how dearly, how well—I love you.

Arb. Now can't I ſay I love him; yet I have a mind to tell him too.

Ruth. Keep't in and choak your ſelf, or get the Riſing of the Lights.

Arb. What ſhall I ſay?

Ruth. Say ſomething, or he'll vaniſh.

C. *Bl.* D'ye not believe I love you? or can't you love me? Not a Word.—Cou'd you ——but——

Arb. No more; I'll ſave you the Labour of Courtſhip, which ſhou'd be too tedious to all plain and honeſt Natures: It is enough; I know you love me.

C. *Bl.* Or may I periſh, whilſt I am ſwearing it.

Enter Prentice.

Lieu. How now, *Jack?*

Boy. O Maſter, undone! Here's Mr. *Day* the Committeeman, and his fierce Wife, come into the Shop: Mrs. *Chat* brought them in; and they ſay they will come up; they know that Mrs. *Arbella*, and their Daughter *Ruth*, is here: Deny 'em if you dare; they ſay.

Lieu.

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Lieu. Go down, Boy, and tell 'em I'm coming to 'em. [*Exit Boy.*] This pure Jade, my Neighbour *Chat*, has betray'd us; what ſhall I do? I warrant the Raſcal has Soldiers at his Heels: I think I cou'd help the Colonels out at a back Door.

C. *Bl.* I'd die rather by my *Arbella*; now you ſhall ſee I love you.

C. *Car.* Nor will I *Charles* forſake you *Amice*.

Ruth. Come, be chearful; I'll defend you all againſt the Aſſaults of Captain *Day*, and Major-General *Day*, his new drawn-up Wife. Give me my Ammunition, [*To* Arbella.] the Papers, Woman. So, if I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all die together, and make no more Graves but one.

C. *Bl.* 'Slife, I love her now, for all ſhe has jeer'd me ſo.

Ruth. Go fetch 'em in, Lieutenant. [*Ex. Lieu.*] Stand you all drawn up as my Reſerve—ſo—I for the forlorn Hope.

C. *Car.* That we had *Teg* here! to quarrel with the Female triumphing *Day*, whilſt I threw the Male *Day* out of the Window. Hark, I hear the Troop marching; I know the ſhe *Day*'s Stamp, among the Tramples of a Regiment.

Arb. They come, Wench; charge 'em bravely; I'll ſecond thee with a Volley.

Ruth. They'll not ſtand the firſt Charge, fear not; now the *Day* breaks.

C. *Car.* Wou'd 'twere his Neck were broke.

Enter Mr. Day, *and Mrs.* Day.

Mrs. *Day.* Ah ha! my fine Run-aways, have I found you? What, you think my Husband's Honour lives without Intelligence. Marry come up.

Mr. *Day.* My Duck tells you how 'tis——We——

Mrs. *Day.* Why then let your Duck tell 'em how 'tis; yet as I was ſaying, you ſhall perceive we abound in Intelligence; elſe 'twere not for us to go about to keep the Nation quiet; but if you, Mrs. *Arbella*, will deliver up what you have ſtollen, and ſubmit, and return with us, and this ungracious *Ruth*.

Ruth. Anne, if you pleaſe.

Mrs. *Day.* Who gave you that Name, pray?

Ruth. My Godfathers and Godmothers;——on, Forſooth, I can anſwer a Leaf farther.

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Mr. *Day*. Duck, good Duck, a Word; I do not like this Name *Annice*.

Mrs. *Day*. You are ever in a Fright, with a shrivell'd Heart of your own.—Well, Gentlewoman, you are merry.

Arb. As newly come out of our Wardships: I hope Mr. *Abel* is well.

Mrs. *Day*. Yes, he is well; you shall see him presently; Yes, you shall see him.

C. *Gar*. That is, with Mirmidons: Come, good *Anne*, no more Delay, fall on.

Ruth. Then before the furious *Abel* approaches with his Red-Coats, who perhaps are now marching under the Conduct of that expert Captain in weighty Matters; know the Articles of our Treaty are only these: This *Arbella* will keep her Estate, and not marry *Abel*, but this Gentleman; and I *Anne*, Daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*, and not *Ruth*, as has been thought, have taken my own Estate, together with this Gentleman, for better for worse: we were modest, though Thieves; only plundered our own.

Mrs. *Day*. Yes, Gentlewoman, you took something else, and that my Husband can prove; it may cost you your Necks, if you do not submit.

Ruth. Truth on't is, we did take something else.

Mrs. *Day*. Oh, did you so?

Ruth. Pray give me leave to speak one Word in private with my Father *Day*?

Mrs. *Day*. Do so, do so; are you going to compound? oh, 'tis Father *Day*, now!

Ruth. D'ye hear, Sir; how long is't since you have practis'd Physick? [*Takes him aside*.

Mr. *Day*. Physick! what d'ye mean?

Ruth. I mean Physick; look ye, here's a small Prescription of yours: d'ye know this Hand-writing?

Mr. *Day*. I am undone.

Ruth. Here's another upon the same Subject; this young one I believe came into this wicked World for want of your preventing Dose; it will not be taken now neither; it seems your Wenches are wilful: nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more Conscience than you have.

Mr. *Day*.

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Mr. Day. Peace, good Mrs. *Anne*, I am undone, if you betray me.

Enter Abel, *goes to his Father.*

Abel. The Soldiers are come.

Mr. Day. Go and send 'em away, *Abel*; here's no need, no need now.

Mrs. Day. Are the Soldiers come, *Abel*?

Abel. Yes, but my Father biddeth me send them away.

Mr. Day. No, not without your Opinion, Duck; but since they have but their own, I think, Duck, if we were all Friends———

Mrs. Day. O, are you at your *ifs* again? d'you think they shall make a Fool of me, though they make an Ass of you? Call 'em up, *Abel*, if they will not submit; call up the Soldiers, *Abel*.

Ruth. Why, your fierce Honour shall know the Business that makes the wife Mr. *Day* inclinable to Friendship.

Mr. Day. Nay, good Sweet-heart, come, I pray let us be Friends.

Mrs. Day. How's this! what, am not I fit to be trusted now? have you built your Credit and Reputation upon my Council and Labours, and am not I fit now to be trusted?

Mr. Day. Nay, good sweet Duck, I confess I owe all to thy Wisdom. Good Gentlemen, perswade my Duck, that we may be all Friends.

C. Car. Hark you, good *Gillian Day*, be not so fierce upon the Husband of thy Bosom; 'twas but a small start of Frailty: say it were a Wench, or so?

Ruth. As I live, he has hit upon't by chance: now we shall have Sport. [*Aside.*

Mrs. Day. How, a Wench, a Wench! out upon the Hypocrite. A Wench! was not I sufficient? a Wench! I'll be reveng'd, let him be ashamed if he will: call the Soldiers, *Abel*.

C. Car. Stay, good *Abel*; march not off so hastily.

Anb. Soft, gentle *Abel*, or I'll discover, you are in Bonds; you shall never be released, if you move a step.

Ruth. D'ye hear, *Mrs. Day*, be not so furious, hold your Peace; you may divulge your Husband's Shame, if you are so simple, and cast him out of Authority, nay and have

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him try'd for his Life: read this. Remember do I know of your Bribery and Cheating, and ſomething elſe: you gueſs: Be Friends, and forgive one another. I have a Letter counterfeited from the King, to beſtow Preferment upon Mr. *Day*, if he would turn honeſt; by which means, I ſuppoſe, you cozened your Brother Cheats; in which he was to remember his Service to you. I believe 'twas your Indicting: You are the Committee-Man. 'Tis your beſt Way (nay, never demur) to kiſs and be Friends. Now, if you can contrive handſomly to cozen thoſe that cozen all the World, and get theſe Gentlemen to come by their Eſtates eaſily, and without taking the Covenant, the old Sum of five hundred Pound, that I uſed to talk of, ſhall be yours yet.

Mrs. *Day*. We will endeavour.

Ruth. Come, Mrs. *Arbella*, pray let's all be Friends.

Arb. With all my Heart.

Ruth. Brother *Abel*, the Bird is flown; but you ſhall be releaſed from your Bonds.

Abel. I bear my Afflictions as I may.

Enter Teg *leading* Obadiah *in a Halter, and a Muſician*.

Teg. What is this now? Who are you? Well, are not you Mrs. *Tay*? Well, I will tell her what I ſhould ſay now? Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, that I will.

C. *Car*. No, good *Teg*, there's no need of thy Meſſage now; but why doſt thou lead *Obadiah* thus?

Teg. Well, I will hang him preſently, that I will; look you here Mrs. *Tay*, here's your Man *Obadiah*, do you ſee that now? He would not let me make him drunk no more, that he wou'd not; ſo, I did take himin this String, and I did tell him, if he did make Noiſes, I wou'd put this Knife into him, that I wou'd upon my Shoul.

C. *Bl*. Honeſt *Teg*, thy Maſter is beholden to thee in ſome meaſure for his Liberty.

C. *Car*. *Teg*, I ſhall require thy Honeſty.

Teg. Well, ſhall I hang him then? It is a Rogue now, who wou'd not be drunk, that he wou'd not.

Obad. I do beſeech you, Gentlemen, let me not be brought unto death.

C. *Car*.

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C. *Car.* No: poor *Teg*, 'tis enough; we are all Friends; come, let him go.'

Teg. Well, he shall go then; but you shall love the King, or I will hang you another time, that I will by my Shoul. Well, look you here now, here is the Man that sung you the Song, that he is; I met him as I came, and I bid him come hither and sing for the King, that I did.

C. *Car.* D'ye hear, my Friend, is any of your Companions with you?

Muf. Yes, Sir.

C. *Car.* As I live, we'll all dance; it shall be the Celebration of our Weddings: Nay, Mr. *Day*, as we hope to continue Friends, you and your Duck shall trip it too.

Teg. Ay by my Shoul will we; *Obadiah* shall be my Woman too, and you shall dance for the King, that you shall.

C. *Car.* Go, and strike up then: no chiding now, Mrs. *Day*; come, you must not be refractory for once.

Mrs. *Day.* Well, Husband, since these Gentlemen will have it so, and that they may perceive we are Friends, Dance.

C. *Bl.* Now, Mr. *Day*, to your business; get it done as soon as you will, the five hundred Pound shall be ready.

C. *Car.* So, Friends; thanks, honest *Teg*; thou shalt flourish in a new Livery for this. Now, Mrs. *Annice*, I hope you and I may agree about kissing, and compound every way. Now, Mr. *Day*,

If you will have good luck in every thing,
Turn Cavalier, and cry, God bless the King. [*Exeunt*

EPI-

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EPILOGUE.

BUT now the greateſt Thing is left to do,
More juſt Committee, *to Compound with you;*
For, till your equal Cenſures ſhall be known,
The Poet's under Sequeſtration:
He has no Title to his ſmall Eſtate
Of Wit, unleſs you pleaſe to ſet the Rate.
Accept this half Years purchace of his Wit,
For in the compaſs of that time 'twas writ:
Nor think this is enough; he'll pay you more,
If you your ſelves believe him not too poor:
For 'tis your Judgments give him Wealth; in this,
He's juſt as rich as you believe he is.
Wou'd all Committees *con'd have done like you,*
Made Men more rich, and by their Payments too.

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THE INDIAN QUEEN.

A

TRAGEDY.

1665.

LONDON:

Printed in the YEAR 1722.

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PROLOGUE.

As the Muſick plays a ſoft Air, the Curtain riſes ſoftly, and diſcovers an *Indian* Boy and a Girl ſleeping under two *Plantain* Trees; and when the Curtain is almoſt up, the Muſick turns into a Tune expreſſing an Alarm, at which the Boy wakes and ſpeaks.

Boy. *Wake, wake,* Quevira; *our ſoft Reſt muſt ceaſe,*
And fly together with our Country's Peace;
No more muſt we ſleep under Plantain *Shade,*
Which neither Heat could pierce, nor Cold invade;
Where bounteous Nature never feels Decay,
And op'ning Buds drive falling Fruits away.

Que. *Why ſhould Men quarrel here, where all poſſeſs*
As much as they can hope for by Succeſs?
None can have moſt, where Nature is ſo kind
As to exceed Man's Uſe, though not his Mind.

Boy. *By ancient Prophecies we have been told*
Our World ſhall be ſubdu'd by one more old;
And ſee that World's already hither come.

Que. *If theſe be they, we welcome them our Doom.*
Their Looks are ſuch, that Mercy flows from thence,
More gentle than our Native Innocence.

Boy. *Why ſhould we then fear theſe are Enemies,*
That rather ſeem to us like Deities?

Que. *By their Protection let us beg to live;*
They came not here to Conquer, but Forgive.
If ſo, your Goodneſs may your Pow'r expreſs;
And we ſhall judge both beſt by our Succeſs.

Dra-

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

THE Ynca *of* Peru.
Montezuma, *his General.*
Acacis, *Son to* Zempoalla.
Traxalla, *General to* Zempoalla.
Garrucca, *a faithful Subject to* Amexia.
The God of Dreams.
Iſmeron, *one of the* Indian *Prophets, a* Magician.
Officers and Soldiers.
Peruvians *and* Mexicans.
Prieſts.

WOMEN.

Amexia, *the lawful Queen of* Mexico.
Zempoalla, *the Uſurping* Indian *Queen.*
Orazia, *Daughter to the* Ynca.
Attendants of Ladies.

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THE INDIAN QUEEN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter the Ynca, Orazia, Montezuma, Acacis, *Prisoners, with* Peruvians.

YNCA.

THrice have the *Mexicans* before us fled,
Their Armies broke, their Prince in Triumph led;
Both to thy Valour, brave young Man, we owe;
Ask thy Reward, but such as it may show
It is a King thou hast oblig'd, whose Mind
Is large, and like his Fortune unconfin'd.

Mont. Young and a Stranger to your Court I came,
There by your Favour rais'd to what I am:
I conquer, but in Right of your great Fate,
And so your Arms, not mine, are Fortunate.

Ynca. I am impatient 'till this Debt be paid,
Which still encreases on me, while delay'd;
A bounteous Monarch to himself is kind:
Ask such a Gift as may for ever bind

Thy

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Thy Service to my Empire, and to me.
Mont. What can this Gift he bids me ask him be!
Perhaps he has perceiv'd our mutual Fires,
And now with ours wou'd crown his own Desires;
'Tis so: he sees my Service is above
All other Payments but his Daughter's Love. [*Aside.*
Inca. So quick to Merit, and to take so slow?
I first prevent small Wishes, and bestow
This Prince, his Sword and Fortunes, to thy Hand;
He's thine unask'd; now make thy free Demand.
Mont. Here, Prince, receive this Sword as only due
[*Gives* Acacis *his Sword.*
To that Excess of Courage shown in you.
When you, without Demand, a Prince bestow,
Less than a Prince to ask of you, were low.
Inca. Then ask a Kingdom; say where thou wilt reign.
Mont. I beg not Empires; those my Sword can gain;
But for my past and future Service too,
What I have done, and what I mean to do;
For this of *Mexico* which I have won,
And Kingdoms I will Conquer yet unknown;
I only ask from fair *Orazia*'s Eyes
To reap the Fruits of all my Victories.
1 *Peru.* Our *Inca*'s Colour mounts into his Face.
2 *Peru.* His Looks speak Death.
Inca. Young Man of unknown Race,
Ask once again: so well thy Merits plead,
Thou shalt not die for that which thou hast said:
The Price of what thou ask'st, thou dost not know;
That Gift's too high.
Mont. And all besides too low.
Inca. Once more I bid thee ask.
Mont. Once more I make
The same Demand.
Inca. The *Inca* bids thee take [have.
Thy Choice, what Towns, what Kingdoms thou would'st
Mont. Thou giv'st me only what before I gave.
Give me thy Daughter.
Inca. Thou deserv'st to die.
O thou great Author of our Progeny,

Thou

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Thou glorious Sun, doſt thou not bluſh to ſhine,
While ſuch baſe Blood attempts to mix with thine!
Mont. That Sun thou ſpeak'ſt of did not hide his Face,
When he beheld me conquering for his Race.
Inca. My Fortunes gave thee thy Succeſs in Fight;
Convey thy boaſted Valour from my Sight;
I can o'ercome without thy feeble Aid.
[*Exeunt* Inca, Orazia, *and* Peruvians.
Mont. And is it thus, my Services are paid?
Not all his Guards—— [*Offers to go,* Acacis *holds him.*
Aca. Hold.
Mont. Unhand me.
Aca. No: I muſt your Rage prevent,
From doing what your Reaſon wou'd repent;
Like the vaſt Seas, your Mind no Limits knows,
Like them lies open to each Wind that blows.
Mont. Can a Revenge that is ſo juſt be ill?
Aca. It is *Orazia*'s Father you wou'd kill.
Mont. Orazia! how that Name has charm'd my Sword?
Aca. Compoſe theſe wild Diſtempers in your Breaſt;
Anger, like Madneſs, is appeas'd by Reſt.
Mont. Bid Children ſleep, my Spirits boil too high;
But ſince *Orazia*'s Father muſt not die,
A nobler Vengeance ſhall my Actions guide,
I'll bear the Conqueſt, to the conquer'd Side,
Until this *Inca* for my Friendſhip ſues,
And proffers what his Pride does now refuſe.
Aca. Your Honour is oblig'd to keep your Truſt.
Mont. He broke that Bond, in ceaſing to be juſt.
Aca. Subjects to Kings ſhou'd more Obedience pay.
Mont. Subjects are bound, not Strangers, to obey.
Aca. Can you ſo little your *Orazia* prize,
To give the Conqueſt to her Enemies?
Can you ſo eaſily forego her Sight?
I, that hold Liberty more dear than Light,
Yet to my Freedom, ſhou'd my Chains prefer,
And think it were well loſt to ſtay with her.
Mont. How unſucceſsfully I ſtill o'ercome!
I brought a Rival, not a Captive home;
Yet I may be deceiv'd; but 'tis too late
To clear thoſe Doubts; my Stay brings certain Fate. [*Aſide.*

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Come, Prince, you shall to *Mexico* return,
Where your sad Armies do your Absence mourn;
And in one Battel I will gain you more
Than I have made you lose in three before.
Acа. No, *Montezuma*; though you change your Side,
I as a Prisoner am by Honour ty'd.
Mont. You are my Prisoner, and I set you free.
Acа. 'Twere Baseness to accept such Liberty.
Mont. From him that conquer'd you, it shou'd be fought.
Acа. No, but from him, for whom my Conqueror fought.
Mont. Still you are mine; his Gift has made you so.
Acа. He gave me to his General, not his Foe.
Mont. How poorly have you pleaded Honour's Laws?
Yet shun the greatest in your Country's Cause.
Acа. What Succour can the Captive give the Free?
Mont. A needless Captive is an Enemy.
In painted Honour you wou'd seem to shine;
But 'twou'd be clouded, were your Wrongs like mine.
Acа. When Choler such unbridled Power can have,
Thy Virtue seems but thy Revenge's Slave:
If such Injustice shou'd my Honour stain,
My Aid wou'd prove my Nation's Loss, not Gain.
Mont. Be cozen'd by thy guilty Honesty,
To make thy self thy Country's Enemy.
Acа. I do not mean in the next Fight to stain
My Sword in Blood of any *Mexican*,
But will be present in the fatal Strife
To guard *Orazia*'s and the *Inca*'s Life.
Mont. *Orazia*'s Life, fond Man! First guard thy own:
Her Safety she must owe to me alone.
Acа. Your Sword that does such Wonders, cannot be,
In an ill Cause, secure of Victory.
Mont. Hark, hark. [*Noise of trampling.*
Acа. What Noise is this invades my Ear?
Fly, *Montezuma*, fly; the Guards are near:
To favour your Retreat, I'll freely pay
That Life, which you so frankly gave this Day.
Mont. I must retire; but those that follow me,
Pursue their Deaths, and not their Victory. [*Ex.* Mont. *Acа.*

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Aca. Our Quarrels kinder, than our Friendships prove;
You for my Country fight, I for your Love.

Enter Ynca *and Guards.*

Ynca. I was to blame, to leave this mad Man free:
Perhaps he may revolt to th' Enemy,
Or ſtay, and raiſe ſome fatal Mutiny.

Aca. Stop your Purſuits, for they muſt paſs through me.

Ynca. Where is the Slave?

Aca. Gone.———

Ynca. Whither?

Aca. O'er the Plain.———
Where he may ſoon the Camp, or City, gain.

Ynca. Curſe on my dull Neglect———
And yet I do leſs Cauſe of Wonder find,
That he is gone, than that thou ſtay'ſt behind.

Aca. My Treatment ſince you took me was ſo free,
It wanted but the Name of Liberty.
I with leſs Shame can ſtill your Captive live,
Than take that Freedom which you did not give.

Ynca. Thou brave young Man, that haſt thy Years out-done,
And loſing Liberty haſt Honour won:
I muſt my ſelf thy Honour's Rival make,
And give that Freedom which thou wou'dſt not take.
Go and be ſafe.———

Aca. But that you may be ſo,
Your Dangers muſt be paſt before I go.
Fierce *Montezuma* will for Fight prepare,
And bend on you the Fury of the War.
Which by my Preſence I will turn away,
If Fortune gives my *Mexicans* the Day.

Ynca. Come then, we are alike to Honour juſt,
Thou to be truſted thus, and I to truſt.——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Zempoalla, Traxalla, *and Attendants.*

Zemp. O my *Acacis!*
Does not my Grief, *Traxalla,* ſeem too rude,
Thus to preſs out, before my Gratitude
Has paid my Debts to you?———yet it does more
My Rage and Grief, to ſee thoſe Powers above
Puniſh ſuch Men, as, if they be Divine,
They know will moſt adore, and leaſt repine.

Trax.

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Trax. Thoſe that can only mourn when they are croſt,
May loſe themſelves with grieving for the Loſt.
Rather to your retreated Troops appear,
And let them ſee a Woman void of Fear:
The Shame of that may call their Spirits home.
Were the Prince ſafe, we were not overcome,
Tho' we retir'd: O his too youthful Heat,
That thruſt him where the Dangers were ſo great!
Heaven wanted Power his Perſon to protect
From that, which he had Courage to neglect:
But ſince he's loſt, let us draw forth, and pay
His Fun'ral Rites in Blood; that we, or they,
May in our Fates perform his Obſequies,
And make Death triumph, when *Acacis* dies.

Zemp. That Courage thou haſt ſhown in Fight ſeems leſs
Than this, amidſt Deſpair to have Exceſs:
Let thy great Deeds force Fate to change her Mind:
He that courts Fortune boldly, makes her Kind.

Trax. If e'er *Traxalla* ſo ſucceſsful proves,
May he then ſay he hopes as well as loves;
And that aſpiring Paſſion boldly own,
Which gave my Prince his Fate, and you his Throne?
I did not feel Remorſe to ſee his Blood
Flow from the Spring of Life into a Flood;
Nor did it look like Treaſon, ſince to me
You were a Sovereign much more great than he.

Zemp. He was my Brother; yet I ſcorn'd to pay
Nature's mean Debts, but threw thoſe Bonds away;
When his own Iſſue did my Hopes remove,
Not only from his Empire, but his Love.
You that in all my Wrongs then bore a part,
Now need not doubt a Place within my Heart:
I cou'd not offer you my Crown and Bed,
Till Fame and Envy with long Time were dead;
But Fortune now does happily preſent
Occaſions fit to ſecond my Intent.
Your Valour may regain the publick Love,
And make the Peoples Choice their Queen's approve. [*Shout.*
Hark, hark, what Noiſe is this that ſtrikes my Ear!

Trax. 'Tis not a Sound that ſhou'd beget a Fear;

Such

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Such Shouts as theſe have I heard often fly
From conquering Armies crown'd with Victory.
Zemp. Great God of Vengeance, here I firmly vow,
Make but my *Mexicans* ſucceſsful now,
And with a thouſand Feaſts thy Flames I'll feed;
All that I take ſhall on thy Altars bleed:
Princes themſelves ſhall fall, and make thy Shrine,
Dy'd with their Blood, in glorious Bluſhes ſhine.
Enter Meſſenger.
Traxa. How now!
What News is this that makes thy Haſte a Flight?
Meſſ. Such as brings Victory without a Fight;
The Prince *Acacis* lives.——
Zemp. Oh! I am bleſt.——
Meſſ. Reſerve ſome Joy till I have told the reſt.
He's ſafe, and only wants his Liberty:
But that great Man that carries Victory
Where-e'er he goes; that mighty Man, by whom
In three ſet Battels, we were overcome;
Ill-us'd (it ſeems) by his ungrateful King,
Does to our Camp his Fate and Valour bring.
The Troops gaze on him, as if ſome bright Star
Shot to their Aids, call him the God of War:
Whilſt he, as if all Conqueſt did of Right
Belong to him, bids them prepare to fight;
Which if they ſhou'd delay one Hour, he ſwears
He'll leave them to their Dangers, or their Fears,
And Shame, which is th' ignoble Coward's Choice.
At this the Army ſeem'd to have one Voice,
United in a Shout, and call'd upon
The god-like Stranger, *Lead us, lead us on.*
Make haſte, great Sir, leſt you ſhould come too late,
To ſhare with them in Victory or Fate.
Zemp. My Gen'ral, go: The Gods be on our Side;
Let Valour act, but let Diſcretion guide. [*Exit* Traxalla.
Great God of Vengeance——
I ſee thou doſt begin to hear me now;
Make me thy Off'ring, if I break my Vow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Ynca *and* Orazia, *as pursued in a Battle.*

Oraz. O Fly, Sir, fly; like Torrents your swift Foes
Come rowling on.——

Ynca. The Gods can but destroy.
The noblest Way to fly, is that Death shows;
I'll court her now, since Victory's grown coy.

Oraz. Death's wing'd to your Pursuit, and yet you wait
To meet her——

Ynca. Poor *Orazia*, Time and Fate
Must once o'ertake me, tho' I now shou'd fly.

Oraz. Do not meet Death; but when it comes, then die.

Enter three Soldiers.

3 *Sold.* Stand, Sir, and yield your self, and that fair Prey.

Ynca. You speak to one unpractis'd to obey.

Enter Montezuma.

Mont. Hold! Villains, hold! or your rude Lives shall be
Lost in the midst of your own Victory:
These I have hunted for; nay, do not stare;
Be gone, and in the common Plunder share. [*Ex. Sold.*
How different is my Fate, from theirs, whose Fame
From Conquest grows! from Conquest grows my Shame.

Ynca. Why dost thou pause? thou canst not give me back,
With fruitless Grief, what I enjoy'd before;
No more than Seas, repenting of a Wrack,
Can with a Calm our buried Wealth restore.

Mont. 'Twere vain to own Repentance, since I know
Thy Scorn, which did my Passions once despise,
Once more would make my swelling Anger flow;
Which now ebbs lower than your Miseries:

The

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The Gods that in my Fortunes were unkind,
Gave me not Sceptres, nor such gilded things;
But whilst I wanted Crowns, inlarg'd my Mind
To despise Sceptres, and dispose of Kings.

Inca. Thou art but grown a Rebel by Success,
And I that scorn'd *Orazia* should be ty'd
To thee my Slave, must now eftoem thee less:
Rebellion is a greater Guilt than Pride.

Mont. Princes see others Faults, but not their own;
'Twas you that broke that Bond, and set me free:
Yet I attempted not to climb your Throne,
And raise my self; but level you to me.

Oraz. O *Montezuma*, cou'd thy Love engage
Thy Soul so little, or make Banks so low
About thy Heart, that thy Revenge and Rage,
Like sudden Floods, so soon thou'd overflow!
Ye Gods, how much was I mistaken here!
I thought you gentle as the gaulless Dove;
But you as humourſome as Winds appear,
And subject to more Passions than your Love.

Mont. How have I been betray'd by guilty Rage,
Which like a Flame rose to so vast a Height,
That nothing cou'd resist, nor yet asswage,
Till it wrapt all things in one cruel Fate!
But I'll redeem my self, and act such things,
That you shall blush *Orazia* was deny'd;
And yet make Conquest, though with wearied Wings,
Take a new Flight to your now fainting Side.

Inca. Vain Man, what foolish Thoughts fill thy swell'd Mind?
It is too late our Ruin to recall;
Those that have once great Buildings undermin'd,
Will prove too weak to prop them in their Fall.

Enter Traxalla *with the former Soldiers.*

1 *Sold.* See, mighty Sir, where the bold Stranger stands,
Who snatch'd these glorious Prisoners from our Hands.

Trax. 'Tis the great *Inca*, seize him as my Prey,
To crown the Triumphs of this glorious Day.

Mont. Stay your bold Hands from reaching at what's mine.
If any Title springs from Victory;

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You safer may attempt to rob a Shrine
And hope Forgiveness from the Deity.

Enter Acacis.

Trax. O my dear Prince, my Joys to see you live
Are more than all this Victory can give.

Aca. How are my lost Endeavours crost by Fate!
Else you had ne'er been lost, or found so late.
Hurried by the wild Fury of the Fight,
Far from your Presence, and Orazia's Sight,
I could not all that Care and Duty shew,
Which as your Captive (mighty Prince) I owe.

Inca. You often have preserv'd our Lives this Day,
And one small Debt with many Beauties pay.
But human Actions hang on Springs that do
Too small, or too remote for us to see.
My Glories freely I to yours resign,
And am your Prisoner now, that once were mine.

Mont. These Prisoners, Sir, are mine by right of War;
And I'll maintain that Right, if any dare.

Trax. Yet, I wou'd snatch them from the weak Defence,
But that due Reverence which I owe my Prince,
Permits me not to quarrel in his Sight;
To him I shall refer his General's Right.

Mont. I knew too well what Justice I shou'd find
From an arm'd Plaintiff, and a Judge so kind.

Aca. Unkindly urg'd, that I shou'd use thee so;
Thy Virtue is my Rival, not my Foe;
The Prisoners Fortune gave thee shall be thine.

Trax. Would you so great a Prize to him resign?

Aca. Shou'd he who boldly for his Prey design'd
To dive the deepest under swelling Tides,
Have the less Title if he chance to find
The richest Jewel that the Ocean hides?
They are his due———
But in his Virtue I repose that Trust,
That he will be as kind as I am just.
Dispute not my Commands, but go with haste;
Rally our Men, they may pursue too fast,
And the Disorders of th' inviting Prey
May turn again the Fortune of the Day. [*Ex.* Trax.

Mont.

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Mont. How gentle all this Prince's Actions be!
Virtue is calm in him, but rough in me. [*Aside.*
Aca. Can *Montezuma* place me in his Breast?
Mont. My Heart's not large enough for such a Guest.
Aca. See, *Montezuma*, see, *Orazia* weeps. [Ora. *weeps.*
Mont. *Acalis*! is he deaf? — or waking, sleeps?
He does not hear me, sees me not, nor moves;
How firm his Eyes are on *Orazia* fixt!
Gods that take care of Men, let not our Loves
Become divided by their being mixt.
Aca. Weep not, fair Princess, nor believe you are
A Prisoner subject to the Chance of War;
Why shou'd you waste the Stock of those fair Eyes
That from Mankind can take their Liberties?
And you, great Sir, think not a generous Mind,
To virtuous Princes, dares appear unkind,
Because those Princes are unfortunate,
Since over all Men hangs a doubtful Fate:
One gains by what another is bereft;
The frugal Deities have only left
A common Bank of Happiness below,
Maintain'd like Nature, by an Ebb and Flow. [*Exeunt.*
Zempoalla *appears seated upon a Throne, frowning upon her Attendants; then comes down and speaks.*
Zemp. No more! you that above your Prince's dare proclaim
With your rebellious Breath a Stranger's Name.
1 *Peru.* Dread Empress——
Zemp. Slaves, perhaps you grieve to see
Your young Prince glorious; 'cause he sprang from me;
Had he been one of base *Amexia's* Brood,
Your Tongues, though silent now, had then been loud.
Enter Traxalla.
Traxalla, welcome, welcome to me,
Than what thou bring'st, a Crown and Victory.
Trax. All I have done is nothing; fluttering Fame
Now tells no News, but of the Stranger's Name,
And his great Deeds; 'tis he, they cry, by whom
Not Men, but War it self is overcome;

Who bold with his Success, dares think to have
A Prince to wear his Chains, and be his Slave.
Zemp. What Prince?
Trax. The great *Peruvian Inca*, that of late
In three set Battles was so fortunate,
Till this strange Man had Power to turn the Tide,
And carry Conquest unto my Side.
Zemp. Wou'd you permit a private Man to have
The great *Peruvian Inca* for his Slave!
Shame to all Princes! was it not just now
I made a sacred, and a solemn Vow
To offer up (if blest with Victory)
The Prisoners that were took? and they shall die.
Trax. I soon had snatch'd from this proud Stranger's Hand
That too great Object for his bold Demand;
Had not the Prince your Son, to whom I owe
A kind Obedience, judg'd it shou'd be so.
Zemp. I'll hear no more: go quickly take my Guards,
And from that Man force those usurpt Rewards;
That Prince, upon whose Ruins I must rise,
Shall be the Gods, but more my Sacrifice:
They with my Slaves in Triumph shall be grac'd,
While my Devotion justifies my Pride.
Those Deities in whom I place my Trust,
Shall see when they are kind, that I am just. [*Ex. Zem.*
Trax. How gladly I obey——
There's something shoots through my enliven'd Frame,
Like a new Soul, but yet without a Name:
Nor can I tell what the bold Guest will prove,
It must be Envy, or it must be Love;
Let it be either, 'tis the greatest Bliss
For Man to grant himself all he dares wish;
For he that to himself, himself denies,
Proves meanly wretched to be counted wise. [*Ex. Trax.*

Enter Montezuma *and* Acacis.

Aca. You wrong me, my best Friend, not to believe
Your Kindness gives me Joy; and when I grieve,
Unwillingly my Sorrows I obey:
Showers sometimes fall upon a shining Day,

Mont

Mont. Let me then share your Griefs, that in your Fate
Wou'd have took part——
Aca. Why shou'd you ask me that?
Those must be mine, though I have such Excess;
Divided Griefs increase, and not grow less.
Mont. It does not lessen Fate, nor satisfie
The Grave, 'tis true, when Friends together die;
And yet they are unwilling to divide.
Aca. To such a Friend nothing can be deny'd.
You, when you hear my Story, will forgive
My Grief, and rather wonder that I live.
Unhappy in my Title to a Throne,
Since Blood made way for my Succession:
Blood of an Uncle too, a Prince so free
From being Cruel, it taught Cruelty.
His Queen *Amexia* then was big with Child;
Nor was he gentler, than his Queen was mild:
Th' impatient People long'd for what shou'd come
From such a Father, bred in such a Womb——
When false *Traxalla*, weary to obey,
Took with his Life their Joys and Hopes away.
Amexia, by th' Assistance of the Night,
When this dark Deed was acted, took her Flight;
Only with true *Garrucca* for her Aid;
Since when, for all the Searches that were made,
The Queen was never heard of more: yet still
This Traytor lives, and prospers by the Ill:
Nor does my Mother seem to reign alone,
But with this Monster shares the Guilt and Throne:
Horror chooks up my Words; now you'll believe
'Tis just I shou'd do nothing else but grieve.
Mont. Excellent Prince!——
How great a Proof of Virtue have you shown,
To be concern'd for Griefs, though not your own!
Aca. Pray say no more.——

Enter a Messenger hastily.

Mont. How now, whither so fast?
Mess. O Sir, I come too slow with all my haste!
The fair *Oraxia*——

Mont. Ha, what dost thou say?
Mess. *Orazia* with the *Inca*'s forc'd away,
Out of your Tent; *Traxalla* in the Head
Of the rude Soldiers, forc'd the Door, and led
Those glorious Captives who on Thrones once shin'd,
To grace the Triumph that is now design'd. [*Ex. Mess.*
Mont. *Orazia* forc'd away! what Tempests roll
About my Thoughts, and toss my troubled Soul?
Can there be Gods to see, and suffer this?
Or does Mankind make his own Fate or Bliss?
While every good and bad happens by chance,
Not from their Orders, but their Ignorance——
But I will pull a Ruin on them all,
And turn their Triumph to a Funeral.
Aca. Be temperate, Friend.
Mont. You may as well advise
That I shou'd have less Love, as grow more wise.
Aca. Yet stay——I did not think to have reveal'd
A Secret which my Heart has still conceal'd:
But in this Cause since I must share with you,
'Tis fit you know——I love *Orazia* too:
Delay not then, nor waste the time in Words,
Orazia's Cause calls only for our Swords.
Mont. That ties my Hand, and turns from thee that Rage
Another way, thy Blood shou'd else asswage:
The Storm on our proud Foes shall higher rise,
And changing, gather Blackness as it flies:
So when Winds turn, the wandering Waves obey,
And all the Tempest rolls another way.
Aca. Draw then a Rival's Sword, as I draw mine,
And like Friends suddenly we part, let's join
In this one Act, to seek one Destiny;
Rivals with Honour may together die. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Zempoalla *appears ſeated upon her State in Triumph; and the* Indians, *as to celebrate their Victory, advance in a warlike Dance; in the midſt of which Triumph,* Acacis *and* Montezuma *fall in upon them.*

Zempoalla *deſcends from her triumphant Throne, and* Acacis *and* Montezuma *are brought in before her.*

Zemp. SHame of my Blood, and Traytor to thy own,
Born to diſhonour, not command a Throne;
Haſt thou with envious Eyes my Triumph ſeen?
Or couldſt not ſee thy Mother in the Queen?
Cou'dſt thou a Stranger above me prefer?

Aca. It was my Honour made my Duty err.
I cou'd not ſee his Priſoners forc'd away,
To Whom I ow'd my Life, and you the Day.

Zemp. Is that young Man the Warrior to be ſav'd?

Mont. Yes, he alone made thy Manthrice quit their Ground.
Do; ſmile at *Montezuma*'s Chains; but know,
His Valour gave them Power to uſe him ſo.

Traxa. Grant that it did, what can his Merits be,
That fought his Vengeance, not our Victory?
What has thy brutiſh Fury gain'd as more,
Than only heal'd the Wounds it gave before?
Die then; for whilſt thou liv'ſt, Wars cannot ceaſe;
Thou may'ſt bring Victory, but never Peace.
Like a black Storm, thou roll'ſt about us all,
E'en to thy ſelf unquiet till thy Fall. [*Draws to kill him.*

Aca. Unmanly'd Villain, hold.

Traxa. You muſt not give
Him Succour, Sir.

Aca. Why then I muſt not live.

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Posterity shall ne'er report they had
Such thankless Fathers, or a Prince so bad.
Zemp. You're both too bold, to will or to deny:
On me alone depends his Destiny.
Tell me, audacious Stranger, whence cou'd rise
The Confidence of this rash Enterprise?
Mont. First tell me how you dar'd to force from me
The fairest Spoils of my own Victory?
Zemp. Kill him—hold: must he die?—why let him die;
Whence shou'd proceed this strange Diversity
In my Resolves?———
Does he command in Chains? what wou'd he do,
Proud Slave, if he were free, and I were so?
But is he bound, ye Gods, or am I free?
'Tis Love, 'tis Love, that thus disorders me;
How Pride and Love tear my divided Soul!
For each too narrow, yet both claim it whole;
Love as the younger must be forc'd away;
Hence with the Captives (General) and convey
To several Prisons that——young Man, and this——
——— *Peruvian* Woman———.
Trax. How concern'd she is!
I must know more.
Mont. Fair Princess, why shou'd I ... [*To Oraz.*
Involve that Sweetness in my Destiny?
I cou'd out-brave my Death, were I alone
To suffer, but my Fate must pull yours on.
My Breast is arm'd against all Sense of Fear,
But where your Image lies, 'tis tender there.
Ynca. Forbear thy saucy Love; she cannot be
So low, but still she is too high for thee.
Zemp. Be gone, and do as I command; away.
Mont. I ne'er was truly wretched 'till this Day.
Oraz. Think half your Sorrows on *Orazia* fall,
And be not so unkind to suffer all:
Patience in Cowards is tame hopeless Fear,
But in brave Minds a Scorn of what they bear,
[*Ex.* Ynca, Montezuma, Orazia, *and* Traxalla.
Zemp. What Grief is this which in your Face appears?
Aca. The Badge of Sorrow which my Soul still wears,
Zemp.

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Zemp. Though thy [illegible] did my Anger move,
It cannot rob thee of a Mother's Love:
Why shou'dst thou grieve?
Grief seldom joyn'd with blooming Youth is seen,
Can Sorrow be where Knowledge scarce has been?
Fortune does well for heedless Youth provide,
But Wisdom does unlucky Age misguide;
Cares are the Train of present Power and State,
But Hope lives best that on himself does wait:
O happiest Fortune, if well understood,
The certain Prospect of a future Good!

Aca. What Joy can Empire bring me, when I know
That all my Greatness to your Crimes I owe?

Zemp. Yours be the Joy, be mine the Punishment.

Aca. In vain alas that Wish to Heaven is sent
For me, if fair *Orazia* must not live.

Zemp. Why shou'd you ask me what I cannot give?
She must be sacrific'd: Can I bestow
What to the Gods by former Vows I owe?

Aca. O plead not Vows; I wish you had not shown
You slighted all things sacred for a Throne.

Zemp. I love thee so, that though Fear follow still,
And Horror urges all that have been ill,
I cou'd for thee———
Act o'er my Crimes again,——and not repent,
Even when I bore the Shame and Punishment.

Aca. Cou'd you so many ill Acts undertake,
And not perform one good one for my Sake?

Zemp. Prudence permits not Pity shou'd be shown
To those that rais'd the War to shake my Throne.

Aca. As you are wise, permit me to be just;
What Prudence will not venture, Honour must;
We owe our Conquest to the Stranger's Sword,
'Tis just his Prisoners be to him restor'd.
I love *Orazia*, but a nobler way———
Than for my Love my Honour to betray.

Zemp. Honour is but an Itch in youthful Blood,
Of doing Acts extravagantly good;
We call that Virtue, which is only Heat
That reigns in Youth, till Age finds out the Cheat.

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Acn. Great Actions first did her Affections move,
And I by greater wou'd regain her Love.
Zemp. Urge not a Suit which I must still deny;
Orazia and her Father both shall die;
Be gone, I'll hear no more———
Acn. You stop your Ear———
But though a Mother will not, Heaven will hear;
Like you I vow, when to the Pow'rs Divine
You pay her guiltless Blood, I'll offer mine. [*Ex. Acnaris.*
Zemp. She dies, this happy Rival, that enjoys
The Stranger's Love, and all my Hopes destroys;
Had she triumph'd, what cou'd she more have done,
Than robb'd the Mother, and enslav'd the Son?
Nor will I at the Name of Cruel stay,
Let dull successive Monarchs mildly sway:
Their Conquering Fathers did the Laws forsake,
And broke the Old, e'er they the New cou'd make.
I must pursue my Love— yet Love enjoy'd,
Will with Esteem that caus'd it first grow less;
But Thirst and Hunger fear not to be cloy'd,
And when they be, are cur'd by their Excess.

Enter Traxalla.

Trax. Now I shall see, what Thought her Heart conceals;
For that which Wisdom covers, Love reveals. [*Aside.*
Madam, the Prisoners are dispos'd.
Zemp. They are———
And how fares our young bluttering Man of War?
Does he support his Chains with Patience yet?
Trax. He, and the Princess, Madam———
Zemp. Are they met?———
Trax. No: but from whence is all this Passion grown?
Zemp. 'Twas a Mistake.
Trax. I find this rash Unknown
Is dangerous; and if not timely slain,
May plunge your Empire in new Wars again.
Zemp. Thank ye, I shall consider.
Trax. Is that all?
The Army doat on him, already call

You

You cruel, and for ought I know, they may
By Force Unchain, and Crown him in a Day.
Zemp. You say, I have already had their Curse
For his bad Usage; thou'lt I use him worse?
Trax. Yet once you fear'd his Reputation might
Obscure the Prince's in the People's Sight.
Zemp. Time will inform us best, what course to steer,
But let us not our sacred Vows defer:
The *Inca* and his Daughter both shall die.
Trax. He suffers justly for the War; but why
Shou'd she share his sad Fate? a poor Pretence,
That Birth shou'd make a Crime of Innocence.
Zemp. Yet we destroy the poisonous Vipers young,
Not for themselves, but those from whom they sprung.
Trax. O no, they die not for their Parents Sake,
But for the poisonous Seed which they partake:
Once more behold her, and then let her die,
If in that Face or Person you can see
But any Place to fix a Cruelty:
The Heavens have Clouds, and Spots are in the Moons
But faultless Beauty shines in her alone.
Zemp. Beauty has wrought Compassion in your Mind.
Trax. And you to Valour are become as kind.
To former Services there's something due.
Yet be advised———
Zemp. Yes, by my self, not you———
Trax. Princes are sacred.
Zemp. True, whilst they are free;
But Power once lost, farewel their Sanctity.
'Tis Power to which the Gods their Worship owe,
Which, uncontroul'd, makes all things just below:
Thou do'st the Plea of saucy Rebels use,
They will be Judge of what their Prince must chuse:
Hard Fate of Monarchs, not allow'd to know
When safe, but as their Subjects tell them so;
Then Princes but like publick Pageants move,
And seem to sway, because they sit above. [*Ex.* Zemp.
Trax. She loves him; in one Moment this new Guest
Has drove me out from this false Woman's Breast;

They

They that wou'd fetter Love with Constancy,
Make Bonds to chain themselves, but leave him free.
With what Impatience I her Falshood bear!
Yet do my self that which I blame in her;
But Interest in my own Cause makes me see
That Act unjust in her, but just in me. [Exit Teutilla.

Ismeron *asleep in the* SCENE.

Enter Zempoalla.

Zemp. Ho, *Ismeron*, *Ismeron*!
He stirs not; ha,— in such a dismal Cell
Can gentle Sleep with his soft Blessings dwell?
Must I feel Tortures in a human Breast,
While Beasts and Monsters can enjoy their Rest?
What Quiet they possess in Sleep's calm Bliss!
The Lions cease to roar, the Snakes to hiss,
While I am kept awake———
Only to entertain my Miseries.
Or if a Slumber steal upon my Eyes,
Some horrid Dream my lab'ring Soul benums,
And brings Fate to me sooner than it comes.
Fears most oppress, when Sleep has seiz'd upon
The outward Parts and left the Soul alone.
What envy'd Blessings these curs'd things enjoy!
Next to possess, 'tis Pleasure to destroy.
Ismeron; ho *Ismeron*, *Ismeron*! [Stamps.

Ism. Who's that, that with so loud and fierce a Call
Disturbs my Rest?

Zemp. She that has none at all,
Nor ever must, unless thy powerful Art
Can charm the Passions of a troubled Heart.

Ism. How can you have a discontented Mind,
To whom the Gods have lately been so kind?

Zemp. Their envious Kindness how can I enjoy,
When they give Blessings, and the Use destroy?

Ism. Dread Empress, tell the Cause of all your Grief;
If Art can help, be sure of quick Relief.

Zemp. I dream'd before the Altar that I led
A mighty Lion in a twisted Thread;

I

I shook to hold him in so slight a Tie,
Yet had not Power to seek a Remedy:
When in the midst of all my Fears, a Dove,
With hovering Wings, descended from above,
Flew to the Lion, and Embraces spread
With Wings, like clasping Arms, about his Head,
Making that murm'ring Noise, that cooing Doves
Use in the soft Expression of their Loves.
While I, fix'd by my Wonder, gaz'd to see
So mild a Creature with so fierce agree,
At last the gentle Dove turn'd from his Head,
And pecking try'd to break the slender Thread,
Which instantly she sever'd, and releas'd
From that small Bond the fierce and mighty Beast,
Who presently turn'd all his Rage on me,
And with his Freedom brought my Destiny.

Ism. Dread Empress, this strange Vision you relate
Is big with Wonder, and too full of Fate
Without the Gods Assistance to expound.
In those low Regions where sad Night hangs round
The drowsy Vaults, and where moist Vapors steep
The God's dull Brows that sways the Realm of Sleep;
There all th' informing Elements repair,
Swift Messengers of Water, Fire and Air,
To give Account of Actions whence they came,
And how they govern every mortal Frame;
How from their various Mixture, or their Strife,
Are known the Calms and Tempests of our Life:
Thence Souls, when Sleep their Bodies overcome,
Have some imperfect Knowledge of their Doom.
From those dark Caves those Powers shall strait appear;
Be not afraid, whatever Shapes they wear.

Zemp. There's nothing thou canst raise can make me start;
A living Form can only shake my Heart.

Ism. *You twice Ten hundred Deities,*
To whom we daily Sacrifice;
You Powers that dwell with Fate below,
And see what Men are doom'd to do;
Where Elements in Discord dwell;
Thou God of Sleep, arise and tell

Great

Great Zempoalla *what strange state*
Must on her dismal Vision wait.

Zemp. How slow these Spirits are! Call, make them rise,
Or they shall fast from Flame and Sacrifice.
Ism. Great Empress——
Let not your Rage offend what we adore,
And vainly threaten, when we must implore.
Sit and silently attend,——
While my powerful Charms I end.

By the Croaking of the Toad,
In their Caves that make abroad,
Earthy Dun *that pants for Breath,*
With her swell'd Sides full of Death;
By the crested Adders Pride,
That along the Clifts do glide;
By thy Visage fierce and black;
By the Death's-Head on thy Back;
By the twisted Serpents, plac'd
For a Girdle round thy Waste;
By the Hearts of Gold, that deck
Thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck:
From thy sleepy Mansion rise,
And open thy unwilling Eyes;
While bubbling Springs their Musick keep,
That use to lull thee in thy Sleep.
[*God of Dreams rises.*

God. Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd;
Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd:
Too busie Man wou'd find his Sorrows more,
If future Fortunes he shou'd know before;
For by that Knowledge of his Destiny
He wou'd not live at all, but always die; †
Enquire not then who shall from Bonds be freed,
Who 'tis shall wear a Crown, and who shall bleed:
All must submit to their appointed Doom;
Fate and Misfortune will too quickly come:

Let

Let me no more with powerful Charms be preſt,
I am forbid by Fate to tell the reſt. [*The God deſcends.*
Zemp. Stay Coz'ner, thou that hat'ſt clear Truth like Light,
And uſeſt Words dark as thy own dull Night.
You Tyrant Gods, do you refuſe to free
The Soul you gave from its Perplexity?
Why ſhou'd we in your Mercies ſtill believe,
When you can never pity tho' we grieve?
For you have bound yourſelves by harſh Decrees,
And thoſe, not you, are now the Deities.
[*Sits down ſad.*
Iſm. She droops under the Weight of Rage and Care:
You Spirits that inhabit in the Air,
With all your powerful Charms of Muſick try
To bring her Soul back to its Harmony.

SONG is ſuppos'd ſung by Aerial Spirits.

POOR *Mortals that are clog'd with Earth below*
Sink under Love and Care,
While we that dwell in Air
Such heavy Paſſions never know.
Why then ſhould Mortals be
Unwilling to be free
From Blood, that ſullen Cloud,
Which ſhining Souls does ſhroud?
Then they'll ſhew bright,
And, like us, light,
When leaving Bodies with their Care,
They fly to us and Air.

Zemp. Death on theſe Trifles: Cannot your Art find
Some Means to eaſe the Paſſions of the Mind?
Or if you cannot give a Lover Reſt,
Can you force Love into a fearful Breaſt?
Iſm. 'Tis Reaſon only can make Paſſions leſs;
Art gives not new, but may the Old increaſe;
Nor can it alter Love in any Breaſt
That is with other Flames before poſſeſs'd.

Zemp.

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Zemp. If this be all, your slighted Arts can do
I'll be a Fate both to your Gods and you;
I'll kindle other Flames, since I must burn,
And all their Temples into Ashes turn.

Ism. Great Queen.

Zemp. If you would have this Sentence staid,
Summon their Godheads quickly to your Aid:
And presently compose a Charm that may
Love's Flames into the Stranger's Breast convey.
The captive Stranger, he whose Sword and Eyes
Where-e'er they strike meet ready Victories:
Make him but burn for me in Flames like mine,
Victims shall bleed, and feasted Altars shine:
If not ——

Down go your Temples, and your Gods shall fall:
They have small Use of their Divinity. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and discovers Montezuma *sleeping in Prison.*

Enter Traxalla *leading in* Orazia.

Trax. NOW take your Choice, and bid him live or die;
To both shew Pity, or shew Cruelty:
'Tis you that must condemn, I'll only act;
Your Sentence is more cruel than my Fact.

Oraz. You are most cruel, to disturb a Mind
Which to approaching Fate was so resign'd.

Trax. Reward my Passions and you'll quickly prove
There's none dare sacrifice what I dare love.
Next to thee, Stranger, wake, and now resign
The bold Pretences of thy Love to mine,
Or in this fatal Minute thou shalt find ——

Mont. [*Waking.*]

Death,; Fool, in that thou may'st be just and kind:

Mont.

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'Twas I that lov'd *Orazia*, yet did raise
The Storm in which she sinks? Why dost thou gaze,
Or stay thy Hand from giving that just Stroke,
Which rather than prevent, I wou'd provoke?
When I am dead, *Orazia* may forgive;
She never must, if I dare wish to live.

Oraz. Hold, hold —— O *Montezuma*, can you be
So careless of your self, but more of me?
Tho' you have brought me to this Misery,
I blush to say I cannot see you die.

Mont. Can my approaching Fate such Pity move?
The Gods and you at once forgive and love.

Trax. Fond Fool, thus to mis-spend that little Breath
I lent thee to prevent, not hasten Death:
Let her thank you she was unfortunate,
And you thank her for pulling on your Fate;
Prove to each other your own Destinies. [*Draws.*

Enter Zempoalla hastily, and sets a Dagger to Orazia's Breast.

Zemp. Hold, ho'd, *Traxalla*, or *Orazia* dies.
O, is't *Orazia's* Name that makes you stay?
'Tis her great Power, not mine, that you obey.
Inhumane Wretch, dar'st thou the Murtherer be
Of him that is not yet condemn'd by me?

Trax. The Wretch that gave you all the Pow'r you have,
May venture sure to execute a Slave;
And quench a Flame your Fondness would have burn,
Which may this City into Ashes turn?
The Nation in your guilty Passion lost,
To me ungrateful, to your Country most:
But this shall be their Offering, I their Priest.

Zemp. The Wounds thou giv'st I'll copy on her Breast.
Strike, and I'll open here a Spring of Blood,
Shall add new Rivers to the crimson Flood.
How his pale Looks are fix'd on her! —— 'tis so.
Oh, does Amazement on your Spirit grow?
What, is your publick Love *Orazia's* grown?
Cou'dst thou see mine, and yet not hide thy own?
Suppose I shou'd strike first, wou'd it not breed
Grief in your publick Heart to see her bleed?

Trax.

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Trax. She mocks my Paſſions; in her ſparkling Eyes
Death and a chaſe diſſembled Fury lies:
I dare not truſt her thus.—— If ſhe muſt die,
The Way to her lov'd Life thro' mine ſhall lie.
[*He puts her by and ſteps before* Orazia, *and ſhe turns before* Montezuma.
Zemp. And he that does this Stranger's Fate deſign,
Muſt to his Heart a Paſſage force thro' mine.
Trax. Can fair *Orazia* yet no Pity have?
'Tis juſt ſhe ſhou'd her own Preſerver ſave.
Zemp. Can *Montezuma* ſo ungrateful prove
To her that gave him Life, and offers Love?
Orax. Can *Montezuma* live, and live to be
Juſt to another, and unjuſt to me?
You need not be ungrateful; can ſhe give
A Life to you, if you refuſe to live?
Forgive my Paſſion; I had rather ſee
You dead, than kind to any thing but me.
Mont. O my *Orazia!*
To what new Joys and Knowledge am I brought!
Are Death's hard Leſſons by a Woman taught?
How to deſpiſe my Fate I always knew;
But ne'er durſt think at once of Death and you:
Yet ſince you teach this generous Jealouſie,
I dare not with your Life, if I muſt die.
How much your Love my Courage does exceed!
Courage alone would ſhrink to ſee you bleed.
Zemp. Ungrateful Stranger! thou ſhalt pleaſe thy Eyes,
And gaze upon *Orazia* while ſhe dies.
I'll keep my Vow:—— It is ſome Joy to ſee
That my Revenge will prove my Piety.
Trax. Then both ſhall die; we have too long withſtood,
By private Paſſions ung'd, the publick Good.
Zemp. Sure he diſſembles, and perhaps may prove
My Ruin with his new ambitious Love:
Were but this Stranger kind, I'd croſs his Art,
And give my Empire where I gave my Heart. [*Aſide.*
Yet thou ungrateful Man,
Let thy approaching Ruin make thee wiſe.
Mont. Thee and thy Love and Miſchief I deſpiſe.

Zemp.

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Zemp. What shall I do? — some Way must yet be try'd.
What Reasons can she use whom Passions guide? [*Aside.*
Trax. Some black Designs are hatching now; false Eyes
Are quick to see another's Treacheries. [*Aside.*
Zemp. Rash Stranger, thus to pull down thy own Fate.
Mont. You, and that Life you offer me, I hate.
Enter Jaylor.
Zemp. Here Jaylor, — take — what Title must he have?
Slave — Slave — um! Then Captive to a Slave!
Why art thou thus unwilling to be free?
Mont. Death will release me from these Chains and thee.
Zemp. Here, Jaylor, take this Monster from my Sight,
And keep him where it may be always Night;
Let none come near him; if thou dost, expect
To pay thy Life the Price of the Neglect.
Mont. I scorn thy Pity, and thy Cruelty,
And thou'd despise a Blessing sent from thee.
Zemp. Oh Horror to my Soul! take him away;
My Rage like dam'd up Streams swell'd by some Stay,
Shall from this Opposition get new Force,
And leave the Bound of its old easie Course.
Come, my *Traxalla*, let us both forgive,
And in these Wretches Fates begin to live.
The Altars shall be crown'd with Funeral Boughs,
Peace-Off'rings pay'd, — but with unquiet Vows.
[*Ex. Zemp.* and *Trax.*
Orm. How are Things order'd, that the Wicked thou'd
Appear more kind and gentle than the Good!
Her Passion seems to make her kinder prove,
And I seem cruel thro' Excess of Love:
She loves, and wou'd prevent his Death; but I
That love him better, fear he shou'd not die.
My Jealousie, immortal as my Love,
Wou'd rob my Grave below, and me above,
Of Rest. — Ye Gods, if I repine, forgive;
You neither let me die in Peace, nor live.
Enter Acacis, Jaylor, and Indians.
Jayl. They are just gone, Sir.
Aca. 'Tis well: be faithful to my just design,
And all thy Prince's Fortune shall be thine. [*Ex. Acacis. Indian.*

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Indian. This shall to the Empress. [*Ex. Indian.*

Orax. What can this mean! ——
'Twas Prince *Acacis*, if I durst believe
My Sight; but Sorrow may, like Joy, deceive:
Each Object different from it self appears,
That comes not to the Eyes but thro' their Tears.

Enter Acacis *bringing in* Montezuma.

Ha! ——

Aca. Here, Sir, wear this again; [*Giving him his Sword.*
Now follow me.

Mont. So, very good; ——
I dare not think, for I may guess amiss;
None can deceive me, while I trust to this. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Orazia, *conducted by two* Indians, *with their Swords drawn:* Montezuma, Acacis *whispering another* Indian.

Aca. Think what a Weight upon thy Faith I lay.

Ind. I ne'er did more unwillingly obey.

Aca. First, *Montezuma*, take thy Liberty;
Thou gav'st me Freedom, here I set thee free;
We're equal now. Madam, the Danger's great
Of close Pursuit; to favour your Retreat
Permit we two a little while remain
Behind, while you go softly o'er the Plain.

Orax. Why shou'd I go before? What's your Intent?
Where is my Father? Whither am I sent?

Aca. Your Doubts shall soon be clear'd. Conduct her on.
So, *Montezuma*, we are now alone: [*Ex. Orazia.*
That which my Honour ow'd thee I have paid;
As Honour was, so Love must be obey'd.
I set *Orazia* as thy Captive free,
But as my Mistress ask her back from thee.

Mont. Thou hast perform'd what Honour bid thee do;
But Friendship bars what Honour prompts me to.
Friends shou'd not fight.

Aca. If Friendship we profess,
Let us secure each others Happiness;
One needs must die, and he shall happy prove
In her Remembrance, t'other in her Love.
My Guards wait near, and if I fail they must
Give up *Orazia*, or betray their Trust.

Mont.

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Mont. Suppose thou conquer'ſt, wou'dſt thou wander o'er
The *South-Sea* Sands, or the rough Northern Shore,
That parts thy ſpacious Kingdom from *Peru*;
And leaving Empire, hopeleſs Love purſue?

Aca. By which of all my Actions cou'd you gueſs,
Tho' more your Merit, that my Love was leſs?
What Prize can *Empire* with *Orazia* bear?
Or where Love fills the Breaſt, what Room for Fear?

Mont. Let fair *Orazia* then the Sentence give,
Elſe he may die whom ſhe deſires to live.

Aca. Your greater Merits bribe her to your Side;
My weaker Title muſt by Arms be try'd.

Mont. Oh Tyrant Love, how cruel are thy Laws!
I forfeit Friendſhip, or betray thy Cauſe.
That Perſon whom I wou'd defend from all
The World, that Perſon by my Hand muſt fall.

Aca. Our Lives we to each others Friendſhips owe;
But Love calls back what Friendſhip did beſtow:
Love has its Cruelties, but Friendſhip none;
And we now fight in Quarrels not our own. [*Fight.*

Enter Orazia.

Oraz. What Noiſe is this?——
Hold, hold! what Cauſe cou'd be ſo great to move
This furious Hatred?——

Mont. 'Twas our furious Love.——

Aca. Love, which I hid till I had ſet you free,
And bought your Pardon with my Liberty:
That done, I thought I leſs unjuſtly might
With *Montezuma* for *Orazia* fight;
He has prevail'd, and I muſt now confeſs
His Fortune greater, not my Paſſion leſs;
Yet cannot yield ye, till his Sword remove
A dying Rival that holds faſt his Love.

Oraz. Who ever falls, 'tis my Protector ſtill,
And then the Crime's as great to die as kill.
Acacis, do not hopeleſs Love purſue,
But live, and this ſoft Malady ſubdue.

Aca. You bid me live, and yet command me die:
I am not worth your Care; Fly, Madam, fly,
While I fall here unpitied, o'er this Plain,
Free from Purſuit, the pathleſs Mountains gain; And

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And these Exchanges,
As they would have me think their Friendship true.
Leave me alone to serve and follow you:
Make haste, fair Princess, to avoid that Fate,
Which does for your unhappy Father wait.
Oraz. Is he then left to die, and shall he see
Himself forsaken e'er his Death, by me?
Mont. What would you do? ——
Oraz. To Prison I'll return,
And there in Fetters with my Father mourn.
Mont. That saves not his, but throws your Life away.
Oraz. Duty shall give what Nature once must pay.
Aca. Life is the Gift, which Heaven and Parents give,
And Duty best preserves it, if you live.
Oraz. I should but further from my Fountain fly,
And like an unfed Stream run on and die:
Urge me no more, and do not grieve to see
Your Honour rival'd by my Piety.
[*Exit. She goes softly off, and often looks back.*
Mont. If Honour would not, Shame would lead the Way.
I'll back with her.
Aca. Stay, *Montezuma*, stay ——
Thy Rival cannot let thee go alone,
My Love will bear me, tho' my Blood is gone.
[*As they are going off,*
Enter Zempoalla, Traxalla, *the* Indian *that went to tell her, and the rest, and seizes them.*
Zemp. Seize them ——
Aca. Oh, *Montezuma*, thou art lost.
Mont. No, more proud Heart, thy useless Courage boast.
Courage, thou Curse of the Unfortunate,
That canst encounter, not resist ill Fate.
Zemp. Acacis bleeds. ——
What barbarous Hand has wounded thus my Son?
Mont. 'Twas I, by my unhappy Sword 'twas done.
Thou bleed'st, poor Prince, and I am left to grieve
My Rival's Fall.
Traxa. He bleeds, but yet may live.
Aca. Friendship and Love my failing Strength renew,
I dare not die, when I should live for you.

My

My Death were now my Crime, as it wou'd be
My Guilt to live when I have ſet you free:
Thus I muſt ſtill remain unfortunate;
Your Life and Death are equally my Fate.

Orazia *comes back.*

Oraz. A Noiſe again! alas, what do I ſee!
Love thou didſt once give Place to Piety;
Now Piety, let Love triumph awhile.
Here, bind my Hands: Come, *Montezuma*, ſmile
At Fortune, ſince thou ſuffer'ſt for my Sake,
Orazia will her Captive's Chains partake.

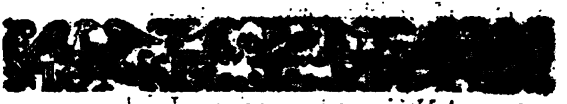
Mont. Now, Fate, thy worſt.

Zemp. Lead to the Temple ſtraight,
A Prieſt, and Altar for theſe Lovers wait:
They ſhall be join'd, they ſhall.

Traxc. And I will prove——
Thoſe Joys in Vengeance which I want in Love.

Aca. I'll quench your Thirſt with Blood, and will deſtroy
My ſelf, and with my ſelf, your cruel Joy.
Now, *Montezuma*, ſince *Orazia* dies,
I'll fall before thee, the firſt Sacrifice;
My Title in her Death ſhall exceed thine;
As much as in her Life; thy Hopes did mine:
And when with our mixt Blood the Altar's dy'd,
Then our new Title let the Gods decide. [*Exeunt.*

ACT



ACT V. SCENE I.

The Scene opens, and discovers the Temple of the Sun all of Gold, and four Priests in Habits of white and red Feathers, attending by a bloody Altar, as ready for Sacrifice.

Then Enter the Guards, and Zempoalla, and Traxalla; Tutu, Orazia, and Montezuma bound; as soon as they are plac'd, the Priest sings.

SONG.

YOU to whom Victory we owe,
Whose Glories rise
By Sacrifice,
And from our Fates below;
Never did yet your Altars shine
Feasted with Blood so near divine;
Princes to whom we bow,
As they to you,
Thus you can ravish from a Throne,
And by their Loss of Power declare your own.

Zemp. NOW to inflict those Punishments that are
Due to the Authors of invasive War;
Who to deceive th' oppressed World, like you,
Invent false Quarrels to conceal the true.

Inca. My Quarrel was the same that all the Gods
Must have to thee, if there be any odds
Betwixt those Titles that are bad or good,
To Crowns descended, or usurpt by Blood:

Swell

Swell not with this Succeſs; 'twas not to thee,
But to this Man, the Gods gave Victory.
Mont. Since I muſt periſh by my own Succeſs,
Think my Misfortunes more, my Crimes the leſs;
And ſo forgiving, make me pleas'd to die,
Thus puniſh'd for this guilty Victory.
Inca. Death can make Virtue eaſie; I forgive:
That Word wou'd prove too hard, were I to live:
The Honour of a Prince wou'd then deny;
But in the Grave all our Diſtinctions die.
Mont. Forgive me one Thing yet; to thy I love,
Let it no more your Scorn or Anger move,
Since dying in one Flame, my Aſhes muſt
Embrace and mingle with *Orazia*'s Duſt.
Inca. Name thy bold Love no more, leſt that laſt Breath
Which ſhou'd forgive, I riſle with my Death.
Oraz. Oh my dear Father! Oh, why may not I,
Since you gave Life to me, for you now die?
Mont. 'Tis I that wrought this Miſchief ought to fall;
A juſt and willing Sacrifice for all.
Now, *Zempoalla*, be both juſt and kind,
And in my Fate let me thy Mercy find:
Be grateful then, and grant me that Eſteem,
That as I live, ſo dead I may redeem.
Oraz. O do not for her cruel Mercy move;
None ſhou'd ask Pity but from thoſe they love. [*Weeps.*
Inca. Fond Girl, to let thy diſobedient Eyes
Show a Concern for him whom I deſpiſe.
Oraz. How Love and Nature may divide a Breaſt,
At once by both their Pow'rs ſeverely preſt!
Yet, Sir, ſince Love ſeems leſs, you may forgive,
I wou'd not have you die, nor have him live;
Yet if he dies, alas what ſhall I do?
I cannot die with him, and live with you.
Mont. How vainly we purſue this generous Strife,
Parting in Death more cruel than in Life!
Weep not, we both ſhall have one Deſtiny,
As in one Flame we liv'd, in one we'll die.
Trax. Why do we waſte in vain theſe precious Hours?
Each Minute of his Life may hazard ours:

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The Nation does not live, whilſt he enjoys
His Life; it is his Safety that deſtroys.
He ſhall fall firſt, and teach the reſt to die.
Zemp. Hold———
Who is it that commands———ha, you or I?
Your Zeal grows ſaucy; ſure you may allow
Your Empreſs Freedom firſt to pay her Vow.
Trax. She may allow———a Juſtice to be done
By him that rais'd his Empreſs to her Throne.
Zemp. You are too bold———
Trax. And you too paſſionate.
Zemp. Take heed, with his, you urge not your own Fate.
For all this Pity is now due to me.
Mont. I hate thy offer'd Mercy more than thee.
Trax. Why will not then the fair *Orazia* give
Life to her ſelf, and let *Traxalla* live?
Mont. *Orazia* will not live, and let me die;
She taught me firſt this cruel Jealouſie.
Orаz. I joy that you have learn'd it———
That Flame not like immortal Love appears
Where Death can cool its Warmth, or kill its Fears.
Zemp. What ſhall I do? am I ſo quite forlorn,
No Help from my own Pride, nor from his Scorn!
My Rival's Death may more effectual prove;
He that is robb'd of Hope, may ceaſe to love: [*Aſide.*
Here, lead theſe Offerings to their Deaths.
Trax. Let none———
Obey, but he that will pull on his own.
Zemp. Tempt me not thus, falſe and ungrateful too.
Trax. Juſt as ungrateful, and as falſe, as you.
Zemp. 'Tis thy falſe Love that fears her Deſtiny.
Trax. And your falſe Love that fears to have him die.
Zemp. Seize the bold Traitor.
Trax. What a ſlighted Frown
Troubles your Brow? Fear'd nor obey'd by none;
Come, prepare for Sacrifice.
Enter Acacis *weakly.*
Aca. Hold, hold; ſuch Sacrifices cannot be.
Devotion's but a ſolemn Cruelty:

Hom

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How can the Gods delight in humane Blood?
Think 'em not cruel; if you think 'em good.
In vain we ask that Mercy which they want,
And hope that Pity, which they hate to grant.
Zemp. Retire, *Acasis*———
Preserve thy self, for 'tis in vain to waste
Thy Breath for them: the fatal Vow is past.
Aca. To break that Vow is juster, than commit
A greater Crime, by your preserving it.
Zemp. The Gods themselves their own Will best express
To like the Vow, by giving the Success.
Asa. If all Things by Success are understood,
Men that make War, grow wicked to be good:
But did you vow, those that were overcome,
And he that conquer'd both, shou'd share one Doom?
There's no Excuse; for one of these must be
Not your Devotion, but your Cruelty.
Trax. To that rash Stranger, Sir, we nothing owe;
What he had rais'd, he strove to overthrow:
That Duty lost, which shou'd our Actions guide,
Courage proves Guilt, when Merits swell to Pride.
Aca. Dar'st thou, who didst thy Prince's Life betray,
Once name that Duty, thou hast thrown away:
Like thy Injustice to this Stranger shown,
To tax him with a Guilt, that is thy own?———
Can you, brave Soldiers, suffer him to die,
That gave you Life, in giving Victory?
Look but upon this Stranger, see these Hands,
That brought you Freedom, fetter'd up in Bands.
Not one looks up———
Lest sudden Pity shou'd their Hearts surprize,
And steal into their Bosoms, through their Eyes.
Zemp. Why thus in vain, are thy weak Spirits prest?
Restore thy self, to thy more needful Rest.
Aca. And leave *Orazia*———
Zemp. Go, you must resign———
For, she must be the Gods; not yours, nor mine.
Aca. You are my Mother, and my Tongue is ty'd
So much by Duty, that I dare not chide.
Divine *Orazia*———

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Can you have ſo much Mercy to forgive?
I do not ask it, with Deſign to live,
But in my Death, to have my Torments ceaſe:
Death is not Death, when it can bring no Peace.

Orax. I both forgive, and pity———

Aca. O ſay no more, leſt Words leſs kind deſtroy,
What theſe have rais'd in me of Peace and Joy;
You ſaid, you did both pity, and forgive;
You wou'd do neither, ſhou'd *Acacis* live.
By Death alone the certain Way appears,
Thus to hope Mercy, and deſerve your Tears.
[*Stabs himſelf.*

Zemp. O my *Acacis!*———
What cruel Cauſe cou'd urge this fatal Deed? [*Weeps.*
He faints! help, help, ſome Help, or he will bleed
His Life and mine away:
Some Water there—Not one ſtirs from his Place;
I'll uſe my Tears, to ſprinkle on his Face.

Aca. Orazia!———

Zemp. Fond Child, why do'ſt thou call upon her Name?
I am thy Mother.

Aca. No, you are my Shame,
That Blood is ſhed that you had Title in,
And with your Title may it end your Sin:
Unhappy Prince, you may forgive me now,
Thus bleeding for my Mother's cruel Vow.

Inca. Be not concern'd for me———
Death's eaſier than the Changes I have ſeen,
I wou'd not live to truſt the World again.

Mont. Into my Eyes Sorrow begins to creep:
When Hands are ty'd, it is no Shame to weep.

Aca. Dear *Montezuma*,
I may be ſtill your Friend, though I muſt die
Your Rival in her Love; Eternity
Has Room enough for both, there's no Deſire,
Where to enjoy is only to admire:
There we'll meet Friends, when this ſhort Storm is paſt.

Mont. Why muſt I tamely wait to periſh laſt?

Aca. Orazia weeps, and my parcht Soul appears
Refreſh'd by that kind Shower of pitying Tears;

Forgive

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Forgive thoſe Faults my Paſſion did commit,
'Tis puniſh'd with the Life that nouriſh'd it:
I had no Power in this Extremity
To ſave your Life, and leſs to ſee you die.
My Eyes wou'd ever on this Object ſtay,
But ſinking Nature takes the Props away.
——Kind Death——
To end with Pleaſures all my Miſeries,
Shuts up your Image in my cloſing Eyes. [*Dies.*

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. To Arms, to Arms.

Trax. From whence this ſudden Fear?

Meſ. Stand to your Guard, my Lord, the Danger's near:
From every Quarter Crowds of People meet,
And leaving Houſes empty, fill the Street. [*Ex. Meſ.*

Trax. Fond Queen, thy fruitleſs Tears a while defer.
Riſe, we muſt join again——Not ſpeak, nor ſtir!
I hear the People's Voice, like Winds that roar,
When they purſue the flying Waves to ſhore.

Enter ſecond Meſſenger.

2 *Meſ.* Prepare to fight, my Lord; the baniſh'd Queen,
With old *Guerreca*, in the Streets are ſeen.

Trax. We muſt go meet them e'er it be too late;
Yet, Madam, riſe; have you no Senſe of Fate?

Enter third Meſſenger.

3 *Meſ.* King *Montezuma*, their loud Shouts proclaim;
The City rings with their new Sovereign's Name;
The baniſht Queen declares he is her Son,
And to his Succour all the People run. [*Zempoalla riſes.*

Zemp. Can this be true? O Love! O Fate! have I
Thus doated on my mortal Enemy?

Trax. To my new Prince I thus my Homage pay;
Your Reign is ſhort, young King.

Zemp. Traxalla, ſtay——
'Tis to my Hand that he muſt owe his Fate:
I will revenge at once my Love and Hate.
[*She ſets a Dagger to* Montezuma's *Breaſt.*

Trax. Strike, ſtrike, the conquering Enemy is near,
My Guards are preſs'd while you detain me here.

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Zemp. Die then, ungrateful, die; *Amexia's* Son
Shall never triumph on *Asaci's* Throne:
Thy Death muſt my unhappy Flames remove;
Now where is thy Defence——against my Love?
[*She cuts the Cords, and gives him the Dagger.*
Trax. Am I betray'd?
[*He draws and thruſts at* Montezuma, *he puts it by, and kills him.*
Mont. So may all Rebels die:
This End has Treaſon join'd with Cruelty.
Zemp. Live thou whom I muſt love, and yet muſt hate;
She gave thee Life, who knows it brings her Fate.
Mont. Life is a Trifle which I wou'd not take,
But for *Orazia's* and her Father's Sake:
Now, *Inca*, hate me, if thou canſt; for he
Whom thou haſt ſcorn'd, will die, or reſcue thee.
As he goes to attack the Guards with Traxalla's *Sword,*
Enter Amexia, Garrucca, Indians *driving ſome of the other Party before them.*
Gar. He lives, ye Gods, he lives! Great Queen, ſee here
Your coming Joys, and your departing Fear.
Amex. Wonder and Joy ſo faſt together flow,
Their Haſte to paſs has made their Paſſage ſlow;
Like ſtruggling Waters in a Veſſel pent,
Whoſe crowding Drops choak up the narrow Vent.
My Son—— [*She imbraces him.*
Mont. I am amaz'd, it cannot be
That Fate has ſuch a Joy in Store for me.
Amex. Can I not gain Belief, that this is true?
Mont. It is my Fortune I ſuſpect, not you.
Gar. Firſt ask him if he old *Garrucca* know.
Mont. My honour'd Father, let me fall thus low.
Gar. Forbear, great Prince, 'tis I muſt pay to you
That Adoration, as my Soveraign's Due:
For from my humble Race you did not ſpring,
You are the Iſſue of our murther'd King,
Sent by that Traytor to his bleſt Abode,
Whom to be made a King, he made a God:
The Story is too full of Fate to tell,
Or what ſtrange Fortune our loſt Queen befel.

Amex.

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Amex. That ſad Relation longer Time will crave;
I liv'd obſcure, he bred you in a Cave,
But kept the mighty Secret from your Ear,
Leſt Heat of Blood to ſome ſtrange Courſe ſhou'd ſteer
Your Youth——

Mont. I owe him all that now I am,
He taught me firſt the noble Thirſt of Fame,
Shew'd me the Baſeneſs of unmanly Fear,
'Till th' unlick'd Whelp I pluck'd from the rough Bear,
And made the Ounce and Tyger give me Way.
While from their hungry Jaws I ſnatch'd the Prey:
'Twas he that charg'd my young Arms firſt with Toils,
And dreſt me glorious in my ſalvage Spoils.——

Ger. You ſpent in ſhady Foreſts all the Day,
And joy'd returning to ſhew me the Prey:
To tell the Story, to deſcribe the Place,
With all the Pleaſures of the boaſted Chaſe;
'Till fit for Arms, I reav'd you from your Sport,
To train your Youth in the *Peruvian* Court:
I left you there, and ever ſince have been
The ſad Attendant of my exil'd Queen.

Zemp. My fatal Dream comes to my Memory;
That Lion whom I held in Bonds was he,
Montezuma was the Dove that broke his Chains;
What now but *Zempoalla*'s Death remains?

Mont. Pardon, fair Princeſs, if I muſt delay
My Love a-while my Gratitude to pay.
Live, *Zempoalla*,——free from Dangers live;
For preſent Merits I paſt Crimes forgive:
Oh might ſhe hope *Orazia*'s Pardon too.——

Oraz. I wou'd have none condemn'd for loving you;
In me her Merit much her Fault o'erpowers,
She ſought my Life, but ſhe preſerv'd me yours.

Amex. Taught by my own, I pity her Eſtate,
And wiſh her Penitence, but not her Fate.

Inca. I wou'd not be the laſt to bid her live;
Kings beſt revenge their Wrongs, when they forgive.

Zemp. I cannot yet forget what I have been:
Wou'd you give Life to her that was a Queen?

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Must you then give, and must I take? there's yet
One Way, that's by refusing to be great:
You bid me live——bid me be wretched too;
Think, think, what Pride unthron'd must undergo:
Look on this Youth, *Amexia*, look, and then
[*Pointing to* Acacis's *Body.*
Suppose him yours, and bid me live again;
A greater Sweetness on these Lips there grows,
Than Breath shut out from a new folded Rose:
What lovely Charms on these cold Cheeks appear!
Cou'd any one hate Death, and see it here?
But thou art gone——
Mont. O that you wou'd believe,
Acacis lives in me, and cease to grieve.
Zemp. Yes, I will cease to grieve, and cease to be:
His Soul stays watching in his Wound for me;
All that cou'd render Life desir'd is gone,
Orazia has my Love, and you my Throne:
And Death *Acacis*——yet I need not die,
You leave me Mistress of my Destiny;
In spight of Dreams, how am I pleas'd to see
Heaven's Truth or Falshood shou'd depend on me;
But I will help the Gods;
The greatest Proof of Courage we can give,
Is then to die, when we have Power to live. [*Kills her self.*
Mont. How fatally that Instrument of Death
Was hid——.
Amex. She has expir'd her latest Breath.
Mont. But there lies one to whom all Grief is due.
Oraz. None e'er was so unhappy and so true.
Mont. Your Pardon, Royal Sir.
Inca. You have my Love. [*Gives him* Oraz.
Amex. The Gods, my Son, your happy Choice approve.
Mont. Come, my *Orazia*, then, and pay with me,
Some Tears to poor *Acacis*' Memory; [*Leads her to* Acacis.
So strange a Fate for Men the Gods ordain,
Our clearest Sun-shine shou'd be mixt with Rain;
How equally our Joys and Sorrows move!
Death's fatal Triumphs join'd with those of Love.
Love crowns the Dead, and Death crowns him that lives,
Each gains the Conquest which the other gives. [*Exe. omn.*

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EPILOGUE

Spoken by *Montezuma.*

YOU see what Shifts we are inforc'd to try,
To help out Wit with some Variety;
Shows may be found that never yet were seen,
'Tis hard to find such Wit as ne'er has been:
You have seen all that this old World cou'd do,
We therefore try the Fortune of the New,
And hope it is below your Aim to hit
At untaught Nature with your practis'd Wit:
Our naked Indians *then, when Wits appear,*
Won'd as soon chuse to have the Spaniards *here:*
'Tis true, y'have Marks enough, the Plot, the Show,
The Poet's Scenes, nay, more, the Painter's too:
If all this fail, considering the Cost,
'Tis a true Voyage to the Indies *lost:*
But if you smile on all, then these Designs,
Like the imperfect Treasure of our Minds,
'Twill pass for current whereso'er they go,
When to your bounteous Hands their Stamps they owe.

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THE VESTAL VIRGIN: OR, THE *Roman* LADIES.

A TRAGEDY.

(1697.)

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR 1722.

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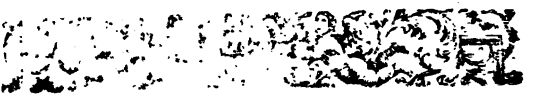

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PROLOGUE.

Prologues, like Forlorn-hopes, first face the Stage,
Before the main Battalions do engage:
Juſt ſo our Poet, doubtful of the Day,
Ventures his Prologue firſt, and next his Play.
But ſtay, I fancy that I hear one call;
I'll ſtep but to the Door, and tell you all.
'Troth 'tis the Poet's Voice; now Danger's near,
He ſends me back as his Commiſſioner,
To treat that he might fairly march away,
If you wou'd be content to have no Play.
He offers fair: Shou'd it prove very bad,
As like enough it will, you'd wiſh you had:
He has been wounded, Proofs there need no more
Than what you know, that he has writ before;
For ſure none ever ſcap'd that ever writ;
There's no being ſhot-free in the Wars of Wit:
Poets by Dangers like old Soldiers taught,
Grow wiſe, and ſhun the Fame which once they ſought.
But if he muſt proceed ———
Wou'd you wou'd tell him which of all the Ways
You like in Prologues, us'd to help out Plays.
Some tell you Stories of the former Age,
And ſwear that Faction now undoes the Stage;
Sure ſuch believe you'll do as you are bid,
And that you paid your Money to be chid.
Some craftier Poets at each other hit,
Knowing grave Rudeneſs has been took for Wit;
This does a wretched Dearth of Wit betray,
When things of Kind on one another prey.
Some Prologues are more modeſtly addreſs'd,
Juſt like Petitions, thoſe he thinks are beſt:
For ſuch a one he means that this ſhall be,
And therefore humbly ſhews, *as you ſhall ſee.*

Dramatis

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

EMILIUS, a *Roman* Senator of great Quality.
Sertorius, one that had been a General; a brave Man, of a high Spirit.
Sulpitius, his Brother, of a treacherous Nature.
Mutius, one that had been a Lieutenant of a Province, a Lover of War.
Artabaces, Prince of *Armenia*, driven from his Country by the *Romans*.
Tiridates, his younger Brother. Priſoner at large in *Rome*, and kept as Hoſtage till his Brother came in.
Caska, Servant to *Sertorius*.
Corbulo, and four or five more *Veterans*.

WOMEN.

Herſilia, Daughter to *Emilius*.
Vergilia, her Siſter, the Veſtal.
Marcellina, their Couſin.

SCENE, *ROME*.

THE

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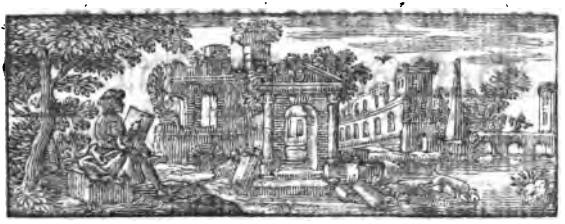

THE VESTAL VIRGIN: OR, THE *Roman* LADIES.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Sertorius *and* Sulpitius.

SERTORIUS.

NOT speak to her, nor see her!

Sulp. But for a few Days.

Sert. A Minute is too much.

Sulp. Be but patient.

Sert. And tamely wait upon my Rival's Triumph.

Sulp. You do mistake.

Sert. So do you, to think a *Roman* Soul can be
So mean, to stoop to his own Victory;
Submitting to a Prince's empty Name,
And tamely yield unto a vanquish'd Fame.

Sulp.

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Sulp. Your Paſſion tells you wrong; 'tis not that Prince,
But 'tis *Herſilia* ſends you theſe Commands.
Sert. I care not whence they came, I like 'em not.
Sulp. You throw away your Fury now as wildly,
As Tempeſts waſte their giddy Violence.
Sert. No matter: raging Storms grow loud and high
When they are moſt oppos'd, and ſo will I.
Sulp. Am not I your Brother!
Sert. Is not Prince *Tiridates*, as you call him,
Your boſom Friend?
Sulp. You are not jealous, are you, that his Friendſhip
Makes me betray the Truſt you plac'd in me?
Sert. You ſhou'd have ſcrupled then to bring a Brother
Such an unwelcome Meſſage.
Sulp. Conſult a little with your Prudence.
Sert. Wiſdom's too froward to let any find
Truſt in himſelf, or Pleaſure in his Mind;
She takes by what ſhe gives; her Help deſtroys:
She ſhakes our Courage, and diſturbs our Joys:
Raſhneſs allows unto the ſudden Senſe
All its own Joys, and adds her Confidence.
Sulp. You have not Patience but to hear the Circumſtance,
Sert. Well, well, what is't? quickly then.
Sulp. 'Tis more than you deſerve.
Sert. Then keep it for your ſelf.
Sulp. They properly belong to you,
Since they were her Commands; when ſhe ſent them
She mingled Trouble with her ſeeming Cruelty,
—Then ſigh'd, and paus'd—then bid me tell you,
Her Father was ſo kind to *Tiridates*,
She cou'd no other way deny his Viſits,
But by forbidding yours for ſome few Days,
To give her ſelf time to attempt ſome Friends,
To try their Intereſt to perſwade her Father
That ſhe with Freedom may be left to chuſe
Where Inclination guides her.
Sert. Um'h.
Sulp. Now, Sir, is the Circumſtance ſo trivial?
Sert. But was this all ſhe ſaid?
Sulp. Was not this enough?

Sert.

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Sert. As it may prove——
You are ſure *Tiridates* will be forbid too.——
——Are you not?
Sulp. As I ſuppoſe.
Sert. I will be ſure of that,—or elſe—
Sulp. What need you queſtion it? in a few Hours
You will diſcover that you are abus'd,
If there be foul Play meant on any Side.
Sert. That's true,——but——
Sulp. Come, trouble your ſelf no more, but ſtrictly
Obſerve what ſhe commands.
Theſe Starts are the Convuſions of weak Reaſon,
When Fits of Paſſion grow too ſtrong upon you.
We have all our haggard Paſſions, but none ſo wild
Or ſo unmann'd as yours;——
They may be tam'd and brought from their Exceſs,
And watch'd by Reaſon into Gentleneſs.
Sert. Without your Simile, I will endeavour to endure it,
——But——
Sulp. But what?
Sert. I find a Mutiny in all my Faculties,
That will not yield to this Ceſſation;
My Tongue ſeems to conſent without Commiſſion:
But I'll go wrangle with my ſelf,
And will obey her—if I can— [*Ex.* Sertorius.
Sulp. Where muſt my wild Beginnings find an End?
Nature and Friendſhip; Brother too, and Friend;
Titles that grow in Soils ſo rich and good,
Whoſe Roots are ſpread in Honour and in Blood:
Yet all thoſe Ties keep not their Hold ſo faſt,
As to oppoſe unſhaken but one Blaſt
Of Love's unruly Storm; great Trees fall ſo,
Pulling up all about 'em where they grow.
Enter Tiridates, *runs to* Sulpitius, *and embraces him.*
Tir. O my *Sulpitius*, thou that canſt prove
Friend to the Rival of thy Brother's Love;
Have you yet ſpoke of me, and wou'd ſhe hear?
'Tis not thy Friendſhip, but her Love I fear.
Sulp. I did not name you.

Tir.

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Tir. ——— Perhaps, you did not dare.
Methinks concern'd Phyſicians, in deſpair,
Gaze on their Patients as you ſtare on me,
And from their Skill ſink to their Piety.
Sulp. I wiſh *Herſilia* had not nam'd you.
Tir. You are my Friend.
Sulp. And therefore cou'd not like th' unwelcome Office
That ſhe has put upon me.
Tir. Cou'd you diſlike what ſhe commands!
Sulp. Yes, I do, or elſe I muſt repent
My Love to you, and grow indifferent.
Know, 'tis the cruel fair *Herſilia*'s Pleaſure
You ſhou'd forbear to viſit her, or if you meet her,
To ſpeak to her for ſome few Days.
[*He looks down as ſad.*
Tir. Why ſhou'd *Herſilia* cruelly contrive
Death for that Paſſion which ſhe keeps alive?
But 'tis a Guilt to queſtion or repine;
She acts like what ſhe ſeems, ſomething divine:
For when Mankind their frailer Paſſions ſhow,
Thoſe Pow'rs above condemn that made them ſo.
Sulp. I fear'd 'twou'd trouble you, for I can find
A Meaſure of your Sorrows by my Mind.
Tir. Did ſhe not tell you why?
Sulp. ——— That ſhe refus'd,
Tho' I ſtill preſt it, to find out her End,
More than became one that was leſs your Friend:
At laſt continuing ſtill importunate,
She told me with a Smile, 'twas not her Hate,
Nor Love unto another was the Cauſe,
She ſeem'd to be ſo cruel in theſe Laws.
Tir. When I loſt my Brother ———
Brave *Artabanes*, whom I cou'd not call
More Brother than a Friend; for he was all;
I did not think a Friendſhip cou'd expreſs
It ſelf ſo great, to make his Loſs the leſs:
But thine, my dear *Sulpitius*, is above
The Rules and Meaſures of the ſtricteſt Love.
You might have hop'd to ſee your Brother's Joy,
Sprung from thoſe harſh Commands which mine deſtroy.
Sulp.

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Sulp. My Love unto *Sertorius* is not ſtill,
I wiſh his Gratitude, his Happineſs,
To pay great *Marcellina* all Love's Scores,
Whom every *Roman* but himſelf adores.
Why do you droop? fie, fie, do not give way
To your encroaching Griefs; hope and obey:
In the mean time, during your Baniſhment,
In my beſt Love and Care reſt confident.
I'll weary her with Pray'rs, till I obtain
Leave from her Lips to call you back again.

Tir. My Hopes are only rais'd by thy kind Charms,
O let me always hold thee in my Arms. [*Embraces.*

Enter Sertorius.

Sert. I muſt go back and tell him 'tis impoſſible.
——Ha——twilled.——

Sulp. How, my Brother!——
I muſt ſay ſomething quickly; but——what——
——Brother——perhaps you wonder——

Sert. Yes, I do.

Sulp. I mean, to ſee my Kindneſs at this time
So great to *Tiridates:* but as a Friend,
I cou'd not be exempt from Pity.

Sert. What Pity does he need?

Sulp. It ſeems much more than you,
In the ſevere Commands of fair *Horſilia:*
He is for ever baniſh'd; no Time nor Hopes
Allow'd to him; you are too generous
To ſwell upon his ſinking.

Sert. That I deſpiſe.

Sulp. Pray give me leave at leaſt to ſhew
That Pity which a Friend ought to beſtow:
Perhaps the Reaſons of a Friend may prove
A Balm to cure the Wounds of hopeleſs Love.
——I cou'd not ſtay a Minute, Sir,—— [*Goes to* Tiridates.
From telling you the happy News
Which you may find writ in my Brother's Looks.
The fair and ſoft *Horſilia* has pronounc'd
His Baniſhment for ever.——

Enter

Enter Herfilia *and* Marcellina.

Ha, *Herfilia!* what new Confuſions croud upon me?
How near my Plots are to Diſcovery!
I muſt out-face Fortune and Honeſty.
[*He ſteps to* Sertorius *haſtily.*
Brother, give not *Tiridates* the Advantage
To ſeem more pleas'd than you in his Obedience.
I'll inſtantly attempt to ſerve you. [*Goes to* Herfilia.
——Madam, this unexpected Happineſs
Adds to the Greatneſs of it.

Herf. The Coolneſs of the Evening, and theſe Walks,
Invited out me and my Couſin,
Not thinking to have met ſo much good Company
As you, Prince *Tiridates,* and *Sertorius.*
[*She curtſies to them, and they bow and ſtand ſtill.*
——Ha——*Marcellina,* a Word.
[*Speaks aſide with* Marcellina.
D'ye not obſerve what an unuſual Diſtance
Prince *Tiridates* and *Sertorius* keep?

Marc. I both obſerve and wonder.

Herf. Peace, let's be gone——
We have almoſt tir'd our ſelves, Sir,
And were juſt now returning home.

Sulp. Permit me, Madam, to receive the Honour
Of waiting on you; I have ſomething to acquaint you with.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam,
Your Siſter the fair *Virginia* is juſt now
Brought from the *Veſtals,* and begs to ſee you.

Herf. I long as much to look on her:
They ſay ſhe is much alter'd.——
—This is ſtrange, *Marcellina.*——
[*Looks at* Tiridates *and* Sertorius.

Sulp. I will return preſently; till then be ſilent: [*To* Sert.
I wait upon you, Madam. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Tiridates *and* Sertorius; *they ſtare at one another;*
at laſt Sertorius *ſpeaks.*

Sert. I hope you do not think that I forbore
To ſpeak my Love and Thoughts unto *Herfilia,*
Becauſe a Rival did look on?

Tir.

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Tir. Nor did that hinder me to own my Love.
Sert. Your Hopes upon her Father's Friendſhip move.
Tir. The Greatneſs of my Love is its own Aid.
Sert. Some uſe of empty Titles might be made:
There is a Noiſe with Names of Princes brought;
Yet though her Father is with nothing caught,
Thoſe that have conquer'd Princes need not ſhow
Reſpect to Titles which they can beſtow.
Tir. Cou'd any *Roman* Sword find Victory,
As ſoon as you can with your Vanity,
A Prince indeed might tremble then to hear,
But now he ſmiles at what you'd have him fear.
Sert. O you ſhall ſee that I can keep my Word,
And ſhew no *Roman* e'er out-talk'd his Sword;
[*They draw and fight.*
To this a greater Quarrel yet I join,
Herſilia's Cauſe, they equally are mine.
Enter Sulpitius, *runs in and parts them.*
Sulp. Hold, hold, hear me but ſpeak:
From what hid Cauſe does all this Fury break?
Sert. Love is our Cauſe, which we reſolve to truſt
To our own Swords, we're ſure that they are juſt.
Tir. 'Tis mean to wait for one to be deny'd,
And to refer that which we may decide:
Death is the certain Umpire that makes Friends;
With him that dies *Herſilia's* Trouble ends.
Sert. Stand by, and ſince you wear the double Tyes
Of Friend and Brother, look with equal Eyes.
Sulp. Muſt *Herſilia* thus
Be ſav'd from Trouble by the Loſs of Fame?
Your Swords will wound her yet unſpotted Name;
No drop of Blood you ſhed, but will remain
Upon her injur'd Innocence, a Stain;
She will be equally oblig'd to hate
The Victor's Life; the Vanquiſh'd in his Fate.
Sert. She's cruel now; if ſhe her Hate ſhou'd ſhow
When I am dead, 'tis more than I ſhall know.
Sulp. Suppoſe ſhe never wou'd your Loves requite,
For what is't then you wou'd pretend to fight?
'Tis vain to ſtrive for Empire that wou'd be
Not gain'd, but rather loſt by Victory. *Sert.*

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Sert. Yet without Conqueſt ſhe is gain'd by none,
And only can be overcome by one;
Both in *Herſilia* cannot happy prove,
The Government is Monarchy in Love.
Tir. Sulpitius, now your Troubles ſhall have end;
Left free to ſerve a Brother or a Friend:
He that firſt falls, (for one of us muſt die)
Leaves you to t'other as his Legacy.
Sert. All the Diſputes of Love are judg'd by Fate,
And Death makes room, when Life is grown too ſtrait.
[*Offers to fight.*

Sulp. Hold, hear me a Word!
Sert. Fifh.
Sulp. Of you I ask it, *Tiridates*, ſtay,
And let your Reaſon this raſh Action weigh.
Tir. Love never waits on Reaſon, but on Chance;
But why ſhou'd you adviſe this Temperance?
Bid me be cold, and bring the Fever too;
Herſilia ſent the Baniſhment by you.
Sert. Ha,——
Did my careful Brother bring you ſuch News?
Tir. Yes, and from *Herſilia*'s cruel Lips.
Sert. I received juſt ſuch another Meſſage.
Can you tell, Brother, which was the Copy and Original?
Sulp. No.
Tir. How!
Sert. Whence came they then?
Sulp. From me.
Sert. And your Invention?
Sulp. Right.
D'you think *Herſilia*'s lov'd by you alone?
Had I perceiv'd it eaſie to be done,
I wou'd have fool'd you both: why do you ſtare?
D'you wonder that I love, or that I dare
Avow a Paſſion which both you proclaim?
I'll be as loud as you in Love or Fame.
Sert. O Monſter!
Sulp. See I am chang'd, of your Opinion grown. [*Draws.*
Think Life and Love is uſeful but for one:
We ſhall but hinder one another ſtill; agree
Which is my Man, ſo Fate and Love for me. *Sert.*

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Sert. Brave *Tiridates*,
This Villain's Baseness the first Cause removes,
And makes the Quarrel Nature's, which was Love's;
To me 'tis just the Title to resign,
To let out his foul Blood that will stain mine:
Nor will I on the score of Rivals fight,
And while I take my own injure your Right.
But as his Executioner, I'll prove
The Minister of Justice, not of Love.

Sulp. Fight you by your own Rules, I'll make the Laws
For my own Sword, and Love shall be my Cause.
[*Offers to fight.*

Tir. Hold, hold, *Sertorius*,
No seeming Cause can check or cozen Fame,
Every thing will at last bear its own Name;
You may stand by with Justice and look on,
Nature is your Excuse, but I have none.

Sert. Nature did never yet send an Excuse
In her own Whispers, for her own Abuse.

Sulp. Come, come, we trifle; let some Lots decide
Which of your Fates with mine shall first be try'd.

Sert. Fortune has ever been too curst to me,
To trust her with my hopes of Victory:
But, *Tiridates*, now methinks we show
In our own Cause too quick, in Love's too slow:
He that survives of us, by Love will be
Entitled to revenge thy Treachery.

Tir. Thus I embrace the Offer. [*Offer to fight.*

Sulp. Not so fast,
I will fight too, and will not fight the last:
That mighty Rate which nicely you assign
Your Love and Honour, I have fixt on mine.

Sert. My Flesh trembles like shaking Earth, when prest
By Tempests that want Room within her Breast:
Through all my Veins there runs a boiling Flood,
And makes a thousand Pulses in my Blood.

Tir. Stay, *Sertorius*, stay; methinks we grow
Too bold; *Hersilia*'s Sentence shou'd bestow
Life, or give Death: we but like Rebels are,
While with our Swords *Hersilia*'s Pow'r we share.
Come,

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Come; let us go like Friends in Misery,
And from our Judge's Lips learn which shall die.
Sert. He does dissemble sure—'tis noble— [*Aside.*
Brave Prince, with your fair Temper I am brought
To Reason, by a Rival's Friendship taught:
Had you or I sunk under t'other's Hate,
The living wou'd have pitied his hard Fate.
Though Love condemns, our Grief may be the same;
For Death's all one, brought by a Sword or Flame:
'Twere mean, if Love had not the Pow'r to show
That generous Grief which Honour can bestow.
[*They put up.*
Why shou'd the Steps rais'd by our Honour prove
Too hard to be ascended by our Love?
Sulp. Good, very good; d'ye think to cozen me?
You practise to dissemble scurvily.
Tir. All Treachery dwells only in thy Breast.
Sulp. Pish, none are truly by themselves expresst;
He that seems virtuous does but act a Part,
And shews not his own Nature, but his Art.
Sert. I can be tame no longer.
[*Draws and offers to run at him.*
Tir. ——— *Sertorius*, stay;
Our Friendship must not yet oblige this Way.
Sulp. O, does the Mask fall off?
Sert. Let us together then dispatch the Traytor.
Sulp. You dare not———
——Your Honours as my Guard will stand;
You both scorn odds, and I a single Hand.
Sert. Tortures seize thee.—— *Tiridates.*
[*Makes a Sign to him.*
Tir. Enough.
Sulp. I'll follow too: O, you need say no more.
Sert. How meanly we must part! never before
Honour and Love shew'd such strange Properties,
To keep all safe, by being Enemies;
With their own Niceness they themselves betray,
And while they both Command they both Obey.
[*Exeunt at several Doors.*

ACT

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ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Emilius, Herſilia, Marcellina, *and* Verginia *vail'd.*

Emil. WElcome, my ſweet, my dear *Verginia*;
Off with this Cloud; in thy own Brightneſs ſhine,
And let my longing Eyes twiſt Rays with thine;
All my decaying Joys grow warm, and bring
A Heat which thaws me into Youth again.
Ver. Are you my Father, Sir?
Emil. I am, ſweet Innocence; and richer in that Title
By Nature's Gift, than he that by his Fame
Of his own Country gains a Father's Name.
Ver. Your Pardon, Sir, that I ſeem amaz'd;
I never ſaw a Man before.
Her. Pray, Sir, give us leave
To have a little ſhare in her Enjoyment;
Deareſt Sifter, you look amaz'd or troubled. [*Embraces her.*
Ver. Pardon me, dear Sifter, if you find
Some ſmall Diſturbance hang about my Mind;
To be thus ſoon from a Devotion brought,
Not more by Precept than by Cuſtom taught.
Mar. Dear Couſin, ſo much Kindneſs yet expreſs,
As to take Pleaſure in our Happineſs.
Ver. 'Twere Want of true Religion, not to know
Some Joy in ſo much Goodneſs which you ſhow.
Emil. My dear *Verginia*,
I have found out a Man to make thee happy,
Whoſe Virtues and whoſe Fortunes ſhall contend
Which are the greateſt, both without an end.
Ver. What does my Father mean?
Emil. Come, *Verginia*, Company troubles thee I ſee,
Be not amaz'd; I muſt be fond of thee,

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To wean thee from thy self, till thou sha't find
No room but for Content within thy Mind. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Herfilia *and* Marcellina.

Mar. How fair she is, how full of Innocence!
All true Content dwells with unpractis'd Senfe.

Her. O *Marcellina!*

Though Knowledge does beget both Joy and Love,
Yet Vice and Sorrow too her Iſſue prove;
Preſt with the laſt the greateſt Numbers ſhown,
And the World's ſeeming Miſchiefs, To know.
——— Did you not wonder, *Marcellina,*
At the ſtrange Diſtance that was kept ſo ſtrictly
By *Tiridates* and *Sertorius?*

Mar. I did, and was as much amaz'd as you;
I wiſh no Miſchief happen, for their Looks
Strove with a ſtrange Conſtraint.

Her. Prince *Tiridates* too expreſt the ſame———
Whoſe gentle Temper I have always ſeen,
Like ſtanding Water wearing ſtill one Face,
That had no Tides to move it from its Place.

Mar. Can you gueſs the Cauſe?

Her. Not in the leaſt.

Mar. I need not ask, it is enough that they are Rivals,
And both love you,

Her. Such Quarrels ſtill my Injury muſt prove;
Both may deſerve, but cannot have my Love;
Love cannot, like the Wind, its Help convey,
To fill two Sails, though both are ſpread one way.

Mar. D'you love one of them?

Her. Yes, but not *Sertorius:*
Though freely I confeſs my Love to thee,
Yet I forgive thy ſhort Return to me,
Which ſeems to violate our Friendſhip's Laws;
But his Ingratitude pleads in thy Cauſe,
Since the Acknowledgment wou'd lay a Blame
On thy great Soul, or on thy Cheeks a Shame.

Mar. Be not deceiv'd, *Herfilia,*
I wou'd not make my ſelf ſo guilty prove,
And, like a hidden Sin, diſown my Love.

Her. Thus his Ingratitude the more is ſhown.

Mar. By his Ingratitude confeſs your own, Where

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Where does the Difference appear to be?
You cannot figh for him, nor he for me.
Her. But you defire more than he can do.
Mar. He merits more than not, he merits you.
Love pleads no Cauſe for the Unfortunate,
Choice rules above our Pow'r, as much as Fate.
Love unrewarded may to Virtue grow,
But Love for Love like a Debt may ſhow.
Her. Sertorius, my Revenge, not Love invites,
And that ſtrict Friendſhip which our Souls unites,
Muſt never our Soul's Affections ſeparate,
And what you love, 'tis juſt that I ſhou'd hate.
Mar. What Friendſhip wou'd return, my Love denies,
I dare not ſay I hate where you deſpiſe.

Enter Sulpitius.

Her. Peace; *Sulpitius*;
Let him not ſee Diſorder in our Looks,
I ſuſpect him.——How athan'd he ſeems!
Sulp. Help, Fortune, now, thou haſt always ſent
Thy willing Aid to the moſt confident.
——Madam——
Her. Sir.
Sulp. Perhaps your own Amazement might be leſs,
Cou'd I forbear my Wonder to expreſs.
Her. What Wonder, Sir?
Sulp. Some Wonder muſt attend a ſudden Change,
To ſee Prince *Tiridates* and *Sertorius* ſtrange.
So unlike Lovers now they did appear,
That they both ſeem'd as if they never were.
Her. I know not what you mean.
Sulp. I wiſh 'twere ſo, my Troubles then might end,
One is my Brother, t'other is my Friend:
Yet to thoſe Titles there is nothing due,
Since they ſo ſoon forget themſelves and you.
Her. You only fancy ſure this ſtrange Neglect;
They paid to me as much as I expect.
Sulp. I'm ſorry that my Paſſion renders me
The ſevere Judge of their Inconſtancy.
Her. Your Paſſion, Sir!
Sulp. Yes mine, ſo mingled with Eternity,
It underſtood not what they ſeem'd to be.

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Mar. You ſpeak too like a Rival now, to prove
An uncorrupted Judge in Pleas of Love.
Sul. If I confeſs the Bonds in which I'm ty'd,
Fair *Marcellina* ſhou'd not ſeem to chide;
Since if the juſt *Horſilia* pities me,
I leave *Sertorius* to her Love more free.
Mar. In ſuch mean Paths as coz'ning Stateſmen move,
To walk to Greatneſs, others tread to Love:
Both creep upon the Strength of fawning Lies,
And on Men's blaſted Fames attempt to riſe.
Sulp. This to me, Madam, that have always ſhown
A Sorrow for your Wrong!
Mar. I know of none,
But thoſe which I receive from your Deſign;
The Injury of Virtue muſt be mine.
Sulp. Virtue by Truth receives no Injury.
Her. Truth is ill carried by an Enemy;
I'll do my ſelf and them at leaſt this Right,
To forbid you to come into my Sight.
O *Marcellina*, [*As going out.*
How hard it is my Trouble to diſguiſe!
Though I believe not him, I muſt my Eyes. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Sulpitius.

Sulp. What can this mean! perhaps they both agree,
To hide their Trouble, and to cozen me:
'Twas dull and fooliſh to betray my Flame;
Deſigns that hit ſhou'd be as ſwift as Aim.
They ſhou'd go quicker off; Powder not dry
Does ſeldom hit, but makes the Fowl more ſhy.

Enter Servants.

O *Claudius*, welcome.
Serv. Have you ſped, Sir?
Sulp. Indifferently; but ſtill thy Merits
Deſerve more than I promis'd: Here, take this,
And ſtill continue conſtant to my Wiſhes;
I ſhall need thy further Help.
Serv. You ſhall not fail to have it, Sir.
Sulp. Meet me an Hour hence
Hard by the *Flavian* Bridge: fail not.

Serv.

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Serv. You need not, Sir, repeat Commands to me.
Sulp. Thy Rewards ſhall fall like Show'rs upon thee.
[*Exit Servant.*
My Plots fall ſhort, like Darts which raſh Hands throw
With an ill Aim, and have too far to go;
Nor can I long Diſcoveries prevent,
I deal too much among the Innocent.
Their Tracks are not ſo ſoon diſcern'd that go
Thorough foul Paths, as theirs that tread in Snow. [*Exit*
Enter Sertorius *and* Caska.
Sert. When will *Tiridates* meet? [you.
Cask. Preſently, Sir; he promis'd to be there as ſoon as
A little farther brings you to the Place.
Sert. He's noble.
Why ſhou'd it eaſier prove
To agree more in Virtue than in Love!
Thoſe that are Rivals in their Piety
Are kind, yet all bow to one Deity:
We both have but one Altar and one Flame,
Our Honour, Love and Wiſhes are the ſame;
From thoſe fair Springs true Friendſhip us'd to flow;
But from thoſe Fountains now our Quarrels grow.
Enter Mutius.
Mut. Noble *Sertorius*!
Sert. You mean *Sulpitius*.
Mut. I ſhou'd be glad to ſee him.
Sert. Pr'ythee look him. [*Exit with* Caska.
Mut. What's this! I have been better entertain'd:
My Sword has help'd this Man to Victory;
But now it ſeems there is no uſe of me:
There may come yet a time———
Enter five or ſix Veterans.
1 *Vet.* Brave *Mutius*!
Mut. Mighty *Plebeians*, yours.
1 *Vet.* A hard time, *Mutius*.
Mut. Eaſie enough for you, brave *Veterans*;
I take it, you are not cloy'd with Buſineſs.
2 *Vet.* Troth we have ſcarce Buſineſs for our Teeth.
Mut. Draw 'em then;
Hunger is the worſt kind of Tooth-ach.
1 *Vet.* We have been courted, *Mutius*,

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Speeches made to us, and call'd the Bulwarks of the Country;
Now we are ſlighted.

Mut. Did you intend that for a Jeſt?
I hate a Soldier that is poor and witty;
Wit is the Peace of every Man; hang it,
A Soldier ſhould be blunt and mutinous.

1 *Vet.* We ſhou'd be hang'd then.

Mut. Not if you'd hang together, Puppies.
O the brave Days of *Julius*, when he flew
The *Roman* Eagles at the ſtooping World,
And dar'd it like a Lark!

1 *Vet.* Ay, ay, thoſe were Days.

Mut. Peace is the Ruſt of Minds; brave Souls refine
By great Examples, and with Uſe they ſhine.
I remember *Pharſalia*'s dreadful Field,
When the firſt Ranks came to ſo near a View,
The *Roman* Soldiers all each other knew;
In vain the Generals gave their fierce Commands,
The Eyes of both the Armies held their Hands;
While Brothers gaze, and Fathers Sons behold,
Nature in Whiſpers her fond Stories told;
Friends gaz'd on Friends, forgot they were to fight,
And made a Halt as ſhameful as a Flight;
When *Craſtinus* advanc'd before the reſt,
And ſtruck his Pile into a *Roman* Breaſt:
As from one Cloud vaſt Tempeſts fill the Skies,
So Showers of Piles from his began to riſe:
Had not his great Example ſet us free,
We had been robb'd of that Day's Victory.

1 *Vet.* Ay Captain, our Emperor has ſhut up *Janus*'s Gates,
The World's at Peace now.

Mut. Let him lull in't,
'Till he forget the Way how to command;
'Tis a dark Lanthorn in a Prince's Hand;
'Tis Peace that ſhines, while he in Darkneſs lives,
Hid by the Light which he to others gives.
The Gown-men now by cheriſh'd Vices thrive;
Virtue is ſtarv'd, or hardly kept alive;
Miſchief is fed, while out of Policy
They keep ſome to betray, and ſome to lie.

1 *Vet.*

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1 *Vet.* No Employment now for Soldiers.
Mut. You are dull Blockheads, when y'are out of Pay;
The Soldiers Vices lie another Way.
D'ye think that Statesmen's Kindnesses proceed
From any Principles but their own Need?
When they're afraid, they're wond'rous good and free;
But when they're safe, they have no Memory.
1 *Vet.* The great Men swallow all.
Mut. Mankind upon each other's Ruins rise.
Cowards maintain the Brave, and Fools the Wise:
Honour and all Religion bears a Price,
But as the Rates are set by Death and Vice.
Enter Sulpitius.
Sulp. Brave *Mutius*, never more happily met.
Mut. That's well; did you not meet *Sertorius*?
Sulp. No: why d'ye ask?
Mut. Nay nothing;
I thought he had been going to keep an Oracle,
He practis'd to stare and swell strangely.
Sulp. Let him swell and burst, it matters not.
——— Who are these, *Mutius*?
Mut. Quiet Rogues; they were brave Soldiers.
Sulp. Have they lost their Spirits?
Mut. I know not; they are out of Practice;
They have been bobb'd;
They might be train'd again perhaps, and enter'd.
Sulp. This Way a little, *Mutius*; you are my Friend.
Mut. I wou'd cut any Man's Throat
That said the contrary.
Sulp. I must use your Sword, *Mutius*.
Mut. Here it hangs ready, 'tis almost rusty.
Sulp. Be not startled when I tell you
'Tis against my Brother.
Mut. Let it be against your Father,
'Tis all one to me.
Sulp. The Quarrel is *Herfilia*.
Mut. A Woman is the worst that cou'd be.
Are you to fight who shall have her?
Sulp. That she must only judge.
Mut. So then, shall we fight to make her Sport?

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A Parcel of ſuch Lovers
Wou'd make excellent Paſtime in the Amphitheatre:
I had an eaſier Way with my Damſels;
Kind or cruel, they never 'ſcap'd me.
Sulp. Not if you cou'd come at 'em, *Mutius.*
Mut. If they were hid in Houſes
I made 'em bolt with Fire,
And pitch'd my Toils on all Sides ready for 'em.
Sulp. Ha———
1 *Vet.* Noble *Mutius*, farewell; we'll wait on you
Another time.
Sulp. Pray let your Friends ſtay a little.
Mut. Stay, Gentlemen.
Sulp. Fire a Houſe, *Mutius!*
Mut. There's no ſuch Way; the coyeſt then
Will leap into the next Man's Arms:
I have been thank'd for ſaving them
Out of the very Fire that I kindled.
Sulp. They may live to love *Horſilia.* [*Seems troubled.*
Mut. If we kill 'em, 'tis two to one however
That you'll ne'er have her.
Sulp. Dare theſe Men ſtick by us?
Mut. Pay 'em well, and let the Buſineſs
Be wicked enough; then never fear 'em.
Sulp. They ſhall eat Gold.
Mut. 'Troth I believe they can digeſt it too.
Sulp. Thou haſt put wild Thoughts into my Head:
If I ſhou'd fall, ſhe crowns their Victory;
Or if Prince *Tiridates* falls by me,
I muſt live hated by her. You Pow'rs above,
Let either Death or Life reward my Love.
Mut. You are troubled, Sir: I did not talk
To ſave the fighting Part: I wou'd ſerve you in your Love
Through greater Dangers.
Sulp. O *Mutius*, adviſe me ſomething;
My Blood and Thoughts ſtand ſtill within my Breaſt;
Reaſon's aſleep, and Torments ſeem at reſt.
Mut. Why I have told you my beſt Stratagem;
If you get her Father's Houſe but fir'd,
Let us alone, we'll help to quench it;

And

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And in the Hurry we may get your Miſtreſs;
There's no Suſpicion waits on ſuch Diſorders.
Sulp. Dear *Mutius*, thou reviv'ſt my drooping Soul;
There is no other Way left probable.
Enter Claudius *a Servant.*
See, *Mutius*, Fortune ſeconds thy Advice,
Here's one may prove the Inſtrument——walk off.
Claudius, welcome; here, I have been ſhort in my Rewards. [*Gives him Money.*
Claud. You have been, Sir, too bountiful
To my ſmall Services.
Sulp. I have a Buſineſs, if thou dar'ſt attempt it,
Shall treble thy Rewards, and yet leave me thy Debtor.
Claud. Name it, Sir, and think it done.
Sulp. Thou know'ſt
How unſucceſsful I am like to prove;
One Act of thine may help me to *Herſilia*,
Then think what thy Reward ſhall be.
Claud. Speak but the Thing, Sir.
Sulp. Preſently then in ſome convenient Place
Set Fire on thy Maſter's Houſe; do not wonder;
I'll have thoſe ready that ſhall quench it quickly;
And in the Hurry, under Pretence of Help,
Bring *Herſilia* forth at the Eaſt-gate,
That looks towards the *Tiber*;
There I'll wait for her; and by my Happineſs
Meaſure thy own Rewards.
Claud. Whither ſhall we fly, Sir?
Sulp. Trouble not thy ſelf, leave that to me:
Dar'ſt thou do it?
Claud. When wou'd you have it done, Sir?
Sulp. Preſently, before Suſpicion can have Time to grow.
Claud. I'll do it, Sir; be ſure that you wait ready.
Sulp. Be gone about it, let me ſee it flame
Before an Hour's expir'd: truſt to me,
And have no Fears.
Claud. I know an unfrequented Room
Fit for my Purpoſe; I'll do it inſtantly:
Expect me at the Eaſt-gate. [*Ex.* Claud.
Sulp. I will not fail.

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'Tis done, *Mutius*, 'tis a-fire already;
That Fellow is a Servant to *Emilius*,
Whom I have made my Slave with Bribes;
He's gone about it: Are your Friends prepar'd?
Mut. Beyond sick Men, ready to die for you.
Sulp. 'Tis well,
I'll place you in your several Stations
That she may 'scape no Way:
Then if we can but carry off our Plunder——
Mut. Pish, the Fire will have all the Enemies,
We shall have none.
Sulp. Where shall our Rendezvous be?
Mut. At my House of Pleasure
That stands upon the *Tiber*;
That will be least suspected, because I live
Most in the City: besides, we have the River
To help us to escape, if Need require.
Sulp. No better Place.——Gentlemen,
Pray observe such Orders as my Friend *Mutius* gives you.
He shall have Money to reward you
Equal to all your Services, and beyond modest Wishes.
1, 2 *Vet.* Doubt us not, Sir; we will be punctual.
Sulp. Come, *Mutius*, as we go
We will agree on the Particulars:
Justice has took away all my Compassion;
And when their Flames in cruel Brightness shine,
I'll smile, since there was none that pitied mine. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sertorius *and* Caska.

Sert. Have you plac'd the Horses where I appointed?
Cask. Yes, Sir.
Sert. I have but one Thing more then to enjoin thee;
If I shou'd fall by *Tridates*' Sword,
Carry the News thy self unto *Hersilia*,
And watch her as thou would'st an Arrow shot,
To see whether it hit or no.
Cask. To what Purpose, Sir?
Sert. If she had any Pity for me living,
Her Sorrow for me dead, will shew it.
Cask. But how, Sir, shou'd I find you Word?
Sert. 'Tis true: Abundance travel through the Grave;

But

But there's not one of all the Multitude
Will carry more than his own News about him:
Why shou'd Things so remote beget such Strife
Beyond our Knowledge, and beyond our Life?
Succession thus some to fond Joys betray,
For whose vain Hopes their Ruin must make Way.

Enter Tiridates.

Cask. Prince *Tiridates*, Sir,
Sert. O 'tis well; leave us now, *Caska*,
And watch where I appointed:
If *Tiridates* comes without me,
Let him receive those Helps that I shou'd have.
Cask. This is a cruel Service, Sir.
Sert. Dispute it not. [*Exit* Caska.
Tir. Your Pardon, *Sertorius*, that I seem'd thus slow.
I was enforc'd to make some little Stay
To 'scape *Sulpitius*; he and *Mutius*
Were earnest in Discourse.
Sert. May be they are looking us; *Mutius* is bold,
Nor is that base *Sulpitius* less than he;
And thus much, *Tiridates*, I'll acknowledge,
Had they now met us with their Swords about 'em,
I shou'd with much more Pleasure as your Friend
Have took my Share against 'em. [*Draws.*
Tir. Assisted by *Sertorius*, I shou'd have been.
As sure of Conquest, as he is now of Victory. [*Draws.*
I have one Motion only left to make,
He that survives, let him go tell *Hersilia*
That though his Rival in the fatal Strife
Was lost in Death, yet Love out-liv'd his Life.
Sert. I will be just to you; but if I fall,
Carry no News of Love, nor me, at all;
For I have thought upon't, and find it vain,
To me no Message can come back again.
——So to our Fortunes. [*Fight.*

Enter Caska *hastily.*

Cask. Hold, hold, as you have Honour, hold.
Sert. Ha, *Caska!* What tempts thee to this Folly?
Cask. The saddest Spectacle that ever was:
Emilius's House seems almost wrapt in Flame;

The

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The Noiſe of People, and the Fire, encreaſe.

Sert. Take heed you do not play the Fool.

Cask. Go but to the Place where you appointed me to wait, and if it be not true, cut me to Pieces: While you doubt, you but delay to help *Herſilia.*

Tir. Can this be true!

Cask. Or I am more a Villain than I was us'd to be.

Sert. We may believe him. Come, *Tiridates,*
Herſilia's Danger now our Quarrel ends,
And when ſhe is unſafe, we muſt be Friends:
Our Actions ſome fantaſtick Planet guides,
Ill Fortune can unite whom Good divides. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The SCENE *appears a Burning Houſe.*

Enter Artabaces.

Artab. WHAT Noiſe is this!—How!—— [*Noiſe.*
A Houſe in Flames!—where-e'er I go, I ſee
Ruins of ſeveral Natures wait on me.
—— Hark, they cry for Help—— [*Noiſe of Help.*
'Twere Pity to devote my ſelf to Flames,
To ſave I know not who; what need I care?
He that is wretched has a Life to ſpare;
Fate ſhall not need look after me, I'll try
Which is moſt careleſs grown, Fortune, or I.
[*Exit, as into the Houſe.*

Enter Mutius, *and two Soldiers.*

Mut. No Stirring yet?

1 *Sold.* Not as we can ſee.

Mut. They are not ſing'd yet:
Now do I gaze with ſuch a Guſt of Joy,
As *Pyrrhus* had to look on burning *Troy:*

That

That this might grow to be *Rome*'s funeral Flame,
And in its Aſhes bury its own Name!
2 *Sold.* Shall we go to th'other Side?
Muſt. We'll keep our Motions in this Compaſs.
1 *Sold.* How ſhou'd we know the right Lady, *Mutius?*
Muſt. Troth 'twas high Time to aſk;
Yet to ſay Truth, I ſcarcely know my ſelf;
But that we may be ſure not to miſtake,
Catch up every Thing that looks but like a Woman.
Come ſoftly this Way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Artabaces, *with* Verginia *vail'd, and in a Swoon.*

Art. Here's ſomething yet; ſhe was well ſing'd,
And had been over-roaſted preſently. [*Sets her down.*
——Now let me ſee my Purchaſe.——
——Ha,——my Eyes dazle as if they ſtar'd on Sun-ſhine.
——I'll wipe 'em, and then look again;
Her Eyes are clos'd; and though with her 'tis Night,
Her Beauty ſhines without the Help of Light:
A darker Form has hid a Deity,
But Death's too near for Immortality.
I'll bow her gently;
Nature begins to triumph in the Strife,
And through her Lips ſoft Whiſpers ſteal of Life.
How freſh they ſhew, the Roſes almoſt gone
For Want of Air, by Breath ſeem newly blown.
Ver.——Ha,——where am I?
Herſilia, Siſter, *Herſilia*,——
Ha,——who are you? Are you not my Father?
Art. No, by no Means, fair Creature.
Ver. Are you not a Man?
Art. That's an odd Queſtion——Yes.——
Ver. You ſhou'd be then my Father.
Art. That's right, a Man indeed ſhou'd be her Father.
[*Aſide.*
Ver. Or is there any other Man beſides my Father?
Art. She's mad, over-heated with the Fire.
Ver. Pray pardon my Want of Knowledge,
I never ſaw a Man beſides my Father,
'Till I ſaw you, if you be one.
Art. This is the likelieſt Thing to be a Virgin

That

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That e'er I met with. [*Aside.*

——Where have you liv'd, to be ſo ignorant?

Ver. Among the *Veſtal Virgins* from an Infant,
And help'd to keep the ſacred Fire alive.

Art. O that my Flame, as pure as thoſe, might be
Fed by your Pity, though not Piety!

Ver. Help me but back again, and I'll attend
With true Devotion thoſe pure Flames you ſend.

Art. From Ignorance alas! her Pity grows,
Her Innocence above a Virtue ſhows.

Ver. I had forgot, my Father and my Siſter
May want the Help that you ill-plac'd in me.
O pity theirs rather than my Miſery;
Their Merits and Rewards far exceed mine.

Art. Rewards cou'd never yet my Soul incline.

Ver. I can invite you then no other way.

Art. Command me to my Death, and I obey.

Ver. Sure all Mankind are not thus virtuous too.

Art. All Womankind do leſs reſemble you.

Ver. Hark, a Noiſe again; O my Father! [*Noiſe.*
Gentle Sir, that gen'rous Pity ſhow,
Which thoſe above gave you but to beſtow. [*Weeps.*

Art. Dry up your Tears, fair Innocence;
I only beg, if I return,
That I may find you in this Place again.

Ver. Here you ſhall find me ſending up my Pray'rs
For your Succeſs and Happineſs.

Art. I had forgot to ask your Name. [*Bows, and as going.*

Ver. Virginia, Sir; my Father's Name's *Emilius*,
You never ask'd me that.

Art. Nor never ſhou'd;
I have your Word to ſtay juſt in this Place.

Ver. You need not doubt; I know not where to go.

Art. 'Tis all I ask for my Reward;
Think, bright *Virginia*, all your Cares are mine.
Fortune has play'd her Tricks, now Love play thine.

[*Exit, as into the Burning Houſe.*

Manet Virginia.

Ver. Does Heaven on all Mankind ſuch Good beſtow?
My Fortune's excellent, or they are ſo:

I

I grow ſtrangely concern'd, ſome unknown Cauſe
A ſecret Warmth into my Boſom draws;
I bluſh I know not why; my confus'd Senſe
Whiſpers, that Shame can live with Innocence;
Minds, like ſmooth Paper never writ upon,
When folded up, by ſome Impreſſion,
Marks will remain it never had before,
And ne'er return to former Smoothneſs more.

Enter Mutius, *and three or four.*

Mut. No News yet of *Sulpitius?*
—— The Women are all burnt, I hope.
—— Ha, here's one yet left, a very fair one too.
—— Come, Lady, you muſt along with me.

Ver. What are you?

Mut. Why, Men.

Ver. You wou'd not be thus rude then.

Mut. Who the Devil ſhou'd be rude, if Men ſhou'd not?
Away with her, and ſtay for me
Under the Grove I told you of.

1. Come along.

Ver. Whither? why d'ye pull me?
Alas, you'll frighten me.

Mut. She's wondrous fair.—— Away with her.
I hope this is not *Herſilia.*—— [*Aſide.*
Then 'tis fair Play: equal Danger, equal Plunder.

Ver. Pray do not pull me: I promis'd to ſtay here
Till a Friend come; I muſt not break my Word.

Mut. Indeed you muſt.—— Away with her.

Ver. What d'ye mean. O my Heart fails me.
—— Oh! [*Swoons.*

Mut. Up with her, ſhe'll wake with jogging:
Stay where I told you; I'll ſee a little farther,
And then come to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sulpitius *and* Herſilia, *with* Claudius *and others.*

Sulp. Follow ſtill behind, and give me Notice
If any overtake us. Is *Cinna* gone to *Mutius?*

1. Yes, Sir.

Her. Whither d'you carry me?
I do command you let me go.

Sulp. When we are a little farther,

Free

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Free from the Danger that concerns your Honour,
I will obey you; 'till then, believe it was your Service,
That made me throw my self into this Danger.
Her. This is strange: I mistrust something.
Sulp. You might, if you knew all I know;
Pray ask no Questions in this Place.
All is unsafe about us. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sertorius, *bringing out* Marcellina *out of the Fire.*

Mar. Set down your wretched Load, for I am grown
Your Burthen, that only wou'd have been my own;
Had you preserv'd *Hersilia*, you had prov'd
Happy to save the Person we both lov'd;
But now you are as much unfortunate
To save a wretched thing whom we both hate.
[*He stands amaz'd.*

Sert. Forgive the Mixture which in me appears;
Wrong not my Joys, nor yet condemn my Fears.
Mar. Why do you stay? look on those shining Walls,
And think that from those Flames *Hersilia* calls.
Sert. O what a Wonder does your Friendship prove!
Forgives Ingratitude, and urges Love.
—— I know not what to do.
Mar. ——————Go, go,
And pay what you to Love and Honour owe.
Sert. Then I must stay; for there is nothing due
From Love or Honour, justly, but to you.
Mar. All Debts to me, to her I thus resign;
Be gone, and think *Hersilia*'s Danger's mine.
Sert. And leave you thus!
Mar. —— If you stay here,
Your formal Gratitude will look like Fear.
Sert. It is my shame to stay, my shame to go;
Yet not my Virtue, but yours, makes it so:
If in these Flames I meet my Death, they'll prove
As gentle, but more just, than those of Love.
[*Exit as into the House.*

Mar.— What shall I do! my Thoughts are tir'd, I find,
With tedious Journeys up and down my Mind;
Sometimes they lose their way, sometimes as slow,
Like Beasts o'er-loaded, heavily they move,
Prest by the Weight of Sorrow and of Love. *Enter*

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Enter Artabaces.

Art. So much for this; I'll have no more of these fiery Tryals,
My Hair stinks like new burn'd Tinder:
See, she has kept her Word.
——— Best Lady.

Mar. Sir.

Art. 'Slife, 'tis not she.

Mar. You seem concern'd at some Mistake.

Art. A little, Madam. It was my good Fortune
To save a Lady from these Flames,
That I expected here: 'twas her Commands
That sent me back, to see what help
Her Father and her Sister might have need of.

Mar. She was not tall, Sir?

Art. No, Madam, her Beauty and her Stature
Shew'd her very young.

Mar. You are happy, Sir, to be the fortunate Preserver
Of so much Innocence and Beauty.

Art. D'you know her, Madam? or to whom
This wretched House did once belong?

Mar. She was my Cousin, Sir, and that was once
Her Father's Palace: you seem a Stranger by these Questions.

Art. I am, Madam, and but arriv'd this Minute:
The first thing I almost saw, at least took notice of,
Was this sad Spectacle.

Mar. Is all consum'd?

Art. Every one now is 'scap'd or perisht,
And need no help, or else are past it:
The last I met with was a noble Gentleman,
Concern'd it seems above the Thought of Danger;
For he appear'd careless of cracking Beams,
And uncheck'd Flames: A sudden Noise
Without the House call'd him away.

Mar. O *Sertorius!* which way, Sir, was the Noise?

Art. 'Twas on the other side.

Mar. That way *Sertorius* went, and I must follow.
——— Pardon my Disturbance, Sir—— yet——
——— Reason and Honour check my Haste———
But our unsteady Actions cannot be
Manag'd by Rules of strict Philosophy; There

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There is but Part belongs unto our Care;
Fortune has Right and Title to a Share. [*Exit.*

Manet Artabaces.

Art. Shou'd Fortune count with me unto this Day,
She'd find there was a mighty Debt to pay;
The *Roman* Conqueſt o'er my Country spread,
My Brother loſt, or worſe, in Triumph led;
Sure ſuch full Empires have no Aim or Guide,
And thoſe that reach 'em do not move, but slide.
Man is too weak to manage, with frail Senſe,
Such a Reſemblance of Omnipotence.
A Storm at Sea threw me on *Italy*,
And here I thought to find my Death or thee,
Poor *Tiridates*,——how cou'd Fortune prove,
So curſt, among my Woes to mingle Love!
Which Way to go I know not, nor need care;
I have been us'd to wander in Deſpair.
All by uncertain Ways purſue their Ends,
And unto every Object Reaſon bends. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *ſhuts.*

Enter Emilius, *and* Tiridates, *and Followers.*

Emil. You have ſav'd my Life, brave *Tiridates*;
Wou'd I cou'd pay you with *Herſilia*,
That wou'd appear more than a common Gratitude.

Tir. *Herſilia* is a Happineſs beyond
My Hopes and Merits.

Emil. This Fire was kindled by ſome Treachery;
I fear *Herſilia* is the Purchaſe
Of their Deſigns and Miſchiefs.

Tir. Let us not now waſte Time with vain Conjectures;
Herſilia and *Verginia* may want Help,
While we are talking how they come to need it.

Emil. 'Tis true; let us take ſeveral ways,
And meet down by the *Tiber*, hard by *Numa*'s Grove.

Tir. If I have Life I'll bring it thither.

[*Ex.* Emil. *and Followers.*

——What did I ſay! how cou'd I talk
Of carrying any longer Life about me!

—— But

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— But humane Things have such Variety,
Neither the Wife nor Brave know when to die;
For neither justly can their Deaths intend,
Till they are sure all Hopes have first their End.

Enter Sertorius.

Sert. —Ha—*Tiridates*!
He's, it seems, no happier yet than I.
Stay,—Sir,—what News?

Tir. None that either of us wish;
Herfilia is for certain forc'd away
By unknown Persons.

Sert. So I have heard.

Tir. Emilius has took the great *Flaminius* Way;
Let us divide our selves,—and when—

Sert. Stay, *Tiridates*; Fortune seems wise in bringing us together,
She knows not what to do with both of us;
In the Pursuit of Honour she can be
Liberal to many in one Victory;
When Fame's the Mistress, more than one may prove
Happy at once; but 'tis not so in Love.

Tir. He that blind Fortune will have happy made,
Let her guide him unto *Herfilia*'s Aid.

Sert. She shall guide me no farther; you and I
Will not ask her Opinion which shall die;
Our Swords will tell us all that she can know;
Her Means are quick, tho' she her self be slow. [*Draws.*

Tir. I draw for my Defence, not my Design; [*Draws.*
You urge a Wrong both to your Love and mine;
While your Revenge above your own does prove,
And force my Honour to exceed my Love.

Sert. 'Tis only Love that does this Quarrel breed;
And so my Love my Honour does exceed.

Tir. Wou'd Love attempt to ruine its own Aid?
We fight for them by whom she is betray'd:
Who-e'er o'ercomes, his guilty Conquest shows,
Herfilia nothing to his Valour owes.

Sert. 'Tis true,———
'Tis against her that I my Sword employ,
And she may want that Help which I destroy.

—For—

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—— Forgive me, Sir: —— Yet all things that can move,
As well as I, have felt Revenge and Love;
Unruly Heats are with our Essence spread,
And by cruz'd Passion Nature's cemented.
Tir. While she has Enemies let us be Friends,
And now by several Ways pursue our Ends.
Sert. Stay, I am yet confus'd; 'tis a hard fate
To help to make my self unfortunate.
Tir. We waste that Time which takes too fast a flight,
And 'tis more Guilt to talk than 'twere to fight.
Sert. How weak these wild Distractions make me prove!
I am taught when to fight, and how to love;
Yet one thing more, if in your Breast you have
No mix'd Designs but what are clear and brave;
Let us engage, whoe'er is happy made
To find *Hersilia* first, and bring her aid,
That he shall make no use of his Success,
Nor the least story of his Love express,
Till first by our own Swords our Cause is try'd;
It is too great for Fortune to decide.
Tir. To keep this Sacred, here I freely vow;
You learn'd at first, but teach me Honour now.
Sert. Till then let us embrace; whoe'er Love guides
Unto his Bliss, for t'other Fate provides.
Now to our Fortunes; I'll pursue the Way
Which leads through *Numa*'s Grove.
Tir. —— But stay,
Where shall we meet?
Sert. Under those stately ranks
Of Cypress Trees that shade the *Tiber*'s Banks,
Near *Mutius*'s House; for still I apprehend
That Man; he's Mischief's and my Brother's Friend.
Tir. Agreed; —— in equal hopes now both are ty'd.
Sert. But when we meet, our Wishes must divide. [*Exit.*

Enter Artabaces.

Art. How ignorant of every thing I move!
I know not where I go, nor what I love:
Yet though she's gone, her Image still I find,
And I pursue what she has left behind.
Ah, my dear Brother, —— poor *Tiridates!* ——

Cast

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Caſt on theſe Shores, I came to look out thee,
And by my Bonds or Death to ſet thee free;
But into other Fetters I am thrown,
Not by my Honour but my Love put on.
Quite tir'd I ſeem, like a hard-hunted Beaſt,
That does not ſeem to go, but ſinks to reſt.
Spent Nature's weight hangs heavy on my Eyes;
Sleep can cure Fevers, why not Miſeries?
A Soul's Diſeaſe can few Phyſicians find;
For Emp'ricks only practiſe on the Mind:
Yet Sleep her Image might convey to me,
And ſhew in Dreams what I muſt never ſee.
[*Lies down to ſleep.*

Enter two of Mutius's *Men with* Verginia *ſtill in a Swoon.*

1. On, on, to the *Tiber* with her,
And Sacrifice her to *Neptune*.

2. The Devil we will; —— what,
Go twice as far as we need,
To try to be apprehended for Murderers!
The next Ditch will ſerve.——Ha,——what's here!
A dead Man! 'ſlife, a moſt excellent Companion for her;
If he be aſleep let him wake and anſwer for't;
Gently, gently; ſo, lay her behind him.
[*They lay her behind* Artabaces.
So, now to *Mutius*, and ſwear ſhe was dead.

1. Ay, and cold too. [*Exeunt.*

Artabaces *after a little time wakes.*

Art. Sure 'twas that Beauty which appear'd ſo bright;
My Eyes by waking rob me of my Sight;
When they were ſhut, her Image did appear;
I ſtar'd too boldly ſure, and made her fear. [*Turns and ſees her.*
Ha! ——look where ſhe is; alas, I do miſtake;
For I dream ſtill, and think I am awake:
Some pitying Pow'r this Viſion does beſtow,
And helps me to deceive my Sorrow ſo. [*She groans.*
What's that! my Senſes ſure are not my own!
Can empty Dreams and airy Viſions groan?
Her Eyes begin to move and ſhine with Life,
Now ſink again in Death's ungentle ſtrife:
In doubtful Weather, ſo the Sun reſigns
Sometimes his Light to Clouds, and ſometimes ſhines.

She

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She lives again; O ceaſe your Cruelty,
And ſhe'll by that Example pity me. [*She revives.*
Ver. Oh me!
Have I not ſlept too long, and am to blame,
Neglecting to attend the Sacred Flame?
Art. Here is that Flame to which your Eyes did give
Life firſt, and promis'd it ſhould always live.
Ver. Where are the Veſtals then, or where am I?
Some confus'd Thoughts now ſhake my Memory;
I do remember I was ſeiz'd upon
By ſome rude Men; I thought there had been none.
Pray, who are you?
Art. ——— Alas, I have no Name,
But that which is my Trouble, or my Shame.
Ver. Sure both my Eyes and Ears deceive me now,
Once I ſaw ſomething look'd, and ſpoke like you:
But by my fond Deſires he was betray'd;
I ow'd him Life, which with his Death I pay'd. [*Weeps.*
Art. Thoſe Flames you ſent me to, have let me live,
Perhaps reſerv'd to dye by thoſe you give.
Ver. Pray do not wrong me; are you he indeed?
I feel ſome unknown Joys, that do exceed
The uſual Meaſures of my Happineſs;
I fear there may be Guilt in the exceſs.
Art. O do not fear that Pity e're can prove
A Guilt in any, ſhou'd it grow to Love.
Ver. Pity is Love, and then it need not grow.
Art. In the World's common Charity 'tis ſo;
Such Love is only in Obedience ſhown
To thoſe above, the other is our own.
Ver. We ſhou'd deny our own Affections ſtill.
Art. Theſe Paſſions are all Strangers to the Will.
When I firſt ſaw your Eyes, my Heart was free.
Ver. O that I cou'd reſtore your Liberty.
Art. That way there is no Pity to be ſhown,
Reſtore not mine, but try to loſe your own.
Ver. Will that ſtrange Way a Remedy procure?
Can a Diſeaſe in one, another cure?
Art. In Love's Diſeaſe neither their Cures obtain,
But both grow well by one another's Pain.

Ver.

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Ver. I know not what you mean, but I incline
To think that your Misfortunes wou'd be mine.
Art. May I not dare to wish a little more?
Ver. ——— Take heed,
Our Wishes may be Faults, when they exceed.
Art. Do covetous Men, or the Ambitious, find
Their vast Desires by any Bounds confin'd?
If pow'rful Nature lets no Passion move
Within known limits, why, alas! shou'd Love?
Enter the two Men of Mutius.
1. On, on; we are dead Men;
Look where she is alive too: O happy Chance!
Ver. Help, help; these are the Villains.
Art. Your business, Rascals. [*Steps before her.*
1. That Woman is our business.
Art. You shall have her thus, Dogs.
[*Fights, kills one, the other runs; and he pursues,*
Enter Mutius, *and others behind him, and seize him.*
Art. Unhand me, Slaves.
Ver. O help!
Mut. You call for that you need not:
Art. Slaves! Dogs!
Mut. Ha, what's this? *Pigellius* dead!
Thy Life for his is justly forfeited.
[*Offers to run at* Arcabaces, *she steps between him.*
Ver. O hold: I was the Cause that stain'd his Innocence
With that Man's Blood; for 'twas in my Defence.
Besides, I'm tir'd with Life, and fit to dye.
Art. There's none so weary of a Life as I:
Yet if you *Romans* wou'd be thought such Men,
Give me a Sword, and try to take it then.
Mut. 'Tis for her sake I do not punish thee. [*Aside.*
This Fellow is not to be trusted free;
Bring him along.
Art. ——— Slaves, I will not go.
Mut. Drag him along.
Ver. ——— O, do not use him so.
Alas, what do you mean?
Mut. Why do I stay
Thus trifling? Madam, come, here lies our Way.

Bring

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Bring him alive or dead. [*Exit.*

Ver. ——— Pray hold your Hands.
Good Sir, obey their Pow'r, or my Commands.

Art. Come, lead me where you pleaſe; how much above
My Reaſon and my Courage is my Love! [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Mutius *and* Verginia.

Mut. STill weeping, Madam? theſe are unkind Tears:
Love is ill paid with Sorrow, or with Fears.

Ver. If Love's ill paid with Grief, it needs muſt be
As ill expreſt by Signs of Cruelty.

Mut. It is a Cruelty to my Soul expreſt,
Becauſe I keep it Priſ'ner in my Breaſt?

Ver. Not while 'tis willing; but it wou'd be ſo,
Had it as much deſire as I to go.

Mut. Since Life and you in me bear equal Sway,
Be not leſs willing than my Life to ſtay.

Ver. If Bondage only does expreſs you kind,
Why does the Stranger ſuch harſh Uſage find?
Can you pretend that the ſame Act ſhould be
Cruel to him, and yet ſo kind to me?

Mut. O my vex'd Soul! how true my Fears do prove!
Love betrays me, and ſhe betrays her Love. [*Aſide.*
I'll try her yet. ——— Shou'd I not ſeem to be
In all things kind, to ſet this Stranger free?

Ver. Alas, what ſhall I ſay? ——— I think you were.
He offers all I wiſh, and all I fear. [*Aſide.*

Mut. How brightly her betraying Bluſhes move,
And ſeem a glorious Traytor to her Love! [*Aſide.*

Ver. Sure when he has his Freedom he'll be gone. [*Aſide.*
Shou'd I beg his, that am deny'd my own?

Mut. You need not now your Pow'r or Tears employ,
The Stranger does his Liberty enjoy.

Ver.

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Ver. But is he gone already? Can it be?
Mut. What, are you troubled at his Liberty?
Ver. Did he not ask to ſee me e're he went?
Mut. He ſaid not much: I know not what he meant.
Ver. Perhaps you did refuſe that ſmall Requeſt?
Mut. I cou'd not grant that which he ne'er expreſt.
Ver. Why did I owe my Safety to his Aid?
O Kindneſs ill beſtow'd, but worſe repaid!
Mut. Thou haſt betray'd thy ſelf; the Lover's Part
I'll act henceforward with a Soldier's Heart.
Ver. Alas, what do you mean? What Tempeſts riſe?
The gathering Storms lye rowling in your Eyes.
Mut. I bluſh that I have been ſo calm and tame;
Conqueſts in Love and War are but the ſame;
Both reach'd by boldeſt Hands, and Fools alone
Thank Fate or you, for that which is their own.
Ver. Alas! what have I done?
Mut. ——How cou'd you be
So fooliſh to think I had ſet him free?
I quickly found he was too fortunate:
You may cheat thoſe you love, not thoſe you hate.
Ver. O be more gentle.
Mut. ——Yes, when you are kind.
Ver. Storms hardly will teach Calmneſs to a Mind.
Mut. You rais'd the Storm which ſhall his Ruin prove,
And he ſhall owe his Fate unto your Love.
Ver. Alas, 'tis your Suſpicion does engage
Your Fury thus; this Object of your Rage
I never ſaw, till from the Flames juſt now
He brought me forth, and gave me Life to owe.
Mut. What Flames were thoſe?
Ver. ——Thoſe wretched Flames which burn'd
My Father's Houſe, and all to Aſhes turn'd.
Mut. [*Aſide.*] O happy! *Herſilia*'s Siſter!
How the kind Fates ſtill nearer Bonds provide,
For me, and for *Sulpitius* to be ty'd.
[*Walks muſing, ſhe after him.*
Ver. Are you not yet appeas'd? Or can it be,
That Gratitude ſhou'd cauſe ſuch Jealouſy?
In gentle Minds, Love takes the moſt Delight;
Rough Natures urge not Paſſion, but Affright.

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Mut. Come, dry those gentle Show'rs, for there will be no need of Tears; unless to pity me.

Ver. Will you no more appear in such a Rage?

Mut. You need not fear the Storms you can assuage:
Teach me by your Example, I shall prove
The aptest Scholar, when I'm taught by Love:
——But I forget *Sulpitius*; —— Who's there?
——Here—— [*One Enters.*
Receive this Virgin with Respect and Care,
Safely till I return, and let her be
Obeyd by you, that is ador'd by me. [*Exit.*

Ver. I find his Jealousie has told him true,
And found my Love sooner than I cou'd do;
What shall I say? which will the hardest prove,
To hide my Hate, or to conceal my Love?
How can I practise what I never knew?
And appear false, that so I might be true?
And yet if they shou'd take his Life away——
Will none of these as well as I betray? [*Looks on the Men.*
——Is your Captain gone, my Friend?

1. A little Way,

Ver. When will he return?

2. That's uncertain.

Ver. He was very kind to me;
You know it best, with whom he left
Commands that were so civil.

2. Yes, I think he did.

Ver. I do believe there was no need;
Your Natures wou'd have urg'd you to as much,
As I shall beg.

2. What does she mean?

Ver. I have a small Request.

2. Well, what is't?

Ver. Nay, do not ask me hastily;
A Kindness may be lessened by the manner.

2. What the Devil does she mean?

Ver. How ruggedly they look? —— [*Aside.*
Yet I shou'd take it well, nay, very kindly.

1. 'Slife, how she tempts! —— [*Aside.*
——Well, name it.

Ver.

Ver. 'Tis only ——If they shou'd deny me! [*Aside.*
I know you'll think it but a small Request.

1. Well, let's hear it.

Ver. I wou'd see the Stranger that was taken with me,
I have a little business with him.

1. We dare not do it.

Ver. Your Captain said you shou'd obey me;
But I wou'd owe it to your Natures,
Rather than his Commands.

2. 'Tis impossible to deny her.

Ver. Yet I wou'd be grateful too; not to bribe,
But to reward your gentle Natures.

1. If we do not take the better care,
She'll make us think we're honest too.

2. We can easily convince her.

Ver. Why d'you delay? pray make more haste to goodness;
Here, divide this between you. [*Offers Money.*

1. Do'st think we shall be able to deny her?

2. 'Tis impossible to deny her; and her Money, too:
Our Captain has a brave Prize.

Ver. Alas, I fear they will deny me: [*Aside.*
Are you not yet resolv'd? ——here, pray accept it.

1. Well, for once we'll strain a point;
Come follow us, we'll bring ye to him:
But 'tis two to one whether he'll speak to you or no;
He's as sullen as a new-taken Eagle.

Ver. I'll venture that.

1. My Companion will guide you to the Place;
Follow me slowly, for I must step before
And prepare those that guard him.

Ver. I thank you; may you find full Rewards
In the Success of all your just Desires: [*Exit* 1 *Man.*
When shall the Fears of Minds concern'd grow less?
I tremble now at my own wish'd Success:
Courage in great Distress can only aid,
But Fear of what shou'd help will be afraid.
The Gods from Birth shou'd might have made us free,
Or gave us only those which best agree;
For such as mine a wretched mingle prove,
The Want of Courage, and Excess of Love.

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They were not jealous ſure that we might be
By Virtue rais'd too near Divinity;
For ſince within their Pow'r dwells all our Breath,
The Diſtance is preſerv'd enough by Death. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to a ſolitary Room.*

Enter Artabaces *out of it.*

Art. That I cou'd fly from every Thought I have,
And lie as ſenſeleſs in my Life as Grave!
I, that had Pow'r of thouſand Lives, am thrown
In Bonds, out of the Title to my own. [*Lies down.*
Why did the Gods———
Make us ſo fit for Vice and Miſery?
In Goodneſs their immortal Chequers lye:
They might have given our Souls better Eſtates,
And ſet our Bleſſings at far cheaper Rates.

Enter one of thoſe that went from Verginia, *with another Comrade that had the keeping of* Artabaces.

1. Come, come, here's that will conquer
Both thy Fears and Honeſty.
2. If *Mutius* ſhou'd return.
1. Piſh, he's engag'd to look *Sulpitius*;
Beſides, he bid us to obey what ſhe deſir'd.
2. Well, let's go to him; to tell thee true,
I pity him; 'tis a brave Fellow.
1. I cou'd pity too; but we are paid too well
To be good-natur'd; ——— pr'ythee tell him
That one deſires to ſpeak with him.
2. He's horrible ſurly.——Sir,———
D'ye hear, Sir? there's one without deſires to ſpeak with you.
Art. 'Tis a Queſtion whether I'll ſpeak with him or no.
2. You muſt needs.
Art. I am buſie, Raſcals.
2. 'Tis but a Word, Sir.
Art. I will not waſte half a one, Slaves, for you.
2. Fetch her in, Man; he'll ne'er be perſwaded. [*Ex.* 2.
Art. What d'you ſtay for, gentle Sir?
D'you ſuppoſe your Company is pleaſant?
2. You'll be made tamer.

Art.

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Art. Yes, thus, Rascals. [*Starts up.*

2. 'Twere a just Act to take away your Life, It troubles you.

Art. Pr'ythee do me but that Courtesie; if not, Lend me thy Sword, and see how kind I'll be.

2. He does amaze me.

Enter Vergilia *and* 1.

Ver. Hold, hold; what's this? why a Sword drawn?

2. This Madman wou'd provoke his death.

Ver. Pray hold, you do mistake: —— does he not, Sir?

2. How he stares on her!

1. And how his Fury slides away! —— Sir —— ——The Lady——Sir——

Art. Peace, Slaves, ——— I was considering. [*Stamps.*

2. What, Sir?

Art. That, Rascal. [*Strikes him; the Fellow offers to draw.*

Ver. Pray hold; here, take more; pray hold: For my sake, Sir, be gentle.

Art. I have done.

Ver. Pray be gone; you do disturb him. [*Exeunt.*

Why are your furious Eyes so fix'd on me? I do confess I caus'd your Misery. Propose your own Revenge, and my just Heart, Against the Life it feeds, will take your part.

Art. Alas, if your just Heart so kind can prove, To share in Griefs, teach it to share in Love.

Ver. 'Tis you must teach my Heart what it shou'd do; 'Tis aptest to learn any thing from you.

Art. Love's hardly to be taught, easie to have; 'Tis strange you shou'd not know the thing you gave.

Ver. Though what I gave perhaps I do not know, Sure I shou'd understand what you bestow.

Art. Fortune, alas, has taken all from me; Love seldom is the gift of Misery.

Ver. You said Pity was Love.

Art. A common Pity does not Love express; Pity is Love when grown into excess.

Ver. If that be all, Love is not taught, I see; For before you cou'd speak, 'twas learn'd by me.

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Sure Nature's Laws are above Heaven's got;
Love need not, though Religion must be taught.
Art. O speak again; the Breath that tells your Love
Approaches like the gentle Winds that move
Over the Tops of fragrant Flow'rs, and brings
To the blest Sense their Souls upon their Wings.
Ver. Alas, I have said something which I fear
Had such a Sound a Virgin shou'd not hear.
Art. O do not teach your Love a common way;
Love's Power is small, unless it can betray.
Ver. You'll then confess you've Power enough in me,
If for your Sake, I'm pleas'd with Treachery.
But Tales of Love make us forget our Vows;
A hidden Fear upon my Spirit grows,
Like People that tell Tales of Ghosts at Night,
So long till they are talk'd into a Fright.
Art. Such Fancies, from no real Cause, will prove
But Dreams, that hinder the Repose of Love.
Ver. You call my Fancies Dreams; but if they are,
All those must wake that do their Dreams declare.
Think I am sleeping when you see me sad,
And when I wake, I'll tell what Dreams I had.

Enter Mutius *suddenly.*

Mut. I cannot find *Sulpitius*; all's in an Uproar.
——— Ha! ———
What Sight is this, at which my stiffened Hair
Starts from their shaken Roots! I shou'd not have
So frightened, had I met every Ghost
Started from Hell, which *Roman* Conquests boast.
Ver. Ah me! what Storm is falling on us now?
Art. No Thunder dwells upon a human Brow.
Mut. Yes, you shall feel the Thunder that you slight:
It shews more Pow'r to ruin than to fright.
Art. Vain, slighted Villain.
Ver. ——— Pray let me speak;
Perhaps he'll least resist what is most weak:
Pray be not angry; did you not engage
That I shou'd never see you in a Rage?
Mut. You Pow'rs, what an ungrateful Confidence
This Woman hides with painted Innocence!

Art.

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Art. Would'st thou have thanks, for want of Liberty?
Which way is Gratitude grown due to thee?
Mut. While thou dost speak, 'tis with ingrateful Breath,
Which I cou'd stifle, if I wou'd, in Death.
Art. Pr'ythee then do.
Ver. Cannot my Tears incline?
Will you provoke your Ruin, perhaps mine?
Art. I've done; and though Death's Bulinels I despise,
Yet when you talk that it may close your Eyes,
This too fond Heart of mine, that did not fail
At Death in gross, thinks now at the Retail.
Mut. Come, have ye done? I long till I remove
With him thy Hopes, if not destroy thy Love.
Ver. Hold, hold, your Passion guides you to mistake;
Alas, 'tis the wrong Life that you wou'd take.
Mut. My just Revenge is this way best compleat,
To take that Life away which you love best.
Ver. Yet hear me speak; Had I no Life to pay
To Nature, wou'd you then take his away? [*Mut. studies.*
How plain it is, if Death to him you give,
The Reason only is because I live?
Art. Do not on my loath'd Life set such a Rate;
It is unkind to plead for what I hate.
Mut. One thing may save all yet;
If you will swear by all that you adore
From hence, never to see each other more.
Ver. What shall I do? I fear that this may be
An easie Oath for him, though not for me. [*Aside.*
Art. —— Then hear me swear.
Ver. Alas! I thought 'twou'd prove
My Fears wou'd be far truer than his Love. [*Aside.*
Art. By all that's good, thus, in this blest Attitude,
I wou'd for ever on this Object gaze.
Mut. They trifle with my Rage. Without there, ho.

Enter two Ar. two.

Here, Take 'em away.
—Hold—be gone with her, but let him stay. [*Exeunt Ver.*
—— Now, Sir,
Once more I ask you, will you swear?
You'd best consult with Wisdom, and with Fear.

Art. Let Fear upon the proſp'rous Hearts take hold,
Cowards themſelves in Miſeries grow bold.
Mut. Fortune, by me, now offers to be kind.
Art. And raiſe me on the Ruins of my Mind;
Though I am ſunk, my Honour keeps above.
Mut. 'Tis not thy Honour urges, but thy Love.
Art. Thoſe are the ſame. Poor frighted Men at Sea,
To ſave their Lives, caſt all their Goods away.
In Storms of Fortune, where there is a Strife
Which ſhall be ſav'd, Man's Honour, or his Life,
Who wou'd preſerve this totter'd Bark from Fate,
But ſink the Veſſel to preſerve the Freight?
Mut. I'll ſhake thy ſtubborn Spirit, while I feed
Thy Life with Tortures, Death ſhall Death exceed.
Art. Life may be leſs than Life, as it does waſte;
But Death cannot be more than Death at laſt.
Mut. Who's there?

Enter one or two.

——— Here ———
Take him away, and ſhut him up from Light,
Let him ſee nothing but Death's Image, Night.
Art. Thou canſt not reach the Light that I ſhall find;
A generous Soul is Sunſhine to the Mind.
Mut. Be gone,
In the leaſt Tittle he that diſobeys,
His own Neglect his wretched Life betrays. [*Ex. with* Art.

Manet Mutius.

In what Encreaſe of Tempeſts I am toſt,
Like thoſe in Storms afraid of any Coaſt:
Now every Way to me unſafe appears,
Reaſon has left the Helm, and Love now ſteers:
Yet one Trick more I am reſolv'd to try;
Love's Wiſdom is compos'd of Treachery.
——— Ho ——— *Corbulo.*

Enter Corbulo.

Cor. Your Pleaſure, Sir?
Mut. Fetch *Virginia* hither.
And ſend *Titus* to ſpy abroad,
And bring what News he can; however

Let

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Let him not ſtay, for I intend at his Return,
To look my ſelf after *Sulpitius*.
Cor. I will, Sir. [*Exit.*
Mut. This Fellow fits my Humour;
Like Flies he feeds upon the fouleſt things,
And to the rugged'ſt Places faſteſt clings.
—But—I forget my Buſineſs, I muſt now
With all that's gentle, ſmooth a rugged Brow,
And tempt her with feign'd Goodneſs to believe;
The Shape of Virtue ſtill can beſt deceive.
Thoſe that in faithleſs Oceans take their Way,
Sink in the Storms, but 'tis the Calms betray.
Enter Corbulo *with* Verginia.
She comes.—Now leave us, *Corbulo*,
But ſtay within my Call.— [*Exit* Corbulo.
Still drown'd in Sorrow? ſure my Rage appears
As juſt, and far more gentle than your Tears;
You fear the Storms, yet make the Tempeſts riſe,
While you retain foul Weather in your Eyes.
Ver. Tempeſts by Show'rs ſometimes are laid to Peace.
Mut. And when you weep for me, my Storms will ceaſe.
Ver. To ſhew my Gratitude, I ſhew my Fears,
And poorly pay the Debt of Life with Tears;
Secure me only this, that he ſhall live,
Or do not blame the Sorrow that you give.
Mut. Does not feign'd Gratitude true Paſſion hide?
But ſince only by this it can be try'd,
Here in a ſacred Vow my ſelf I tie,
By me, nor by my means, he ſhall not die.
Ver. Now you are gentle,
And as in Tears I paid to him his due,
Now with dry'd Eyes I'll pay my Thanks to you.
Mut. Your Gratitude might find a better way,
And my kind Vow with one as gentle pay:
'Tis the ſame Oath which he has took before,
To avoid ever ſeeing of him more.
Ver. If he has ſwore, alas, what need I ſwear?
A Vow ſhou'd be as gentle as a Pray'r.
Mut. Can Pray'rs to all alike ſo gentle be,
Since all the World's Devotions diſagree?

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None beg the ſame, the Pray'rs of all the beſt
Are little more than Curſes for the reſt.
Enter Corbulo.
——How now——
Cor. *Titus* is return'd, Sir, and ſays, there is moſt Noiſe
By *Numa*'s Grove; another join'd to him
To ſcout on either ſide, might bring you full Intelligence.
Mut. No, I will go my ſelf.——In the mean time
Think, gentleſt Maid, how little I deny;
Who ever you command, muſt live or die. [*Ex. with* Ver.
——*Corbulo*,——Come back.——
I have a Buſineſs that I dare commit
Unto no Care but thine.——Give out that I am gone,
And with a ſhew of Pity offer *Virginia*,
To bring her to the Stranger; in the mean time,
I'll place my ſelf to over-hear their Paſſions:
The Buſineſs will be eaſie.
Cor. If 'twere hard, it were all one to me.
Mut. Diſpatch then, my brave *Corbulo*,
And ſend *Spurius* along with *Titus*. [*Ex.* Corbulo.
I will ſearch out the Secret of her Heart,
And find that Paſſion which ſhe hides with Art:
May be 'twas Charity that fear'd his Harm,
But Charity does ſeldom ſhew ſo warm,
No, no; ſuch deep Concerns appear above
All taught Affections, 'tis unleſſon'd Love:
When this Diſeaſe of Jealouſie can find
A Way to ſeize upon a crazy Mind;
Moſt things, inſtead of Help or giving Eaſe,
The Humour feed, and turn to the Diſeaſe. [*Exit.*
Enter Marcellina.
——Hark——
I liſten ſtill for Noiſe to be my Guide,
And want, yet have too much on every ſide.
——O *Serverius!*——
How I purſue, with what Uncertainty?
Yet though I loſe my Way, I follow thee:
Hurried along upon Love's Wings I move,
Purſuing Fate, and am purſu'd by Love. [*Exit.*
Enter

Enter Sulpitius, *with* Herfilia *and others.*

Sulp. Be pleas'd to pardon me, Madam,
I was enforced to lead you a By-way,
Something about; we are nearer a Place of Safety now.
Her. I wou'd not censure, but this seems to be
A mingle between Force and Courtesie.
Sulp. Since 'tis so hard to gain your clear Belief,
I must be innocent, tho' it gives you Grief.
Yet for your own Sake do not wish to know,
Time is too hasty, and my Tongue too slow:
Why shou'd his Guilt and Mischief blemish me?
Yet Silence seems a virtuous Treachery.
Her. Why do you shew such Strugglings in your Breast?
Sulp. Nature and Friendship are at a Contest;
Know then, (I wou'd you cou'd, and I not tell,)
That *Tiridates* by *Sertorius* fell.
You were the Quarrel, and for you they strove
With equal Courage, and with equal Love;
Till Fortune blinder now than ever prov'd,
And deny'd Victory to what you lov'd.
Her. Ha, *Tiridates* dead! (*Whispers.*
Sulp. We have no Time to talk, or to lament,
Lest we meet Dangers which we shou'd prevent.
Her. Alas, my Griefs the greatest Dangers are:
Who wou'd flie Death, that cannot fly Despair?
Sul. Sorrow deceives, that bids you flie and die;
'Tis from *Sertorius*, not from Death, you fly;
Whose Rage had blown it self to such a Height,
It stopp'd not at th'unhappy Prince's Fate,
But presently your Father's Palace blaz'd
In circling Flames, which his Revenge had rais'd;
As if 'twere just he shou'd the Ruin prove
Of his own Hopes, that had destroy'd your Love.
Her. Methinks my Love looks mean in Sorrow dress't,
Sure 'twou'd shew greater by Revenge express't.
Sulp. Though nothing of your Heart you will reveal
To me, let your Revenge at least be mine.
Her. O, *Tiridates!*
I have condemn'd my self to die, and grieve,
Revenge does only my short Life reprieve.

Exeunt

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Enter Sertorius.

Ha, the horrid Monster comes! you Pow'rs above,
Revenge at once Death and an injur'd Love.
Sert. Have I o'ertook you, Villain, with your Prize? [*Draws.*
Sul. There's none is overtook, but he that flies.
Her. Defend me now, *Sulpitius.*
Sert. ——— Ha, does *Herſilia* want ſuch Aid?
O Heavens! her Virtue's loſt, or ſhe's betray'd;
I will not trifle out my Cauſe with Words.
Her. Let my Revenge and Wrongs aſſiſt your Sword.
Sert. What Riddle's this! ſhe courts his Treachery?
Then through their Deaths I thus muſt haſte to die.
[*Fights among 'em, and kills one.*

Enter Marcellina, *takes up his Sword, and hurts another that is running at* Sertorius; *he turns, and ſhe and he fight, and* Marcellina *kills him, and then falls her ſelf: In the mean time,* Sulpitius *and the reſt wound* Sertorius *ſo, that they fall together.*

Her. What do I ſee? *Marcellina!*
Mar. Herſilia!
Sulp. Come, we muſt not ſtay,
All is unſafe, and Pity will betray. [Sulpitius *pulls* Her.
Sert. Hear my laſt Words, have ſo much Charity;
My Life was yours, but here 'tis juſt I die;
I feel new Fires, my ancient Flames appeaſe,
And I owe Health unto a new Diſeaſe.
Her. Doſt thou not ſhrink at thy approaching Fate?
Are all my Sorrows and his Blood no Weight?
Sert. What Sorrows do you wear? Or what's my Crime?
Sul. We trifle out our Safety with the Time. [*Pulls* Her.
Her. Stay —— let me tell him ———
Sulp. ——— 'Tis in vain: away.
Sert. That Villain does betray you.
Her. ——— Hold, I will ſtay.
O, *Marcellina!* O, *Tiridates!*
Sert. ——— What is the Myſtery?
Why do you call on them from whom you fly?
Her. What does he ſay?
Sulp. ——— He raves, no matter what.

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Her. I'll hear him ſpeak.
Sulp. ——— Away, it is too late. [*Hurries her out.*
Manet Sertorius *and* Marcellina.
Ser. What can this mean? —— farewel my unjuſt Fires,
New Warmth grows in me, though my Life expires.
How ſlow I crawl? my Love would make more haſte,
But weakned Nature cannot move ſo faſt.
My ſinking Soul this bleeding Current drowns;
How equal we are now in all our Wounds!
O ſpeak, and tell me if you can forgive;
Or if that be too much, tell me you live.
Mar. I wou'd deny you nothing; ſhou'd I ſay
I live, Life while I tell it ſteals away.
Be not concern'd; Death has the ſame Event,
By Nature call'd, or brought by Accident.
Ser. Do not ſo willingly your Life reſign;
Or if you muſt, let your Soul go with mine.
Mar. It will go ſoftly, if it goes before,
And wait for yours, where they ſhall part no more.
Ser. And ſhall we thus know one another there?
Mar. Elſe we ſhou'd want a Bleſſing we have here.
Ser. I feel Death's Shades creep upon Nature's Light;
O guide your Hand to mine, 'tis almoſt Night.
Mar. Here, where is yours?
Ser. ——— Searching to find yours out,
Mar. Have it I now? Weakneſs and Love may doubt.
Hold faſt,— farewel,— There's ſomething — hides. [*Dies.*
Ser. 'Tis Death, that kindly thus it ſelf divides. [*Dies.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Artabaces.

Art. WHY to our Bodies are the Gods more kind,
Than to the Place where Worship dwells, the Mind?
Nature provides Defence, and yields Retreat
From piercing Cold, and from the scorching Heat;
But for the Passions which about us wait,
There is no Means allow'd proportionate.

Enter Corbulo.

Cor. Are you busie, Sir? [*Mutius over-hearing.*
Art. O wondrous busie.
Cor. In what?
Art. Why, I was thinking that the World's ill ballanc'd.
More Knaves than honest Men.
Cor. An honest Man wou'd then be welcome sure.
Art. Not to this Place.
Cor. To you, I hope.
Art. Troth, I have but little Business for him.
Cor. Do you not want a Courtesie?
Art. Yes, and one to do it.
Cor. Pray, try me, Sir,
Art. With all my Heart; — help me to a Sword.
Cor. That's hard.
Art. So are most Courtesies; pr'ythee do me an easie one.
Cor. What's that?
Art. Be gone and leave me.
Cor. I wou'd first willingly do something for you,
And wou'd help you to a Sword too;
But they are too suspicious at this time,
Strict Spies are set on you;
Some what more Liberty is allow'd the Lady.
Art. The Lady! —— ha——— didst thou not say the Lady?

Cor.

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Cor. Yes, I did——It takes. [*Aside.*

Art. Cou'd you help me to speak with her, or see her, Tho' but for a Look or two?

Cor. Um'h.

Art. That's too hard too.

Cor. No, I will do't.

Art. Are you sure of it?

Cor. Stay there a little, and you shall see.

[*Steps to* Mutius.

Art. This Fellow sure has Inclinations to be honest.

Cor. 'Tis done; watch there. [*Comes back, and Exit.*

Mut. My best *Corbulo.*

Art. I have been thinking

Why those above, so full of Tenderness,

Made Ways so hard to Good and Happiness:

Thro' Graves we travel to Felicity;

The Road unto Religion's Misery.

The Ways might have been easier to find out,

Not left so rugged, and so far about:

To every Object we submit our Sense,

And call our Accidents their Providence.

There is no Satisfaction here below,

But such as Chance or strange Extreams bestow:

Secure Content can only be acquir'd

By brutish Minds, or such which are inspir'd,

Where Reason must not come, or can't incline,

Sunk unto Beasts, or rais'd to be divine.

Enter Corbulo *with* Verginia.

Cor. Then, Sir, now believe. [*Exit.*

Art. H'as don't indeed.

Just so when welcome Light begins to rise,

An unknown Comfort steals on troubled Eyes.

Here let me kneel for ever in this Place,

And cling like Ivy to my first Embrace.

Ver. Alas, in Sorrow thou'd we plant our Loves!

Prisons are barren Soils where nothing proves.

Joys may spring up and make a little Show;

But fatning Roots in prosperous Places grow.

Art. Love may, like Virtue, starve in full content;

Misfortunes are their noblest Punishment.

Ver.

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Ver. If Love fares well, do not his Feasts betray,
While Death stands ready to take all away:
Let rather Art and Wisdom act their Parts,
And hide our Love from all things but our Hearts.
Art. Dull Order takes from Love its Edge and Grace;
He stumbles in all Steps but his own Pace;
His sacred Liberty is in Fetters tied,
When Art or Wisdom his loose Steps wou'd guide.
Ver. Perhaps there is a Way to set you free.
Art. Can I be so, and you want Liberty?
Ver. Do but at least comply with my Design;
For here your Life's in Danger, more than mine.
Art. Without your Sight my Life is less secure;
Those Wounds you gave, your Eyes can only cure;
No Balm in Absence will effectual prove,
Nature provides no Weapon-salve for Love.
Ver. Might you but live a Pris'ner still with me,
It were unkind to wish your Liberty;
'Tis offer'd from my Love,——and yet I find [*Sighs.*
You that deny to take it, seem more kind.
Enter Mutius *hastily.*
Mut. 'Tis I must bring you Freedom at the last. [*Draws.*
Ver. O hold, remember what a Vow you past.
Mut. It is thy Falseness makes me call it back;
No Vows so strong but just Revenge will crack.
Ver. Revenge will be no Plea to those above.
Mut. But they will hearken unto injur'd Love.
Art. The Gods will hear no Business comes from thee:
Mut. I'll send you on my Errand.
Ver. ——— Oh through me
Guide your kind Sword:—Methinks your Looks appear
[*He pauses and studies.*
To me at least more gentle than they were.
Mut. O yes, I am grown very tame, and now
I think on't better, I will keep my Vow.
Ver. The Gods reward what I can never pay.
Mut. Hold, hold, take all together when you pray;
For you shall see me take such wondrous Care,
That neither of you both shall need to swear.
Ver. What do you mean?

Mut.

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Mut. ——— Without there, ho, *Corbulo.*
Enter Corbulo.
Art. O treacherous Slave! ———
Mut. ——— Yes, y'are in the Right;
Since you were squeamish to forswear her Sight,
I will secure your Eyes without your Vow.
Ver. Oh, Sir, by all ———
Mut. ——— Nay, no dissembling now.
Take him away, and on his charming Sight
With burning Irons sear eternal Night.
Cor. How, burn out his Eyes!
Mut. ——— Yes, burn out his Eyes.
Does *Corbulo* demur at Cruelties?
No more, be gone.
Ver. ——— O hold, he bids you stay.
Mut. He stays to meet his Death that dares delay.
Art. Farewel, fair Vestal;
By my Soul's Eyes your Image shall be seen;
And when 'tis dark without, I'll gaze within.
Ver. O stay, I know you will relent, you must;
Need you be cruel, when you shou'd be just?
Preserve your Vow without your Cruelty;
And do not make your Sin your Piety.
[*Exit* Cor. *with* Artabaces.
Mut. Be gone. I'll practise what you taught before.
I'll shew no Pity, nor ask yours no more.
Ver. But you may want Pity from those above.
Mut. Not now, since they deny'd it in your Love.
Ver. They'll make me pay, if you will make me owe.
Mut. You are too cunning, and the Gods too slow.
Enter Corbulo.
How now, is't done?
Cor. No.
Mut. Ha!—the Reason, Slave?
Cor. I think such horrid Business was not in our Bargain.
Mut. Pitiful Rascal, take that soft Reward;
[*Strikes him.*
I'll trust such tender Slaves no more. [*Ex.* Mutius.
Cor. Am I thus paid?
Ver. Alas, what does he mean to do?

Cor.

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Cor. Mischief, no doubt.
Ver. Look on my Wrongs, or your own Injury;
Revenge on him will prove Pity to me.
Cor. A Blow! this my Reward!—— follow me;
I will do something, but I know not what.
Ver. The Gods wou'd think that I enough had paid,
Were my Tears measur'd, or my Sorrows weigh'd.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sulpitius *with others, leading in* Hersilia.

Her. Hold, or you shall drag me on:
There's something in all this like Treachery;
Sertorius now is dead, what need we fly?
——Leave me;——
You may be innocent if you obey.
Sulp. No, we have wander'd, you may lose your Way.
Her. Take heed lest I suspect some ill Design.
Sulp. Suspicion will be more your Fault than mine.
Her. I fear that I have mar'd his Guilt, I find
Poor *Marcellina's* Ghost walks in my Mind.

Enter Tiridates.

Ha!—— *Tiridates!*——false Villain.
Sulp. Pish, 'tis his Ghost: Here lead her away
To the appointed Place; hold, you two, stay.
Her. Help, *Tiridates.* [*Ex. with* Hersilia.
Tir. Villain, look back, and see thy Death.
Sulp. Death is more us'd to obey me than you.
——Dispatch him. [*Fight,* Tiridates *falls.*
——'Tis done: come for *Mutius's* House, away.
[*Exeunt.*
Tir. It will not be. [*Strives to rise.*
I bleed so fast, that wither'd Life begins
To fade away for want of Nature's Springs:
And yet I feel no such Decay of Love,
Tho' Life and Passion from one Fountain move.
——*Hersilia,*——*Hersilia!*—— [*Swoons.*

Enter Arcibaces *with his Eyes out, and bound.*

Arc. Where am I now?
I thought the Way to Death had been so broad,
Tho' I were blind, I cou'd not miss the Road:

Death's

Death's Lodgings such perpetual Darkness have,
And I seem nothing but a walking Grave.
——*Verginia*—— I must never hope to see:
All Nature's Windows are shut up in me:
The Sun to me brings an unuseful Light;
About me now I always carry Night.
There's yet one Grief added to all my Store,
Never to see poor *Tiridates* more.

Tir. Who's that names the unfortunate *Tiridates*?

Art. What Noise is this which sadly strikes my Ear?
A sound like *Tiridates'* Voice I hear.

Tir. 'Tis yet his Voice; were not my Senses broke,
I shou'd think too 'twere *Artabaces* spoke.

Art. 'Tis *Artabaces* speaks, and seeks about
For *Tiridates*.

Tir. —— Why d'you not find me out?
It is not dark.

Art. —— Alas, 'tis dark with me.

Tir. Here, here; that I shou'd live once more to see
My long-lost Brother! 'twill scarce show like Death
In thy Embraces to resign my Breath.

Art. O take me in thy Arms, for mine are ty'd;
If they were free, I have no Eyes to guide.

Tir. Assist me, my weak Strength, but to untie
Those Arms, to make my self a Place to die.

[*Unties him, and Artabaces sits down and takes him in his Arms.*

Art. How dismally we meet like Death and Night!
My Arms are now thy Strength, thy Eyes my Sight.

Tir. What Hand or Chance shut up those Eyes of thine?
While I enquire the Cause Death closes mine. [*Dies.*

Art. He sinks! *Tiridates*,—Brother! His Pulse is gone;
'Tis grown a dead low Ebb with Life's warm Flood:
How proper are my Tears? my Eyes weep Blood.
He's gone before to rest, why must I stay?
Eyes that are Wounds might weep a Life away:
They drop too slow, Life will not at this Rate
Distill away; I'll seek a quicker Fate. [*Starts up.*
Now I have Hands, they will some Death afford;
I had forgot to ask him for his Sword;

I'll

I'll grope it out;———'tis hard, I cannot find
[*He creeps up and down for's ow'n Knees.*
The Means of Death; Fortune shou'd help the Blind
——O——I have it now.
All Steps of Life were going to this home;
But this does not bring Death, but shew 'tis come.
So Motion causes what it can't express;
'Tis the last Step declares the Weariness.
One Thought for dear *Virginia*,——then——

Enter Corbulo *with* Virginia.

Cor. This way I'm sure.——
——Look where he stands: I dare not stay. [*Exit.*

Ver. Heaven reward you.

Art. Who's there?

Ver. —— The horrid Deed is done! ——
Look down on him you Pow'rs, with Pity too,
That has no Eyes left to look up to you.

Art. Who's that which does too late the Gods implore?
A Musick like that Voice I've heard before.

Ver. That I were dumb.
It is too much that I can speak and see;
Each Sense is but a sev'ral Misery.

Art. It is *Virginia*; guide me where ye stand,
To leave my last Kiss on your sacred Hand.
[*She comes to him, and gives him her Hand.*

Ver. O do not to Despair your Soul resign;
Your Eyes have been my Guides, now see with mine.

Art. 'Tis Life, not you, that I forsake or fly;
I do but go before you when I dye.

Ver. Hold, hold;
Give me your Sword, 'tis fittest for me now;
I dare not use it, and you know not how.

Art. In this Condition I can use it best;
I need no Eyes to guide it to my Breast.

Enter Mutius, *and pauses a little.*

Ver. Hold, hold; Oh *Mutius* comes! Stand behind me;
Give me your useless Sword, for I can see.

Art. Away, away; those Pow'rs will send Supplies,
And guide my Sword, that took away my Eyes.

Mut.

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Mut. Fair Cous'ner, have I overtook you now?
With Juſtice, thus I break my ſlighted Vow.
[*Runs at* Artabaces; *he ſtands ſtill, and catches the Hilt of* Mutius's *Sword as it paſſes through his Body, and kills him.*
Art. So, I heard him fall;——I think
My Sword feels him now.——
Is he——not——dead?—— [*Staggers and falls.*
Ver. Are you not dying too? O, let me know.
Art. Yes: all the while I liv'd, I have been ſo;
Time equal Steps to Death, and Life does give;
And thoſe that fear to die, muſt fear to live:
Death reconciles the World's and Nature's Strife,
And is a Part of Order and of Life.
Ver. 'Tis out of Order, without Nature's Call.
Art. It were the ſame if Accident paid all.
We have no Right in Time to come, no more
Than we had Title to the Time before.
Ver. Yet to my Life ſome Pity ſhou'd be ſhown,
Virginia's Life, though you deſpiſe your own.
Art. Reviving Comfort from that Name is ſent;
And though my——faiſting——Life——is almoſt ſpent,
It baits upon your Name, and then——goes on;
But 'tis ſo tir'd, it cannot——travel——long. [*Sinks.*
Ver. Oh! [*Starts up a little.*
Art. I cou'd have ſmil'd at Loſs of Life and Crowns,
But at the Loſs of you,——I die——in Frowns. [*Dies.*
Ver. Oh, do not leave me thus; for Pity ſtay
A little.——'Twas but juſt now he went away;
I have not ſince had Time to ſhed a Tear;
And yet the Diſtance does the ſame appear,
As if he'ad been a thouſand Years from me.
Time takes no Meaſure in Eternity. [*Weeps over him.*
Enter Herſilia, *with the Fellow that went off with her.*
Clau. This is th'unhappy Place, and there the wretched Object.
——Now, your promis'd Pardon.
Her. Go, and live honeſt—— [*Exit.*
Oh my *Tiridates*,——ſpeak but one Word.
[*Runs and kneels by him.*
He's

He's gone for ever;—has he not left his Sword
[*She [illegible]*
To help me after?—Ha!—who's that appears
[*Sees* Virginia.
Like me in Griefs, so drown'd in hopeless Tears?
Ver.—Ha!—my Sister *Hersilia!* She will prevent my Death,
Unless I quickly counterfeit some Way
To deceive her, and my own Life betray.
Her. 'Tis she;—Ah, poor *Verginia!*—
Who's this who in his Blood thus wek'ring lies,
Mourn'd like a Lover by thy tender Eyes?
Ver. 'Twas one made me concern'd I knew not how;
But all is past, for he is nothing now;
So we are told we must account the Dead;
And Tears are wasted, when for nothing shed.
Her. Alas, you do but think that you have lov'd:
Just so when Heaven, by some Trouble mov'd,
Unto some tender Place its Flames designs,
It seems to burn; because the Lightning shines;
But when 'tis gone, after its swift Retreat,
It's left, like you, without a Flame or Heat.
Do but look on, and see me take my Leave
Of my dead Love, and you must learn to grieve.
[*She goes to kneel by her Love.*
Ver. 'Tis Life that must to Griefs their Being give;
And she that learns to grieve must learn to live.
[*Goes to* Arab.
Come,—lend me your Sword, that I may find my Heart;
It keeps me now from you:—Sure it will smart.
[*Tries the Point.*
—Yet—all's but Death,—by Nature,—Sword, or Flame;
But we find Choice in that which is the same;
And when the Gods our Life seem to deny,
'Tis kind to let us chuse which way to die.
——Why do you hold your Sword so fast? let go.
[*Tries to get the Sword.*
This does not like your Love, but Courage show.
I have been told, and do believe it true,
Love out-lives Death, which Courage need not do.
—Let go.

Her.

Her. Stay——I had forgot to take my Leave of her.
[*She rises.*
'Tis juſt that Nature ſhou'd ſome Share receive,
Since ſhe in Death for ever takes her Leave.
——Ha,——poor Girl, what art thou doing there?
[*Sees* Ver. *by* Artab.
Do not conceal thy Love, nor hide a Tear.

Ver. Nothing indeed; I only look'd to ſee
Why the Dead gave the Living Miſery;
I fancy'd Death ſome Horrour did expreſs,
It rather ſeems to promiſe Quietneſs.

Her. In Sorrows Death's ſecureſt Payment lies:
But Youth like thine, untouch'd with Miſeries,
As if it hop'd to 'ſcape and never pay,
Puts off the Creditor from Day to Day.

Ver. In Grief the moſt ill Husbandry's expreſt,
It makes us poor with paying Intereſt;
I've heard ſome *Romans* at a chearful Feaſt,
Invited Death to come and be a Gueſt;
What wond'rous Act can you with Sorrow do,
Not to be equall'd with a chearful Brow?

Her. You may be one Day touch'd with Miſery;
Sorrow will teach you then to think of me:
Farewel, *Vergilia*, theſe for thee I ſhed,
All my laſt Tears are due unto the Dead.
[*She goes to* Tiridates.

Ver. O quickly now let go your Sword.—Unkind,
Why do you make me ſtay ſo long behind?
Indeed I ſhall not find which Way you went,
Yet Arrows ſwifteſt fly from Bows moſt bent;
—Let go,—thank ye,—I cou'd afford to pay
A thouſand Thanks; but that I cannot ſtay.
[*She gets the Sword.*
My Love's in Haſte, yet not one Tear ſhall more,
I will no more be childiſh in my Love.
——*Herſilia*,——Siſter——
[*She ſtarts up.*

Her.——Ha——

Ver. Pray ſee, you have good Skill in Grief, you ſay:
Does any Look in all this Face betray

Sorrow

Sorrow within? Can you the leaſt deſcry?
See how I ſmile——and now——ſee how I die.
[*Kills her ſelf.*

Her. Thou haſt indeed deceiv'd me; thy brave Fate
I will not poorly praiſe, but imitate;
In every Thing, I'll fall as thou haſt dy'd,
And take my Reſt by my dead Lover's Side. [*Kills her ſelf.*

Enter Emilius *with his Followers, bringing in* Sulpitius.

Emil. Come, Monſter, ſhew me the Place
Of all thy Miſchiefs, and my Miſery.

Sulp. By all theſe Signs of Death, here it ſhou'd be.

Emil. Ha, *Herſilia* dead, and poor *Virginia*?——
——Where ſhall my Griefs begin!
Death like a Froſt on a too early Spring,
Stole on thy Bloſſoms.——Monſter, come and ſee
What Heaps of Ruin thou haſt rais'd for me.

Sulp. Ruines for you? Trifles:—there, gaze on mine;
——The Love——
Of forty thouſand Fathers, that can whine
Their Sorrows out, make but a formal Show,
Short of a Lover's Grief. Let me but go,
And I will ſhew you why.

Emil. Hold, keep him faſt:
What would'ſt thou do?

Sulp. Since all the Miſchief's paſt,
I might be truſted now——I wou'd die there
Between them two: Thoſe Lovers lye too near:
I fancy they enjoy each other,
For all they are as cold as Cakes of Ice;
That I might die but once, or kill him twice.

Emil. One With be ſure thou ſhalt obtain, for I
Endure to live, only to ſee thee die.

Sulp. We are at laſt agreed, it ſeems.——Come.——
Lend me a Sword then.

Emil. Monſter, thou ſhalt bleed
By Juſtice only.

Sulp. O, I underſtand you, your meant
Thrown down from the *Tarpeian* Rock; if you ſhou'd ſee
My Tumble, pray, do not leap after me:
Troth it may ſpoil your Whining.

Emil.

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Emil. Stop his vile Breath,
Till the Infection is remov'd by Death.
Farewel, *Herſilia*,——and farewel, my ſweet *Virginia*:
I'll firſt revenge your Deaths, and then I'll die;
So, though I take my Leave, my Eyes are dry;
Sorrow for ſuch a Loſs too mean appears,
Griefs were a *Roman*'s Shame, expreſt in Tears.
The World ſhall weep for me, when ever Fame
Does but relate the *Veſtal-Virgin*'s Name.

Juſt as the laſt Words were ſpoke, Mr. *Lacy* enter'd, and ſpoke the *EPILOGUE*.

BY your Leave, Gentlemen,——
After a ſad and diſmal Tragedy,
I do ſuppoſe that few expected me;
But when I ſaw Things grow ſo Tragical,
I thought the Poet *wou'd have kill'd us all;*
And craftily perhaps, ſo to prevent
An Epilogue, *when all his Wit was ſpent:*
Beſides, having been once a Poet, *it does breed*
A fooliſh Itch to ſee how others ſpeed.
Troth we Poets *have had ill Succeſs of late,*
But what you call our Faults, we call our Fate.
I have rais'd a Scheme, and find that Poets *are*
Damn'd with the Influence of the Blazing-Star.
Here has been Rhime *good Store, and very fit,*
For well-made Noiſe *ſometimes has paſt for* Wit.
——*'Twou'd make you ſmile,——*
To ſee what confus'd Faces Poets *make,*
This walks about, and cries, 'twill never take;
There's not one Word of Mirth, nor Show, nor Dance;
A Man of Farce, thought I, might then advance;
For I had promis'd, and I think you know it,
A proper Crown for the next dulleſt Poet.
Your Judgment is deſir'd, and pray be free,
Whether This ſhall be crown'd by You or Me.

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Thus it was Acted the Comical Way; the Alteration beginning in ACT IV. *towards the latter End, after these Words,*

——— And injur'd Love———

Sulp. Come, Madam, fly the Sight of what you hate;
If he pursue us, stop him with his Fate.

Sert. She call'd me Monster, and implor'd their Aid;
Hersilia or her Virtue is betray'd.
Slaves, let me pass.

1. ——— Stop, or we'll make you stay.

Sert. When 'tis deny'd, I use to force my way.

[*They fight, he kills one; Marcellina enters and takes up his Sword and kills another; the rest fly.*

Sert. How like a helping Deity you prove!
At once your Pow'r has given Life and Love.

Mar. What Love, *Sertorius*?

Sert. ——— That which was due
Once to *Hersilia*, is now so to you.

Mar. Take heed; for though this Passion seems to be
A Gratitude, 'tis still Inconstancy.

Sert. If Love admits a Change, though it does grow
From Virtue, will the Change a Vice still show?

Mar. I fear it must; for Constancy's above
All other Virtues that belong to Love.

Sert. If Virtue merely dwells in Constancy,
By that strange Rule then all Mankind shou'd be
Firm to the Error which they first embrac'd;
For Error is no more than Love ill-plac'd.

Mar. By this large Rule, if ever you confess
Your Love ill-plac'd, 'tis just to love me less:
If Love to those that most oblige is due,
Fortune disposes of your Love, not you.

Sert.

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Sert. In Love's Adventures Fortune buſie ſhows;
But 'tis not ſhe, but you, the Love beſtows.
What diff'rence in this Argument is ſhown,
To ſhake my Love, and to confirm your own!
Mar. Mine is the ſame, and never can be leſs.
Sert. Yours will enough ſecure my Happineſs.
Come Faireſt, let us thus purſue our Friends;
Where you begin to help, Misfortune ends.
Thus, as you are, appear a Deity,
Like an arm'd *Pallas* crown'd with Victory. [*Exeunt.*

In ACT V. *the Alteration begins at theſe Words,*

Cor. Am I thus paid! —— Stay, Sir,
If it muſt be done, I will not for a little Squeamiſhneſs
Loſe my Rewards at laſt.
Mut. O, I thought you wou'd repent.
Ver. This is a ſtrange Religion to be taught,
To ſhew Repentance but for one good Thought.
Mut. Well then, you are reſolv'd?
Cor. I'll do't, Sir, as unconcern'd
As you are to command it.
Mut. Take her away, and inſtantly about it.
Ver. The Gods wou'd think that I enough had paid,
Were my Tears meaſur'd, or my Sorrows weigh'd. [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Veteran.

Vet. Sir, *Titus* brings word,
He ſaw *Sulpitius*, with a Woman,
By *Numa's* Grove; his Haſte ſhew'd ſome Diſorder.
Mut. What Luck is this, thus to be call'd away!
I wou'd have made a little longer ſtay;
But I'll haſte back. —— It muſt not be delay'd;
For ought I know, *Sulpitius* may want Aid.
No Thought I have but comes clogg'd with a Doubt:
When ever buſie Man does but ſtep out
From his own uſual Track, he does confer
More Power on Fortune than belong'd to her. [*Exit.*

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The SCENE *opens, and* Corbulo *appears busie beating his Irons.*

Enter Mutius *peeping.*

Mut. O, I am ſatisfy'd.——When thou haſt done,
My beſt *Corbulo*, turn him out alone,
To wander up and down in his own Night,
And let him ſeek his Way without his Sight. [*Exit.*

Cor. He was jealous ſure. Now to my Buſineſs.
Within there, *Titus*; go fetch the Priſ'ner, and then

Enter Titus.

Wait at the Gate that opens on the *Tiber*,
And ſtir not till I call; 'tis *Mutius's* Orders.

Tit. ——— Well, we know it.

Titus *goes out, fetches in* Artabaces, *and Exits.*

Cor. Come, Sir, are you ready?

Art. For what?

Cor. For Darkneſs.

Art. ——— Hadſt thou ſaid for Death,
'Thad been more gentle: I'll not waſte my Breath
To ask for Pity; bleſs but my laſt Sight,
To let *Virginia* come and ſay, Good-night.

Cor. Time's precious.

Art. Miſchief was ne'er ſo haſty but 'twou'd ſtay;
If dying Men ask'd a ſhort time to pray;
So in the midſt of all your Cruelties,
Allow me this Devotion of my Eyes.

Cor. Well, ſuch a ſmall Requeſt I'll not deny.

Art. Then I forgive thy former Treachery. [*Exit* Corbulo.

I've copied fair *Virginia's* Eyes within;
Perhaps it wants a little finiſhing;
My laſt Looks in my Heart will perfect all,
And make the Copy ſerve th'Original.

Enter Corbulo *with* Verginia; Corbulo *goes to his Irons.*

Forgive me, ſacred Virgin, if my Eyes
Begg'd their laſt Looks might be your Legacies.

Ver. What do you mean! what is he doing there?
What horrid Inſtruments does he prepare?

Art.

Art. Such as must rob me always of your Sight,
And without Death bring a perpetual Night.
——— O do not weep! ———
I seem to shrink under the Load of Fate,
Not as 'tis mine, but as it proves your Weight.
Ver. My Fears for you as kind and grateful are,
Left in your Sufferings I shou'd want a Share:
My Grief seems great for Want of Miseries;
I shou'd not weep, if I might lose my Eyes.
Art. O do not grieve! see for your Sake I'll prove
Injurious to my self, more to my Love:
To make your Sorrow prove the less for me,
Know that you love your Country's Enemy.
Th'unfortunate *Armenian* Prince, that strove
Against all *Roman* Conquests, but your Love.
Ver. Love will admit no such Concerns in me:
Because you've been my Country's Enemy;
Shou'd therefore my uninjur'd Love decline?
I fear it hardly wou'd, had you been mine.
Art. Yet think my Love's grown to a sad Excess,
When its own Greatness makes me wish yours less.
Cor. Come, are you ready?
Art. ——— Yes, for Miseries.
Cor. Here are hot Looking-glasses for your Eyes.
Ver. Before your own let 'em true Mirrors stand,
And shew how Death stays blushing in your Hand.
Cor. My Irons cool.
Ver. ——— What Gentleness they show!
They from forc'd heats to cooler Natures grow.
Art. Fortune and Interest are Disposers grown
Of Men, they have no Natures of their own.
Fair Vestal, let your sacred Hand receive
This Kiss as pure as they; and when you find
My Eyes are sunk in Darkness, be so kind
As but to tell me if it can be true,
That I have only lost my Eyes, not you.
Ver. My Eyes shall still be yours, when you have none;
But if you apprehend, when yours are gone,
Some other Object may my Heart incline,
I'll beg him, if you will, to burn out mine.

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Cor. Come, I muſt ſtay no longer:——If you dare——
Art. Yes, exquiſite Villain, I can ſhare
On Death in any Shape.
Cor. ——— Then gaze on this;
'Twill make brave Muſick, when you hear it hiſs.
[*Puts his Irons in the Water.*
What ſay you, does it ſound unpleaſantly?
Ver. What does he mean?
Cor. ——— I'll tell you inſtantly;
Stay, I muſt fetch another Inſtrument. [*Exit* Corbulo.
Art. His Miſchief varies only, not Intent;
Unleſs he means a gentle Death to give,
That with my Life my Torments may not live.
Enter Corbulo *with a Sword.*
Cor. See how you're both miſtaken: Here,
I bring you Fate to give, and not to bear.
Here, Sir, at once receive this Sword, and mine;
Thus to your Fortunes all my own I join.
Art. I have ſeen ſudden Starts to Miſchief grow;
But Turns to Good are uſually more ſlow.
Cor. What, do you wonder at this change in me?
Needs Courage arm'd admit ſuch Jealouſie?
Follow me quickly, while the Coaſt is clear;
To ſtay or wonder wou'd be faults like Fear.
Art. Forgive me, *Corbulo*;
And ſince thou doſt reſolve to ſhare in mine,
My Gratitude will make my Fortunes thine.
———O my *Virginia*,———
My Joys, like Men in crowds, preſs out ſo faſt,
They ſtop by their own Numbers and their Haſte.
Ver. I fear Diſeaſes may this Health purſue;
For ſudden Fortune has Relapſes too.
Art. Baniſh theſe Fears; againſt the Plagues of Fate,
A Sword and Courage is a ſure Receit. [*Exeunt.*
Enter Sulpitius *with* Claudius, *bringing in* Herſilia.
Her. Stay, what d'you mean? or whither ſhou'd we fly?
There's ſomething in all this like Treachery:
Take heed leſt I ſuſpect ſome ill Deſign.
Sul. Suſpicion will be more your fault than mine.

Enter

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Enter Tiridates.

Her. Ha, *Tiridates*! ——O Villain!

Tir. Look here, falſe Man, and ſee thy Death purſue.

Sul. Death will as ſoon be ſent from me as you.
Hold her faſt, *Claudius*, that ſhe now may ſee
Whoſe Due her Conqueſt proves by Victory.

Tir. 'Tis brave, thy Courage ſeems from Juſtice ſent,
To make thee ſtay and meet thy Puniſhment.

Sul. Is there a better or worſe Cauſe in Love,
Where all their Titles by their Paſſion prove?
Love's Thrones by Conqueſt only are made good,
Like Empire where there is no Claim in Blood.

Enter Mutius.

Mut. How's this? *Sulpitius*, ſtay thy Sword, for thine
Muſt ne'er engage without the help of mine.

Sul. Stay, *Mutius*, do not ſo injurious be,
As to deprive my Love of Victory.
Look on that Sun, whoſe Power's not leſs great,
Since ſhe as well diſpoſes Life and Heat.
Rob me not of my Hopes, while ſhe ſtands by;
Love hovering ſeems to wait a Victory.

Tir. Not all your Swords can ſo ſucceſsful prove;
Though they may reach my Life, they can't her Love.

Mut. Diſpatch him, Sir; I have much more to ſay;
Though your Love does, mine will not brook delay.

Sulp. Thine, *Mutius*! then Love has pow'r, I ſee.

Her. Sulpitius, hold, or be my Enemy,
Beyond the Pow'r of Mercy to forgive.

Mut. Come, come, we trifle, Sir, he muſt not live.
——Ha!——

Enter Artabaces, *with* Verginia *and* Corbulo.

Art. Whate'er this foul Play means, Juſtice does guide,
Where *Mutius* is, my Sword to t'other ſide.
Sir, [*to* Trid.] you ſeem to want ——What Miſt does riſe!
Or has not *Corbulo* put out my Eyes,
And I gaze on my Brother, as I uſe to do.
Within my Mind! Pray ſpeak, Sir, Who are you?

Tir. Your happy Brother, dear *Artabaces*,
And ſtill the ſame in all things but my Joy;
Fortune ſeems now grown weary to deſtroy.

Mut. Ha! my Pris'ner, by that treacherous Slave set free!
Art. Why do you ſtare?——
Mut.——O, it ſeems you can ſee.
Look there*, *Sulpitius*, nothing leſs divine
* [*Pointing to* Virginia.
Than that, cou'd charm a Heart ſo rough as mine.
Theſe † are our Rivals too; juſt Fortune draws
† [*Pointing to* Artabaces *and* Tiridates.
Our Swords together in an equal Cauſe.
Art. Now know, fierce *Mutius*, though no Cauſe can be
So great as Love, to make an Enemy;
Yet to raiſe up thy Horrour to a Height,
Armenia's Prince is ſent to bring thy Fate.
Now thou ſhalt ſee where Conqueſt be thy Due,
And without Numbers what thy Sword can do.
Her. Sulpitius, hold; obey me yet at laſt,
And I'll forgive all thy Offences paſt.
Sulp. While I am arm'd, I never uſe to pray,
And Love commands me now not to obey.
Tir. We trifle Time.
Art.——*Corbulo*, that Charge is thine.
Cor. Kind Fate provides another Sword for mine.
Art. Now, idle Fortune, modeſtly ſtand by,
And let juſt Love diſpoſe of Victory.
[*They fight*, Mutius *falls, and* Sulpitius *ſtands ſtaggering.*
Tir. Now, *Sulpitius*, to whom's *Herſilia* due?
Sulp. Wou'd ſhe were ſo to any one but you.
Uſe your Advantage to th' Unfortunate;
Honour is cruel that denies a Fate.
Muſt I fall thus, and in *Herſilia*'s Sight?
I ſtand to talk, that cannot go to fight. [*Falls.*
Tir. Sulpitius, live;
As thou wert once my Friend, my Friend ſtill prove.
Sulp. That Life thou giv'ſt, is Death unto my Love
Herſilia, now I beg your Cruelty;
I want no Help to live, but ſome to die.
Art. Brave Man! I pity his ungentle Fate;
I wou'd have none that love, Unfortunate.
——Come, *Tiridates*,——
How trembling after Victory we go,
To pay Devotions which to Love we owe! For-

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Fortune at last seems kind in her Designs,
To bring our Victory before our Shrines.
[*Pointing to* Herfilia *and* Verginia.
Tir. Ah, Brother, I am still unfortunate,
Not less by Honour now, than once by Fate.
Art. What's this!
Tir. Fairest *Herfilia*, can you pity me,
Not for your own, but Honour's Cruelty?
I must not speak of Love; yet tho' her Tyes
Bind up my Tongue, I thus may use my Eyes.
Art. Fair Vestal,
Tho' Fortune now at last seems kind to me,
Without you smile, 'tis useless Victory.
Ver. My Joys must always wait on your Success,
Since they take Being from your Happiness.
I beg now to return from whence I came:
And there, while I attend the sacred Flame,
My true Concerns for you shall never cease,
And pray for yours, while I enjoy my Peace.
Art. Will you forsake me now, and be less kind,
Than you once promis'd if I had been blind?
I had been happier then by Miseries:
Now I lose you, that had but lost my Eyes.
Ver. Then you did need my Help; now you are free:
Does Love exceed the Use of Charity?
Art. Yet let not Charity your Love exceed;
But grant me Alms as long as I have need.
Ver. Alas, the World is full of Storms, I find;
I wou'd return for shelter to my Mind.
Come, dear *Herfilia*, which way must we go?
Ah me! why do you look upon me so?
At once I weep and tremble too; my Tears
Spring without Grief, and without Cause my Fears.
Enter Sertorius *and* Marcellina.
Sert. Look, *Marcellina*, see what Heaven bestows,
As a full Recompence of all your Woes.
Mar. *Herfilia* and *Verginia*!
Let me embrace you both, lest I shou'd wrong
My Love, which else wou'd stay from one too long.
Her. Dear *Marcellina*, Joy seems perfect now;
Nor Love nor Fortune gives it without you.

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Tir. Sertorius! ——
I now demand my Freedom from your Sword;
In Spight of Torments, I have kept my Word,
And silently endur'd my Miseries,
Tho' all the while wrack'd by *Herfilia*'s Eyes.
Sert. To such strict Honour all Rewards are due:
All I once hop'd, I now resign to you.
Here, fair *Herfilia*, may you as happy prove
In his, as I in *Marcellina*'s Love.
Tir. How all my Happiness together flows,
If with *Herfilia*'s Love, your Friendship grows!
Her. If I deny, it won'd ingrateful show;
I give not Love, but pay you what I owe.
Sert. How, *Mutius* and *Sulpitius* too!
Dead both together!
Sulp. ——No, won'd it were true;
Mutius, you see, has better Luck than I,
He's quiet, past the Sense of Misery.
Sert. By whom fell *Mutius*?
Art. ——By th' Unfortunate;
One that came here to fetch, not bring a Fate:
While *Tiridates* liv'd and was not free,
I blush'd at my own Life and Liberty;
Hither I came, either or both to pay,
But lost my Freedom by another way.
'Tis I, *Armenia*'s wretched Prince, whom yet
Rome wants to make her Victory compleat:
Let *Tiridates* live, and let me find
But a swift Death, and *Rome*'s as great as kind.
Tir. Sertorius, if your Friendship can extend
To love *Rome*'s Enemy, because my Friend,
No Conquest that you ever gain'd before,
Can exceed this, or will become you more.
Sert. Dear *Tiridates*, were he not to you
So lov'd a Brother, to his Worth were due
All that you ask: 'tis more than Victory,
Thus to embrace so brave an Enemy.
Art. You *Romans* all the World sure must obey,
Since you know how to conquer every way.
Tir. Permit me, fair *Herfilia*, to present
Him whose dear Loss I did so long lament.

For

Ver. If for my ſake you can more Love beſtow,
My Life and Honour unto him I owe.
Her. Either of theſe are Tyes enough to prove
Strict Bonds, not Motives to oblige my Love.
Mar. My Debts, Sir, and *Herſilia's* are the ſame.
Art. You oblige one has nothing but a Name.
My Heart, tho' not o'ercome by Miſeries,
I loſt a Conqueſt to *Verginia's* Eyes.
While I was mis'rable, ſhe did expreſs
Concerns like Love, but they are all grown leſs;
For ſhe will now forſake the World and me.
Good Gods, give me again my Miſery.
Dear *Corbulo*, repent, and make me blind;
For when I'm wretched ſhe'll again be kind.
Ver. What have I done, that you ſhou'd tempt your Fate,
And beg the Gods to be unfortunate?
Art. Did you not ſay you wou'd forſake me now?
Ver. To go to Heaven, do I fly from you?
There by my Pray'rs my Love will beſt be try'd;
You ſhall have more than all the World beſide.
Art. It is a ſtrange Devotion takes away
The Happineſs, for which it ſeems to pray.
Enter Emilius, *and others.*
Ver. My Father!
Emil. ——Ha, *Herſilia* and *Verginia!*
Does not the Fondneſs of my Eyes betray?
O let me thus confirm my Happineſs,
Till my Embraces grow to Wearineſs:
My Joys encreaſe. Ha! *Marcellina* too!
All Comforts, next to them, are brought by you.
And ſince *Sertorius* finds his Happineſs
In yours, to *Tiridates* I'll expreſs
My promis'd Care, that he may happy prove,
Like you, in mine, and his *Herſilia's* Love.
Tir. Thoſe Bleſſings that you give are ſuch a Store,
I almoſt bluſh that I muſt ask you more.
See, Sir, my long-loſt Brother, that here brought
His Life for mine, and his own Ruin ſought:
Our Country gave the *Roman* Victories,
Its King's now vanquiſh'd by a *Roman's* Eyes;

Yet

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Yet, Sir, your Piety will like Justice show
To pay a Love where she a Life does owe.
Ver. I owe him, Sir, my Life, I do confess,
And mean to pay him more than Love; not less:
I wou'd return and see the World no more,
And there for him, unwearied, Heaven implore.
Emil. No, dear *Virginia*, such a Piety,
That robs me of thy Sight, were Guilt in thee.
Nor need you fear, brave Prince, your own Success;
Our Gratitude enjoyns your Happiness.
Art. Fair Vestal, since you must no more return
To those, pity the Flames that in me burn.
You shall for ever have a Vestal's Name,
And, like them, always keep alive a Flame.
Ver. Since 'tis my Father's Pleasure that I stay,
'Tis you that make me willing to obey.
Press me no more, till I by Time may prove
In yours as well instructed as my Love.
Art. That Breath all my Misfortunes blows away;
The Loss of Scepters, Love can over-pay.
Sert. Brave Sir, you've lost no Crown; for you shall find
A Prince that loves the Conquest of the Mind;
The great *Augustus*, whose bright Nature brings
More surer Conquest than his Sword, or Kings.
Take up that wretched Man *, that nothing may

* [*Pointing to* Sulpitius.

Hang heavy on the Joys of this bright Day:
He's still my Brother, and may yet repent;
A hopeless Love must be his Punishment.
How all our Joys are set in Foils of Woes!
As after Darkness Light the brighter shows,
So from our Sorrows all our Joys encrease,
And unto Love *Rome* owes a Friend and Peace.

EPI-

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Lacy*, who is ſuppos'd to enter as intending to ſpeak the Epilogue for the TRAGEDY.

BY your Leave, Gentlem—How! what do I ſee?
How! all alive! Then there's no Uſe for me.
'Troth, I rejoice you are reviv'd again;
And ſo farewel, good living Gentlemen.
1. *Nay, Mr.* Lacy. La. *What wou'd you have with me?*
I can't ſpeak Epilogues ex tempore:
The Poet has done craftily to-day;
He'as ſpoil'd my Epilogue, perhaps his Play;
He'as cur'd 'em all; a very pretty Prank!
And from a Poet turn'd a Mountebank.
Well,—If nothing pleaſes but Variety,
I'll turn Rageu *into a Tragedy.*
When Lacy, *like a whining Lover, dies,*
Though you hate Tragedies, 'twill wet your Eyes.
Letters *of* Marque *are granted every where,*
And one Prize-Office *is kept always here:*
All that are Phlegmatick are Enemies,
Which makes Poets and Dutchmen *certain Prize.*
All that I wiſh is, that the Dutch *may fight*
With as ill Fortune, as we Poets write.
I thought to have ſpoke ſomething of the Play;
But you'll think what you pleaſe, whate'er I ſay.

THE

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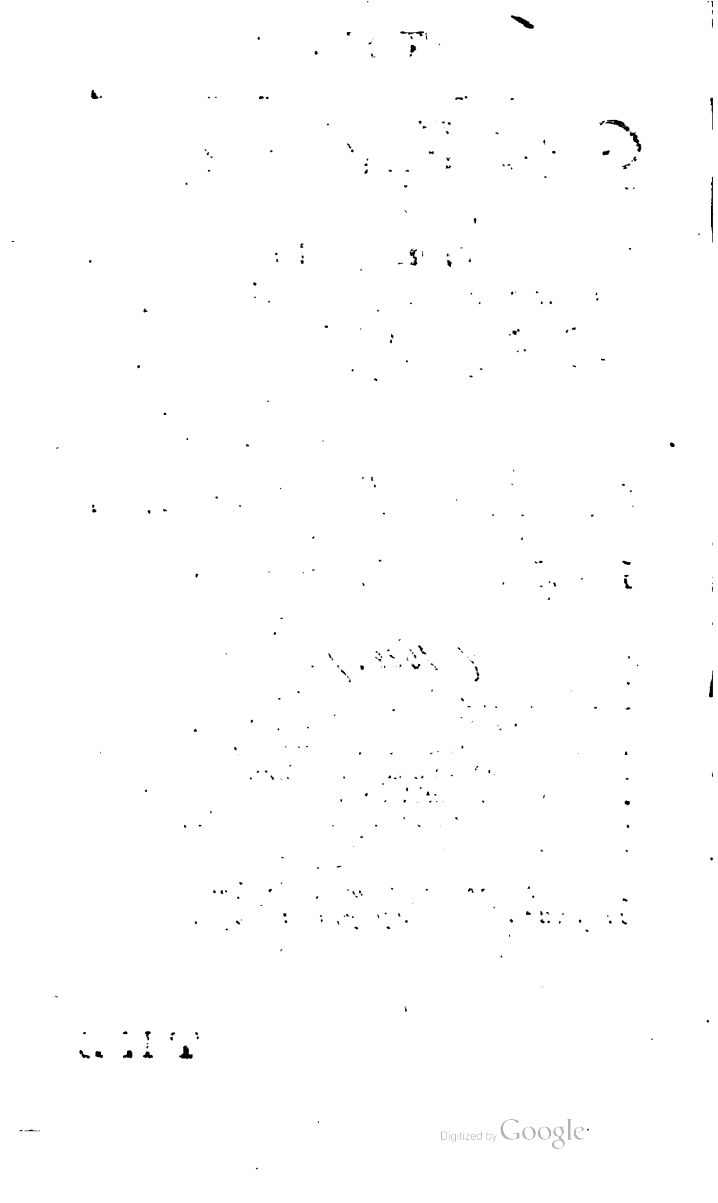

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THE

Great FAVOURITE:

OR, THE

Duke *of* LERMA.

A

TRAGEDY.

(1688.)

LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR 1722.

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READER.

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TO THE
READER.

Cannot plead the usual Excuse for Publishing this Trifle, *which is commonly the Subject of most* Prefaces, *by charging it upon the Importunity of Friends; for, I confess, I was my self willing, at the first Desire of Mr.* Herringman, *to Print it: not for any great Opinion that I had entertain'd, but for the Opinion that others were pleas'd to express; which being told me by some Friends, I was concern'd to let the World judge what Subject matter of Offence was contain'd in it: Some were pleas'd to believe, little of it mine: but they are both obliging to me, though perhaps not intentionally; the last, by thinking there was any Thing in it that was worth so ill design'd an Envy, as to place it to another* Author: *The others (perhaps, the best bred* Informers) *by continuing their Displeasures towards me, since I most gratefully acknowledge to have received some Advantage in the Opinion of the sober Part of the World, by the Loss of theirs.*

For the Subject, *I came accidentally to write upon it; for a Gentleman brought a* Play *to the* King's Company, *call'd,* The Duke of Lerma; *and by them I was desired to peruse it, and return my Opinion, whether I thought it fit for the* Stage: *After I had read it, I acquainted them, that in my Judgment it would not be of much Use for such a Design, since the Contrivance scarce would merit the*

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the Name of a Plot; *and some of that, assisted by a Disguise; and it ended abruptly: and on the Person of* Philip *the* IIId *there was fix'd such a mean Character, and on the Daughter of the Duke of* Lerma, *such a vitious one, that I con'd not but judge it unfit to be presented by any that had a Respect, not only to Princes, but indeed to either Man or Woman; and about that Time, being to go into the Country, I was perswaded by Mr.* Hart *to make it my Diversion there, that so great a Flint might not be lost, as the Duke of* Lerma *saving himself in his last Extremity, by his unexpected Disguise, which is as well in the true Story as the old* Play; *and besides that, and the* Names, *my altering the most Part of the* Characters, *and the whole* Design, *made me uncapable to use much more; though perhaps written with higher Stile and Thoughts, than I can'd attain to.*

I intend not to trouble my self nor the World any more in such Subjects, but take my Leave of these my too long Acquaintances; since that little Fancy and Liberty I once enjoy'd, is now fetter'd in Business of more unpleasant Natures; yet were I free to apply my Thoughts as my own Choice directed them; I should hardly again venture into the Civil Wars of Censures.

Ubi——Nullos habitura Triumphos.

In the next Place, I must ingenuously confess, that the Manner of Plays, *which now are in most Esteem, is beyond my Power to perform; nor do I condemn in the least any Thing of what Nature soever that pleases; since nothing can'd appear to me a ruder Folly, than to censure the Satisfaction of others: I rather blame the unnecessary Understanding of some that have labour'd to give strict Rules to Things that are not Mathematical, and with*

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with such Eagerness pursuing their own seeming Reasons, that at last we are to apprehend such Argumentative Poets *will grow as strict as* Sancho Pancho's *Doctor was, to our very Appetites; for in the Difference of* Tragedy *and* Comedy, *and of* Farce *it self, there can be no Determination but by the Taste; nor in the Manner of their Composure; and whoever wou'd endeavour to like or dislike by the Rules of others, he will be as unsuccessful, as if he should try to be perswaded into a Power of believing; not what he must, but what others direct him to believe.*

But I confess 'tis not necessary for Poets *to study strict Reason, since they are so us'd to a greater Latitude than is allow'd by that severe Inquisition; that they must infringe their own Jurisdiction, to profess themselves oblig'd to argue well: I will not therefore pretend to say why I write this* Play, *some* Scenes *in blank Verse, others in* Rhime, *since I have no better a Reason to give than Chance, which waited upon my present Fancy; and I expect no better a Reason from any ingenious Person, than his Fancy for which he best relishes.*

I cannot therefore but beg leave of the Reader, *to take a little Notice of the great Pains the* Author *of an* Essay *of* Dramatic Poesie *has taken, to prove* Rhime *as natural in a serious* Play, *and more effectual than* blank Verse: *Thus he states the Question, but pursues that which he calls* Natural *in a wrong Application; for 'tis not the Question whether* Rhime *or not* Rhime *be best, or most Natural, for a grave and serious Subject; but what is nearest the Nature of that which it presents. Now after all the Endeavours of that ingenious Person, a Play will still be supposed to be a Composition of several Persons speaking* ex tempore; *and 'tis as certain, that good* Verses *are the hardest things*

that

that can be imagin'd to be ſo ſpoken; ſo that if any will be pleas'd to impoſe the Rule of meaſuring things to be the beſt, by being neareſt Nature; it is granted by Conſequence, that which is moſt remote from the thing ſuppoſed, muſt needs be moſt improper; and therefore I may juſtly ſay, that both I and the Queſtion were equally miſtaken; for I do own, I had rather read good Verſes, *than either* blank Verſe *or Proſe, and therefore the* Author *did himſelf Injury, if he like* Verſe *ſo well in* Plays, *to lay down Rules to raiſe* Arguments, *only unanſwerable againſt himſelf.*

But the ſame Author *being fill'd with the Precedents of the* Ancients *writing their* Plays *in* Verſe, *commends the thing, and aſſures us that our* Language *is* Noble, Full, *and* Significant; *charging all Defects upon the ill-placing of Words, and proves it by quoting* Seneca, *loftily expreſſing ſuch an ordinary thing, as,* Shutting a Door.

Referate cluſos Regii poſtes Laris.

I ſuppoſe he was himſelf highly affected with the Sound of theſe Words, but to have compleated his Dictates *together with his* Arguments, *he ſhould have oblig'd us, by charming our Ears with ſuch an Art of placing* Words *as in an* Engliſh Verſe *to expreſs ſo loftily the* Shutting of a Door, *that we might have been as much affected with the Sound of his Words. This, inſtead of being an* Argument *upon the* Queſtion *rightly ſtated, is an Attempt to prove that nothing may ſeem ſomething, by the help of a* Verſe, *which I eaſily grant to be the ill Fortune of it; and therefore the* Queſtion *being ſo much miſtaken, I wonder to ſee that* Author *trouble himſelf twice about it, with ſuch an abſolute Triumph declared by his own Imagination. But I have heard that a Gentleman in* Parliament, *going*

to

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to speak twice, and being interrupted by another Member, as against the Orders of the House; he was excused by a Third, affirming the House he had not yet spoken to the Question.

But if we examine the general Rules laid down for Plays by strict Reason, we shall find the Errours equally gross; for the great Foundation that is laid to build upon is nothing, as it is generally stated; which will appear upon the Examination of the particulars.

First, We are told the Plot should not be so ridiculously contriv'd, as to crowd two several Countries into one Stage; Secondly, to crump the Accidents of many Years or Days into the Representation of two Hours and a half: And lastly, a Conclusion drawn, that the only remaining Dispute is concerning Time, whether it should be contain'd in twelve, or four and twenty Hours, and the Place to be limited to the Spot of Ground, either in Town or City, where the Play is suppos'd to begin; And this is call'd nearest to Nature: For that is concluded most natural, which is most probable, and nearest to that which it presents.

I am so well pleas'd with any ingenious Offers, as all these are, that I should not examine this strictly, did not the Confidence of others force me to it; there being not any thing more unreasonable to my Judgment, than the Attempt to infringe the Liberty of Opinion by Rules so little demonstrative.

To shew therefore upon what ill Grounds they dictate Laws for Dramatick Poesie, *I shall endeavour to make it evident, that there's no such thing as what they all pretend; for, if strictly and duly weigh'd, 'tis as impossible for one Stage to present two Houses, or two Rooms truly, as two Countreys or Kingdoms; and as impossible that five Hours, or four and twenty Hours, should be two Hours and a half, as that*

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a thousand Hours or Years should be less than what they are; or the greatest part of Time to be comprehended in the least; for all being impossible, they are none of them nearest the Truth, or Nature, of what they present; for Impossibilities are all equal, and admit no Degrees; and then if all those Poets that have so fervently labour'd to give Rules and Maxims, would but be pleased to abbreviate, or endure to hear their Reasons reduc'd into one strict Definition, it must be, that there are Degrees in Impossibilities, and that many Things which are not possible, may yet be more or less impossible; and from this proceed to give Rules to observe the least Absurdity in Things which are not at all.

I suppose I need not trouble the Reader with so impertinent a Delay to attempt a farther Confutation of such ill-grounded Reasons, than thus by opening the true State of the Case; nor do I design to make any further use of it, than from hence to draw this modest Conclusion, That I would have all Attempts of this nature be submitted to the Fancy of others, and bear the Name of Propositions, not of confident Laws, or Rules made by Demonstration; and then I shall not discommend any Poet that dresses his Play in such a Fashion as his Fancy best approves; and fairly leave it for others to follow, if it appears to them most convenient, and fullest of Ornament.

But writing this Epistle in so much haste, I had almost forgot one Argument, or Observation, which that Author has most good Fortune in: It is in his Epistle Dedicatory, before his Essay of Dramatick Poesie; where, speaking of Rhime in Plays, he desires it may be observ'd, That none are violent against it, but such as have not attempted it, or who have succeeded ill in the Attempt; which as to my self and him I easily acknowledge; for

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I confess none has written in that way better than himself, nor few worse than I: Yet, I hope, he is so ingenuous, that he would not wish this Argument should extend further than to him and me; for if it should be received as a good one, all Divines *and* Philosophers *would find a readier way of Confutation than they yet have done, of any that should oppose the least Thesis or Definition, by saying, they were denied by none but such as never attempted to write, or succeeded ill in the Attempt.*

Thus as I am one that am extreamly well pleas'd with most of the Propositions, *which are ingeniously laid down in that Essay, for regulating the Stage; so I am also always concern'd for the true Honour of Reason, and would have no spurious Issue father'd upon her. Fancy may be allow'd her Wantonness; but Reason is always pure and chast; and as it resembles the Sun, in making all things clear, it also resembles it in its several Positions: When it shines in full Height, and directly ascendant over any Subject, it leaves but little Shadow: But when descended and grown low, its oblique shining renders the Shadow larger than the Substance, and gives the deceiv'd Person a wrong Measure of his own Proportion.*

Thus begging the Reader's *Excuse for this seeming Impertinency, I submit what I have written to the Liberty of his unconfin'd Opinion, which is all the Favour I ask of others to afford to me.*

PRO-

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Ellen*, and Mrs. *Nepp*.

Nepp. *HOW, Mrs.* Ellen, *not Dreſt yet, and the Play ready to begin?*

El. *Not ſo near ready to begin as you think for.*

Nepp. *Why? What's the matter?*

El. *The Poet and the Company are wrangling within.*

Nepp. *About what?*

El. *A Prologue.*

Nepp. *Why, is't an ill one?*

El. *Two to one it had been ſo if he had writ any; but the conſcious* Poet, *with much Modeſty, and very Civilly and Sillily* ——— *has writ none.*

Nepp. *What do they mean to do?*

El. *Nay, Fortune knows; They are now compounding with him but for two Lines.*

Nepp. *And what ſays the wilful Rhimer?*

El. *Why he ſays for his Defence, that Prologues are like Corn well thraſh'd, there's nothing left in the Straw.*

Nepp. *What ſhall we do then? 'Slife, let us be bold, And ſpeak a Prologue.* ———

El. ——— *No, no, let us Scold.*

Nepp. *Nay* ———

Since to be try'd here, is our Poet's *Chance,*
We'll wiſh him ſure a good Deliverance.

El. *Why, then deliver him from you that ſit*
And boldly cenſure, what you have not, Wit:
May you be poor, and know not what to do
For Six-pence, and then rail at Money too:

Nepp.

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PROLOGUE.

Nepp. *From you that have some Wit, and yet more Sight,*
If you be judg'd, as you do those that write;
May all your courted Mistresses to you
Prove froward and malicious Criticks too.

El. *May they observe with Care your nicest Looks,*
As you do the worst things in Plays and Books.

Nepp. *Deliver him from you that nothing spare;*
Nay, you that would fain seem worse than you are,
Out-talk your own Debaucheries, and tell
With a fine Shrugg, Faith, *Jack,* I am not well.

El. *From you that with much Ease, and little Shame,*
Can blast a Poet's, and a Woman's Fame;
For at first Sight a well-bred Trick y'have got,
Combing your Wiggs, to cry, Dam me, She's naught.

Nepp. *Pr'ythee let's say no more, but run away;*
For they'll revenge themselves on the poor Play.

El. *No matter, we have here one Party fast,*
I mean the Gentlemen we spoke of last:
Though they deny't the Poet, yet we know,
On us they freely wou'd their Claps bestow. [Exeunt.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

M E N.

Philip, the young King of *Spain*.
The Duke of *Medina*, Uncle to *Donna Maria*.
The Duke of *Lerma*, Father to *Donna Maria*.
The Duke d' *Alva*.
The Marquis of *Alvara*.
Count *Brunhero*.
The King's Confeſſor, made Archbiſhop of *Toledo*.
Caldroon, *Lerma*'s chief Servant and Creature.
Angelo, Servant to *Lerma*.
Franciſco and *Don Juan*, two Courtiers.
Antonio.
Three Lords.
Three Courtiers.
Three Suiters.
Fryars.
Officers and Attendants.
Four Blackamoors.
Six Pages.

W O M E N.

The Queen Mother.
Donna Maria, Daughter to *Lerma*.
Catalina, a Maid of Honour to the Queen.
Iſabella, a Lady, Kinſwoman to *Medina*.
Attendants of Court Ladies.

SCENE, *MADRID*.

THE

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THE Great FAVOURITE: OR, THE DUKE of *LERMA*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Lerma *alone.*

LERMA.

REpulse upon Repulse; like Waves thrown back,
That slide to hang upon obdurate Rocks;
The King shot Ruine at me, and there lies,
Forgiving all the World, but me alone;
As if that Heaven too, as well as he,
Had scratcht me out of Numbers; at the last
He turn'd his feeble Eyes away from me,
As dying Men from Sins that had mis-led 'em,

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Blasting my Hopes, and theirs that hang upon me:
Thus all those mighty Merits of my Family,
Are going to his Grave, there to be buried;
And I my self have hung upon his Frowns,
Like Dew upon a Cloud, till shaken off
In a cold Shower, and frozen as it fell,
Starving my Growth, with this untimely Frost:
But,———I fondly prate away my Thoughts,
Till I have made 'em nothing, like my self.

Enter Pedro, Lorenzo, Jaques, Paulo, *and* Caldroon, *his Servants.*

See———here are the Parts of my full Ruine,
These decay'd Out-Houses shew the chief Building
Wants Reparation. A good-Day
May you all share, my Friends, and better too
Than *Lerma*'s best, or 'twill be dark enough.

Pedro. What means this Salutation?

Loren. I understand it not.

Ler. What? all struck dumb? has then the News
Of *Lerma*'s late Repulse, from Mighty *Philip*,
Wrought such Effects upon your shaken Spirits,
Who are but Play-fellows with my Decays,
That it hath ravish'd from you all your Tongues,
('Afflictions best Appeasers?) —He that's boldest,
Let him attempt to talk me up to slight it,
And he that's fearful, let him pity me;
For I have Thanks for every sort of Kindness.
Nay, for your Looks; I see a Sorrow there,
For which *Lerma* has nothing left to give you,
But that poor empty Name of Thanks, a Word
That pays for faint Salutes, or a good-morrow.

Cald. My Lord, we were commanded, at this Hour
Here to attend your Pleasure.

Ler. 'Tis true, I had forgot,
I call'd you to confess, I am your Debtor,
And you my patient Creditors,
Pen, Ink, and Paper there; and now, my Friends,

[*Ex.* Paulo, *for Pen, Ink, &c.*

I'll tell you all the Fortune I have left,

And

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And you shall share't, as far as it will go.
How long, *Pedro*, hast thou serv'd me?
Ped. Seven Years, my Lord.
Ler. Dost thou not curse me now for Want of Wages?
In such a Prentiship, with great *Medina*
Thou hadst set up thy Self; thy tedious Service
Has now no more Inheritance, than a loose Rag
About a hang'd-up Man, consuming with
The shameful Carcass it should cover.
Omn. We do beseech your Lordship.
Ler. I apprehend you: all I can do, is this:
Let every Man examine his own Wishes,
The aptness of his own Abilities; and see
The Man, how great soe'er, the King excepted,
In reach of whose great Fires I dare not trust,
My wither'd Supplications) and to him
I will with all the liberal Praise I can
Give him a fair Preferment.
Omn. We wish no other choice, but as we are.
Ler. No more; your Kindness is ill-tim'd.
That Paper waits for your Impressions.
And I to finish your Desires: peruse it.
[*He walks about while they write.*
So——nay grieve not, this is a Day
Of your most happy Changes. [*He reads.*
Let me see——*Pedro* to *Don Bruchero*; 'tis well.
Jaques, the Duke *d' Alva*; good. *Lorenzo*,
The Duke of *Auzon*, in *Naples*; fit. *Paulo*,
To *Don Lewis de Velasco*, very well.——
Who for the Wars then?
Ped. I, my good Lord.
Ler. 'Tis a good choice——but stay, what's this,
At last? sure I mistake. Read it, *Pedro*.
Ped. Roderigo del Caldoron, and the Marquis of *Lerma*.
Ler. Ha, ha, ha! I was not then mistaken
In him, though in the rest. [*Aside.*
Cald. I hope your Lordship never shall have cause
To alter your good Thoughts, of your poor Servant.

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Ler. Thou'ſt took a Courſe to make thee poor enough;
But e'er we part, I muſt ſay ſomething to thee.
For you, Gentlemen, you may aſſure your ſelves
You ſhortly ſhall poſſeſs your ſeveral Choices:
I dare not wiſh you well, leſt my Deſires,
As in my own Succeſſes, fail in yours;
Yet all the Parts of Good, that are not dangerous,
Your miſerable Lord will pay you: now go in,
I'll follow preſently; in the mean time,
I'll try to turn poor *Rodrigo*'s Love
More to his proper uſe.

Omn. Heaven crown you with Succeſs. [*Exeunt.*

Ler. See, *Caldron*, how my infected Fate
Has driven theſe to ſeek more healthful Airs.
But why doſt thou date on my Miſery,
Thus to purſue a Death, that would fly from thee,
Or lov'ſt thou to grow old in Poverty,
Hurrying thy Fortune on before 'tis ready,
And making my ill Fate, conſcious of thine,
By Heaven, unleſs ſome Holy Nunnery
Receive my dear *Maria*, I have not means
Left to preſerve her: of my ſelf
I'm grown more careleſs now, than others are.

Cald. My Lord,
I never follow'd any Hopes of yours,
Nor vow'd my ſelf a Servant to your Fortunes;
In only beg, I may not be diſcarded
Before you ſee ſome Tryal of my Faith.

Ler. Thou doſt engage me in new Wars, *Caldron*,
For I am urg'd by Gratitude to thee,
To tug again with froward Deſtiny,
That I may raviſh mighty Favours from her
To throw in ſhowers upon thee: but conſider,
Art thou reſolv'd to try this Chance with me?

Cald. In ſpight of Injury, and Fate, my Lord.

Ler. Our Contract then is ſeal'd——but no more,
See, ſome Servants of the King: ſtand cloſe.

Enter

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Enter Don Francisco *and* Don Juan.

D. *Juan.* Good day, *Francisco*, how fares the King?

Fran. Ill enough, I fear, for even now I met Physicians, and some of his Bed-Chamber, Who had this time the watch about his Person: By them I heard, he had a cruel Night.

D. *Ju.* Made they a Question then of his Recovery?

Fran. No, for they said it was impossible.

Ler. The Weather alters. [*Aside.*

D. *Ju.* Of what Nature may his Disease be?

Fran. Physicians are pleas'd to tell us That. After the Patient's dead: 'tis suppos'd To be of a strange Nature: if bloody Men May draw down Vengeance, Heaven seems To send a Portion of his Anger on him.

Ler. Revenge my Quarrel, little mighty People. [*Aside.*

Fran. 'Tis dangerous to talk: At St. *Mercel's* 'Twixt Nine and Ten I'll meet you.

D. *Ju.* I will not fail: Farewel. [*Exeunt severally.*

Ler. Grow up, you blessed Ministers of Anger, And turn the giddy Court into Distractions, And let great *Philip* die, as loath'd as Poverty, Or as his own Disease——Ha! more Distraction?

Enter two or three, running hastily with Lights; Physicians and Fryars another Way, and every Way Noblemen with Torches before them, as the Duke d'Alva, *Marquis of* Alcara, *and Count* Bruchero.

Cald. This strange Confusion tells the News of Death.

Ler. My Heart is wing'd, and fears I know not whither. [*Aside.*

D. *Alva.* Call the *Florentine* Doctor.

1 *Lord.* H'as watcht three Nights, and is stol'n hence to Rest.

Alca. Where's that *Florentine*, and the Confessor?

2 *Lord.* Not in the Court.

Ler. Now it heightens. [*Aside.*

Alca. Not in Court?
Has the Impostor then Leisure to sleep
When *Spain's* Great Majesty lies so afflicted?
Go raise him up, and bid him waken Nature,
That almost now is in a dying Sleep:
Hark, I fear the fatal Blow is struck. [*Noise of a Groan.*

[*Exeunt.*

Cald. Heard you not that, my Lord?

Ler. I heard methought a Groan as horrible
As if great Nature's Frame had crackt in two,—
And yet that Blow kill'd not a Fly, *Caldroon*;
Something is gone old Folks will talk on.
But see, these Faces speak a Certainty;
Draw near 'em.

Enter two or three Courtiers.

1 *Cour.* The King is dead.

Ler. Thanks be to Heaven. [*Aside.*

2 *Cour.* He dy'd in extream Torment.

Cald. Good News, my Lord. [*Aside.*

Ler. Oh admirable! but see, here's more.

[*Stand aside.*

Enter the Duke of Medina, *the Duke* D'Alva, *and the King's* Confessor, *with Attendants.*

Med. My Lords, 'tis fit we every one retire,
Freely, to pay our Griefs for our dead Master;
In the mean Time summon the Privy-Council,
To meet two Hours hence———
In the King's Chamber.

D. *Alva.* Father Confessor, you must bring the Will:
And publish it at the Council-Board.

[*Exeunt.* Lerma *pulls the Confessor as he's going out.*

Con. I shall not fail.

Ler. Is the King dead?

Con. Too sure. *Exit.*

Ler. I have Ideas in my Head, *Caldroon*,
Thy Counsel and thy Service must give Life to,
That holy Robe I touch'd at going off

Must

Muſt ſanctifie, and hide my mortal Thoughts,
For I am very worldly at the preſent.
Cald. Command me, I am all yours, my Lord.
Ler. Then the young King——It will not out.
But I will cleave unto the Court, like Fleſh
Grown up to fill the Place, where 'twas cut off;
I will ſow Jealouſie in every Breaſt,
'Tis a rank growing Weed, and will choak up
All that ſhou'd ſpring of Love, or Confidence.
And then——Good, Excellent—— [*Studies.*
My Mind grows fruitful now, and brings forth Thoughts
Enough, to ſtock the World with my Ambition,
And like a fruitful Mother now takes Care,
That was before as barren as Deſpair. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the young King, *the* Queen-Mother, *the Duke of* Medina, *the Duke* D'Alva, *the Marquis of* Alcara, *Count* Bruchero *and the* Confeſſor, *carrying the King's Will upon a Cuſhion in State.*

Queen. Shou'd we all ſtay, 'till we had paid our Griefs
To his dead Majeſty, we ſhou'd neglect
The juſt Performance of his ſacred Will,
By long continu'd Sorrows: Therefore we muſt
Beg ſo much Time from Tears, as to fulfil
The laſt Commands of our dead Soveraign,
In which your Services we muſt command:
Med. Madam, th' Affairs of *Spain* dwell in a Calm,
By the wiſe Conduct of our dead Maſter:
And our laſt Troubles in the *Belgick* Wars,
Back't by the *Engliſh*, for a Time laid by;
So that the Breath we have from all our Toils,
May be employ'd in this our laſt Obedience,
To our dead Sovereign; and our future Loyalties
Perform'd to this fair riſen Sun.
D. *Alva.* The firſt Viſit this new Sun muſt make,
Is through the ſeveral Governments; calling all

To juſt Accounts, that thoſe that have done well
May be continu'd, other Men remov'd.
Alca. Committees for that Purpoſe, muſt be impower'd
At our next Meeting, and the People's Oaths
In every Province taken for the King.
Bruch. Then all the Garriſons muſt be ſurvey'd,
The General, Colonels, and the Captains, ſworn
By a new Oath, to their immediate King;
And all the Soldiers paid their full Arrears.
Queen. Add to this our Navies, and our Gallies;
And then Ambaſſadors to ſeveral Nations
Muſt be next thought on; the King and I
Will, if he pleaſe, go to the Eſcurial,
'Till all Things are diſpos'd in better Order.
Alca. Madam, the Marquis of *Lerma* is yet in Court.
Queen. To little purpoſe, *Alcaro*; That's not forgot
In the King's Will, and we muſt blaſt him hence
With the Diſdain, that by the Will's bequeath'd him.
D'Alva. He is a Danger always where he is.
Queen. The King has left us Heirs unto his State,
And we have not forgot the ſawcy Words,
His idle Spleen gave out againſt our Perſon;
I'll keep him like a Poyſon, in a Glaſs,
Till his own Venome burſts him.
King. Madam, I think it beſt, that I retire
To the Eſcurial.
Queen. If you pleaſe, Sir, till the Funeral
Of your dead Father's paſt, for Stars ne'er ſhine
In Clouds: the reſt, my Lords, the King
Commits to you, for ſafety of his Perſon and Affairs.
Med. It is the Boaſt of *Spain*, and our beſt Glories,
That we have ever truly ſerv'd our Kings.
Queen. 'Tis an undoubted Truth: pleaſe you to go.
King. I muſt firſt ſpeak with my Confeſſor.
Queen. Let him attend you to the Eſcurial. [Exeunt.
Bruch. That Confeſſor's a *Lerma*.
Alca. Wou'd he were ſhaken off. [Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Lerma *and the* Confessor.

Ler. Nay, I am not very pious;
And yet I hardly think it will be call'd
A holy Thought.
Conf. By whom?
Ler. The Multitude.
Conf. Oh, I confess; you have a long time striv'd
With mighty Care to please their Giddiness.
Ler. She is my Daughter.
Conf. The fitter then to save her Father.
Is't not more Piety, for such a Cause
To lose her Honour, than her own Appetite?
And she perhaps may do like other Women.
Ler. You have confirm'd me now to be that Thing,
I faintly wisht before; were all the Honours
Of my dead Ancestors, lock up in this Casket,
It shou'd be thus broke up; but you must now
Soften her squeamish Coyness; you may tell her,
The Mistress of a King, is half a Saint,
For she'll be worshipt; and with her self,
She raises up her Father to his Wishes.
Now, by my Hopes, I speak ingenuously,
You have a fair, large Text, to preach upon:
And I will second you, and add new Motives;
Hugging her Sin, and bless her for offending.
See, the Sedan is come.

[*A Sedan carried by four* Moors, Caldroon *attending, passes over the Stage.*

Conf. Dispatch the Slaves away, before
You do unload the Chair.
Cal. I understand you.
Ler. There go the Spells must catch the King.
And now, if Love have Power, or Womens Eyes
Can shoot a Flame into a Sovereign's Heart,
I shall grow warm again; by standing by.

If

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If these Plots fail, I'll raise another Spirit
Shall keep my Enemies from Rest.
Conf. Swell not too soon above your Banks,
And so betray the Head of all your Springs:
We will not fail, what Fate soe'er oppose us.
Ler. Nobly resolv'd;
But have you found the Humours of the King?
Conf. Yes, I have trac'd an easie Nature in him,
But too much fixt to one unhappy Virtue.
His Temper is too gentle for our Business,
And would be rather cruel to himself
Than unto others; for if prest to Justice,
I find a Pity hangs upon his Heart
Like gentle Dew, that cools all cruel Passions.
Such a smooth Heart as his, will sooner take
Impression of a Figure, than a rough one.
In his soft Nature Love's prepar'd to grow,
When fair *Maria*'s Eyes their Sun-beams show.
Ler. Thou hast now made my Hopes so strong
That I dare lean upon 'em: Farewel.
If we but prosper now; not we on Fate,
But she on us, shall for Direction wait. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Maria, *and the* Confeſſor *following her.*

Mar. IS this Divinity? Defend me, Heaven!

Conf. Sweet Lady, hear me.

Mar. Go preach thy Hereſies to Toads and Serpents,
Or to the Sun-burnt *Indians*, whoſe Devotion
Is paid to that which thou wou'dſt have me be,
A Devil.

Conf. Pray, Madam, be not ſo loud; you may be heard.

Mar. Wou'd my Soul's Storms cou'd raiſe my Voice
Loud as the Ocean's raving; that the fool'd World
May know what dangerous Cozenage may lie hid
Under ſuch holy Shapes.

Conf. Is this my Recompence?

Mar. Oh Monſtrous!
Thou exquiſite Exceeder of Impieties,
That doſt expect a Recompence from Sin.
Perhaps 'tis all your Trades, with cheating Zeal
To tear your Jaws, and ſtretch your Throats to Hoarſeneſs,
To raiſe poor People to a fond Belief,
The eaſier to o'erthrow their new-built Faith;
When ſuch as you but laugh at what you taught;
Such a Deſtroyer now of all Mankind
Art thou, black Homicide.

Conf. Homicide?
Who whiſpers to a Storm, may be o'erwhelm'd,
But never heard; I wiſh'd you to the King,
And ſomething with it, of a holier Name
Than what you rave at; but farewel.

Mar.

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Mar. —— Stay, Father ——
What's this? A holier Name? ——
You or I rave indeed.
Conf. Yes, and perhaps may warm your Coldneſs,
The Name of Queen, will that yet take Impreſſion?
Mar. No—I am as chaſte to that as to the other;
Ambition has its Luſt, as well as Love.
Conf. You give too coarſe a Name to great Attempts,
And blaſt our Honours, with the Care of yours.
You may be rais'd unto your Prince's Bed,
And climb by your Obedience to his Throne.
Led by your Love, and not Ambition.
Mar. Theſe are large Thoughts—but the Queen—
Conf. Forget her, ſhe is in her Wayne.
Mar. Ha! there is no Safety while ſhe is alive.
Conf. Nothing's unſafe to thee; but Unbelief.
Thy Father got thy Honour, and thy Life,
And will not murder either; take my Advice,
And for the reſt—ſee—your Father.

Enter Lerma.

Ler. Tell me, holy Father, is it Idolatry
To pay Devotion to thoſe glorious Eyes,
And call them Lights Divine? they are my Stars,
Since their bright Influence muſt direct my Fate,
My Growth of Life, and Fortune muſt depend
Upon their Warmth, whoſe Power muſt fetter Pow'r,
And Majeſty it ſelf learn to obey.
Mar. What means my honour'd Father?
Ler. Call me not Father, I muſt take Life from thee,
And from thy Suns, like growing Fruit, be ripen'd.
Mar. This is ſtrange, to me, Sir.
Ler. Ha! have you not wrought her? [*To the* Confeſſor.
Conf. I have uſed my utmoſt Art, and tempted her
With the Name of Queen—but——
Ler. You are dull: I thought your Profeſſion
Had been more ſubtile in theſe Practices;
Leave us a little—— [*Ex.* Confeſſor.
Has not your Confeſſor, my beſt *Maria*,
Acquainted you with my Deſigns?

Mar.

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Mar. He told me something, Sir, had an ill Sound,
But may be 'twas his Piety to try me;
It was not his Religion sure to tempt me?
Ler. Tempt you? to what? to a King's Love,
Perhaps his Throne; Call your own Niceness, Folly,
And not his Love and Care, Impiety.
Mar. My Mother, Sir, upon her Death-bed, charg'd me
(When her Acquaintance grew so great with Heaven,)
That I shou'd still be chaste; chaste to all Appetites;
Call'd Pride, the Dropsy of infected Souls,
That swell'd 'em first, then burst 'em.
Ler. Your Mother was for t'other World
When she preach'd thus, but I am yet for this;
And I must leave it in a hurry, unless thy Power
Stops the fierce Whirlwind that is just now ready
To wrap me into nothing——
Mar. Heaven defend my Father.
Ler. Amen, but you must help; it was
On purpose that Heaven made thee fair,
To save thy Father.
Mar. I hope there is no danger near you?
Ler. Nothing but Death, or Banishment;
Come, *Maria*, my best, my dear *Maria*,
Come shine upon the King; the Flames thou giv'st
Will return Warmth to thee, like the bright Sun
That gives the World his Heat, and yet is justly
Paid back again, he lends at no Expence,
But preserves all, and shines, as thou may'st do,
If a declining Father be thy aim, if not,
Let it be Night, and it shall be a dark one
To more than me.
Mar. Oh Heavens! What do you mean?
Ler. Peace, see the King.
This Opportunity is lost.
Mar. Good Sir, let me go.
Ler. You must not.

Enter King, *Duke* D'Alva, *the Marquis of* Alcara, *and Count* Bruchero.

D'Alva. Your Father's Blessing [*Lerma observes.*
Seal'd it with that Condition.

Alca.

Alca. You forfeit all the Strength of his Advice,
If at the first you break his strict Commands.
Bruc. The King commanded *Lerma*'s Banishment,
As if some Oracle had said, 'till that be done,
The Plague shall reign, or Famine, or the Sword.
Ler. Mark that, *Maria.*
King. I am unwilling to begin my Reign,
With a Severity to any one—— but——
D' Alva. Look, Sir, where he is; no fitter time
Than now, to throw him to his Banishment.
King. What Lady's that?
Alca. How he gazes on her?—— [*Aside.*
'Tis his Daughter, Sir.——
D' Alva. Sir, remember now, your Father's last Commands:
What do you look at, Sir?
Ler. Now, my prophetick Soul! [*Aside.*
King. Look at?——that fair Lady:
Is she not wondrous fair?
Bruc. But she is *Lerma*'s Daughter, Sir.
King. No matter——Madam—— [*Goes to her.*
I ought sooner to have saluted you,
But 'tis not less Respect to so much Beauty,
To lose Civility in Admiration. [*She looks down.*
Ler. Speak.
King. Be not displeas'd, fair Wonder of your Sex,
That I admire so suddenly; a flower Conquest
Is fit for lesser Beauties.
D' Alva. Sir, do you remember?
King. I do, concerning *Lerma.*
Know, my Lord, I will not wait for a Petition
That this fair Beauty might present;
'Tis juster to her Power to tell you,
I can pronounce no Banishment, nor Death,
To him that gave her Life.
Ler. You pour Mercies on me.
Bruc. What Change is this?
King. In Return, my Lord, I do expect this Gratitude,
That I and all the Court may be made happy
By this fair Object——I do expect your Promise.

Ler,

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Ler. You have it, Sir.

King. I will no more punish her Modesty.

D' Alva. Sir, will you forget?

King. No more.

[*Ex. the* King *looking on* Maria, *the Lords on* Lerma.

Ler. Now, my *Maria*, should I not fall down
And worship the Divinity that saves me?

Mar. Are there Divinities below?

Ler. There are; every wise thing is a Divinity,
That can dispose, and check the Fate of things:
I ask no other Help but thine,
To make *Spain* know I am their Deity.
Come, you must to Court, my Word's engag'd.

Mar. What to do, Sir?
To be a Prostitute, or to be thought so?
I shall show there, Sir, not like a Sun,
But like a Meteor, risen on a sudden,
Whose false Light quickly slides into a Vapour.

Ler. Ha!
Dost thou in Disobedience shew thy Virtue,
And with those guilty Eyes, that may preserve me,
Gaze unconcern'd on my approaching Ruin?

Mar. Heaven will defend you, Sir.

Ler. I will not trouble Heaven, when you may do't.
Did you not hear my Banishment and Death
Charg'd on the young King, as his Father's Legacy,
Of Safety to his Crown? Was he not going
Just to pronounce it too? when thy bright Eyes
Arrested all his Anger at Love's Suit.

Mar. What should I do?

Ler. Keep still his Heat alive, or I am sent
To an eternal Coldness; and like a Crocodile,
Thou may'st then weep, o'er him thou hast destroy'd.

Mar. Were there no way, Sir, but by my Death
To make your Life secure, I wou'd resign
It willingly, and pay you back,
The Life I borrow'd of you.

Ler. No, 'tis the Death of others then must save me,
Since I must fall, excuse me, curs'd Necessity;

For

For I will ſow Murders ſo thick, and ſudden,
That Death ſhall have a fruitful Harveſt.
Mar. What d'ye talk of, Sir?
Ler. Of Death.
Mar. Of whoſe?
Ler. Of thoſe that have the Power of mine.
Mar. Not of the King's, Sir?
Ler. Yes, of the King's: Why d'ye ſtart?
Nature has no Exceptions, though Laws have.
Mar. Direct me, Heaven!
Ler. Come, I trifle,
And play with my own Dangers: farewell.
I'll leave a Father's Curſe behind me,
And only ſtay to pleaſe my Eyes with Ruin
Before mine comes. [*Offers to go.*
Mar. Stay, Sir——I know not what to ſay;
I will do any thing; I ſhould have ſaid,
That had been honeſt; but that is Diſobedience.
I beg, Sir, but one Minute's time to think.
Ler. Do, while I call the Confeſſor:
Be ſudden in your Thoughts, for Death depends
Upon your Meditations. [*Exit.*
Mar. What Storms are riſen, in my ſhaken Breaſt?
Thoughts ſucceed Thoughts, like raſhly troubled Waves
Daſhing out one another: if I deny,
My Father, to avoid his Deſtiny,
May reach that ſacred Life, which I may ſave;
If I diſcover this, my Father dies.
Virtue, thou ſhalt protect me before Heaven,
Though not from this bad World. Ah me!
The only Way now left me to preſerve
A King, and Father, is t'expoſe my Fame:
Hard Fate, when Virtue is the Guide to Shame.

Enter Lerma *with the* Confeſſor.

Ler. Come, are you reſolv'd?
Mar. I am, Sir.
Ler. To what?
Mar. Obedience, Sir.
Ler. Oh, *Maria*, thou breath'ſt new Life into me,

And

And I could waste it in embracing thee;
But Time will not allow me Choice in Happiness.
Here, Father, carry her, where I appointed:
Remember only this, my dear *Maria*;
Be not too easie, nor too nice: she's wife
That rules as much by Craft, as by her Eyes.
[Ex. Maria *and* Confessor.

So now I may rise
To be a Pyramid,
For I have laid a large Foundation.
The Queen must be remember'd and forgotten,
Or she may shake my politick Structures.

Enter Caldroon.

How now, *Caldroon*; what has transported thee?
There is a kind of Wantonness, that plays
On thy pleas'd Countenance; what is the Matter?
Cald. Nothing but your good Fortune cou'd
Have caus'd it.
Ler. Why, didst thou meet the Confessor
That told thee?
Cald. No.
Ler. How didst thou hear it then?
Cald. The quick-ey'd Rascals spy'd it.
Ler. Who?
Cald. Poor suffering Fellows, whose Business
Is to watch on every Change of Power:
They have heard of the King's Smiles,
And are now in full Cry, hunting after you.
Ler. Good, Excellent.
Cald. They were running on a wrong Track,
But I hollow'd 'em in——fox, my Lord——
They have found you; walk by,
Leave 'em to my managing.

Enter two or three Suitors, they follow Caldroon *fawningly, and bow to* Lerma. *He walks smiling.*

Ler. Good, very good.
Cald. Well, my Lord is now a little busie.
Suit. We ever pray'd for your Grace. [*Exeunt.*
Ler.

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Ler. Kind Rogues!
Here's an Alteration, ſtrange as Winter's Thunder.
Not two Days ſince, neglected as the Grave,
That holds dead Inmates, now I grow warm,
The Flies begin to buzze and ſwarm about me;
What an attractive Force has a King's Favour?
The Dogs now fawn upon me, that before
Started away, and bark'd like little Curs
At ſome unuſual Traveller; I was grown
Uſeleſs, like a dull Piece of Iron of no Virtue,
Till by a Loadſtone touch'd, and then it gathers.
Such a magnetick Power is in a King,
Where he but kindly touches, others cling. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter King; D' Alva, Alcara, *and* Bruchero *at a Diſtance: the* King *is penſive.*

D' Alva. What fatal Sadneſs, like a fallen Cloud,
Hangs on his growing Brightneſs?
Alca. That curſed Sight of *Lerma's* Daughter
Has ſunk the Hopes and Fortunes of all *Spain.*
When muſt our Dangers have an End,
When *Lerma* can beget 'em?
King. My Lords, I wou'd be private.
D' Alva. Wou'd your heavy Thoughts, Sir,
Were as obedient as we are,
And would at your Command depart.
King. I have not yet deſir'd 'em to be gone.
D' Alva. Have you the Power, Sir, to force 'em?
King. I have not Power enough, it ſeems,
To compel your Obedience.
Alca. We will be gone, to Death, when you command;
Let us but leave you happy in your Life.
Bru. Oh, Mighty Sir——
King. No more: I did not doubt your Loves, or Loyalty.
I have ſome Buſineſs in my Thoughts
That does require weighing: ſtay without. [*Exeunt.*
Oh, what a Traytor is my Love
That thus unthrones me! I am no longer King
Of any thing but Sorrow; and my Griefs

Have

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Have but a half Obedience, they will ſtay;
But wou'd not go, ſhou'd I command 'em from me;
I ſee the Errors that I would avoid,
And have my Reaſon ſtill, but not the Uſe on't;
It hangs about me like a wither'd Limb
Bound up and numb'd by ſome Diſeaſe's Froſt,
The Form the ſame, but all the Uſe is loſt.

Enter Lerma *with* Maria.

She comes, and in her mighty Beauty
Has drawn new Forces up; ſo wondrous powerful
That Reaſon ſhrinks, to venture the Diſpute.

Ler. Mighty Sir,
We come, like Pilgrims creeping to a Shrine
Of ſome bleſt Saint, by whom kind Heaven
Diſpens'd its Shower of Mercies on their
Crown'd Devotions.

King. And I, like him that gave me Power,
And pleas'd with Mercies when acknowledg'd,
But this Pilgrim, you better might have call'd
Your Saint, or Mine, for her fair Mediation
Is your Bleſſing. Riſe, *Maria*;
Your Knees muſt bow to nothing but to Heaven.

Mar. That they do now for you, Sir, though to you:
For while I bend my Knees, before my King,
I beg that Heaven would preſerve you ſo,
And give you Power over your ſelf and others.

King. Ha!

Ler. Death; ſhe will ſpoil me yet. [*Aſide.*

King. Wou'd Heaven wou'd grant her Prayers! [*Aſide.*

Ler. Fond Girl, no more of theſe dull Oraiſons——
[*Aſide to* Mar.
Mighty Sir, I leave this Bleſſing of my Life,
To be a Witneſs of my Loyalty; Malice it ſelf
Cannot, I hope, ſhake you againſt this Teſtimony. [*Exit.*

King. Why do you look with Fears, *Maria?*
As if a King were by his Name alone
Made powerful in his Paſſions, as his Throne
Thoſe that obey may fear a Slavery,
You now may be the Tyrant, but not I.

Mar.

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Mar. If this, Sir, from your Power does you remove
Against your self; there's Treason in your Love.
King. It is your Power that makes me any thing.
Mar. I wou'd preserve you, Sir, to be my King.
King. Enthrone me in your Heart, and make me so.
Mar. A Throne of Passion, for a King's too low.
King. Were I no King, but blest like other Men,
Wou'd you despise, or chide my Passion then?
Mar. Oh, why, Sir, do you send out treacherous Spies?
Should they bring back such weak Discoveries,
'Twere useless, as to say, what kind of Love
Angels shou'd have to leave their Joys above.
King. Their Joys are sure, but ours are shook with Care.
Mar. Oh, raise my Father from his black Despair,
While we our Lives to Heaven's Practice raise:
Your Love in Mercy's shew'd, and mine in Praise.
King. 'Tis yours, that may encrease his Power and Name.
Mar. And shou'd his Glories, Sir, spring from my Shame?
King. Suppose your Father does my Joys design.
Mar. Wou'd he to purchase Honour, ruin mine?
Yet his Commands make not my Guilt the less,
For Heaven allows no pious Wickedness.
King. Thy Father shall both Life and Honours owe
Unto thy Virtues; fair *Maria*, know
A Miracle is done: I more admire,
And inlarg'd Love grows from confin'd Desire.

Enter the Duke of Medina *gazing at them. The King stands admiring.*

Med. What blasting Sight is this? I must
Disturb him, with an unwelcome Piece of Duty.
Sir.
King. Ha!
Mar. Oh, my Uncle!
Med. I was afraid, Sir, that you were not well.
King. Not well?—— wou'd you be a Physician?
Med. With all my Heart, Sir, wou'd you let me practise,
And wou'd prescribe such wholesome Medicines to you,
As should prevent this great Distemper
Growing on you and all the Nation.

King.

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King. The Nation!

Med. Yes, the Nation, Sir, that will of you
Demand their King, when you have loft him
In *Lerma*'s Charms: Think of your Father, Sir,
Who did defpife that any Favourite
Shou'd be a lawful Traytor by Permiffion;
And uſurp all the Power.

King. What do you mean?

Med. I mean *Lerma*, Sir, whoſe wicked Hand
Graſps at your painted Scepter; that *Lerma*,
That was to ſink into the loweſt Baniſhment,
Is creeping up into your Throne, and Power.
That he had never twiſted with my Siſter,
And like a Snake begotten ſuch a Viper,
Whoſe ſliding to your Boſom will but leave
A Sting upon your Conſcience, and diſturb
The Aſhes of her ſleeping Mother.

King. Though your bold Duty might receive a Pardon
For any large Diſcourſe; know yet,
(That ignorantly you may not ſnatch your Fate)
All Injuries to *Maria*'s Virtues,
Shall be forgiven as I wou'd a Malice
Studied to blaſt my Honour.

Med. My Life, Sir, is a Thing you once believ'd
And did deſpiſe, to ballance with your Service.
For her, Sir; Nature be my Witneſs,
I wou'd preſerve her full as virtuous
As I believe her wretched Mother was;
But then ſhe muſt not, Sir, be the foul Means
To charm your ſacred Breaſt, to breathe out Honours
On every Thing that is but *Lerma*'s Creature,
Whoſe hungry Poverties muſt eat as deep
As Famine to the Nation. Honours, mighty Sir,
When they meet Fortunes, are Supports to Thrones;
But join'd to Poverty are the Shakers of it:
And waſting Crowns ſink with ſuch deep Conſumptions.

King. I can give no greater Teſtimony
That all your former Services to my Father
Are not forgotten, than to pardon you now.

Med. If this, Sir, that I ſay, be an Offence,

That

That I wou'd have none to be King but you,
Take your Forgiveneſs back; for I muſt live
A Traytor by your Mercy.
King. If you deſpiſe our Mercy——
Med. Oh Sir, upon my Knees I beg it rather,
But 'tis for all your Kingdom, not for me:
Think, Sir, what 'tis to ſit upon your Throne
Without your Thunder; only ſo much left
As a ſwell'd Favourite will pleaſe to lend you

Enter Lerma, *whiſpers to the King.*

To hurl at honeſt Truths. So, he may ſpeak,
And at this idle Time ſure you may hear. [*To* Maria.
What, is your Father turn'd your careful Bawd?
For his ambitious Ends he wou'd have been
So to thy Mother too, but that her Virtue
Had an unſhaken Soundneſs; thou art rotten,
As he that did beget thee; only Nature
Painted thee over with a fair Reſemblance
Of her bleſt Image, wou'd it were blotted out.
King. Ha! ſhe weeps.——That inſolent Man
That dares draw Tears from fair *Maria*'s Eyes,
Shall drop his Blood as faſt: Without there, my Guards.
Mar. Let mine, Sir, drop, before you ſhed my Uncle's.
Think how the World would curſe me, when they hear
Medina's Love to Virtue, loſt his Life.
He talkt to me of nothing but of Goodneſs;
And when he ſpoke of that, (as he muſt needs)
He nam'd my Mother, and by Chance I wept.
King. Thy Virtue is too excellent, let thy Goodneſs
Puniſh him for the Injuries he did thee,
Though I forgive him; and hence forward [*To* Medina.
I will ſend for you when I want your Counſel;
'Till then, forbear my Sight.
Ler. Mighty Sir;
Perhaps his wild and unbecoming Paſſions
Had their Beginnings from an ill-tim'd Duty.
(If Boldneſs to a Sovereign may be call'd ſo.)
Yet I dare ſwear his Loyalty is perfect,
Though my fond Nature is a partial Surety
For what I love.

Mar.

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Med. O ſpare your partial Kindneſs, good my Lord;
'Tis your old Craft, to whet your ſharpeſt Weapon
Upon pretended Friendſhip; and cut a Throat,
As ſmoothly, as if it were good Manners.
King. No more, leſt your rude Breath raiſe an Anger
More fatal than your Snarling. From hence [*To* Lerma.] be
Duke of *Lerma*, and your next Friend, what you
Will call him——Come, *Maria*,
At thy fair Sight my bluſhing Anger ſhrinks,
As if ſome Angel from above deſcended,
Whoſe powerful Viſion made all Paſſions ceaſe,
But only Love, ſtill waited on by Peace. [*Exeunt.*
Manet Medina. [Lerma *looking back upon him.*
Med. What a Look was there,
To out-ſtare Honeſty?
Sure he practiſes to ſet his Eyes,
As ſome do Guns to make 'em carry right;
But he can take no Aim, but at the Fearful;
Thoſe he may hit perhaps; his full-charg'd Eyes
Will hardly carry level to brave Minds.
I muſt do ſomething; I think it is no Treaſon,
To ſnatch a King from falling down a Precipice:
But in *Maria*'s Eyes, lies *Lerma*'s Power,
And I muſt find a Way to put thoſe Lights out.
Nor will I leave to help him one ſmall Spark,
Then let him grope for Power in the Dark.

Enter D' Alva, Alcar. *and* Bruchero.

How now, my Lords, do you ſeek any Thing?
D'Alva. The King, my Lord.
Med. He's loſt.
Alca. Does not your Lordſhip know which Way he went?
Med. Wou'd you find the King?
D'Alva. Yes.
Med. Look in his Father's Grave then; for his Aſhes
Do yet retain more Majeſty than he.
If you look after him that ſhou'd be King,
You may perhaps find him in *Lerma*'s Pocket.
Alca. We are miſerable.

Med. It tamely adds to Misery, to talk on't,
Like Hearts weaken'd with Griefs, that spend
Faint Sorrows on their dying Friends,
When they should strive,
Rather to give them Help: My worthy Lords,
Were all your Courages and Wisdoms ready,
To snatch at any honest Opportunity
That Fortune offers; keep near the King,
And cross him not, 'till you hear more of me:
Something I'll do to merit from you all,
At least, deserve your Pity, if I fall. [*Exit.*

D' Alva. Heaven prosper and direct you;
This Man's Soul is greater than his Title.

Alca. We have new Titles.

Bru. And likely to have more, all the Spawn
Of that poor Slave, *Caldron*, must be
Call'd Something, as well as he is now,
They say, a Marquis.

D' Alva. The Queen! her Looks are full of Sorrow.
All is not well.

Enter the Queen *and* Catalina *with Ladies.*

D' Alva. Madam.

Alca. Royal Lady.

Bru. Is your Majesty not well?

Queen. Ha! I was thinking of the King.

D' Alva. What of him, Madam?

Queen. I know not what, but yet he lately seeks
Retirements from his Friends, and from himself.
A fatal Sadness grows upon his Youth
And makes him haste (before it comes) to Age.

D' Alva. He has ill Council, Madam.

Alca. From *Lerma* too.

Queen. I thought e'er now, he had been banish'd.

Bru. He'll banish us all, if his Power holds.
He hangs in the King's Bosom like his Crucifix,
And with no less an Adoration.
He may be safe in Power, that can beget
Those beauteous Charms that have subdu'd the King,
Power seems to grow, nay, grow his own Inheritance.

Queen.

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Queen. We muſt quickly try to prevent
This growing Danger to us all, and *Spain.*
Where's *Medina?*

D'Alva. Shall he be ſent for?

Queen. Ha!—I feel a Coldneſs creeping in my Veins;
What Haſte it makes to my griev'd Heart.———
Ah me! [*She faints.*

Bru. Carry her in, [*The Queen is carried off.*
This News has troubled her.

D'Alva. I cannot tell, I am ſuſpicious of all Accidents.

Alca. Theſe fainting Fits ſeem as if ſhe were
With Child.

D'Alva. With Death, I fear.

Enter Catalina.

Alca. How now, how does the Queen?

Cata. I fear there is as little Hopes now left,
As Signs of Life; juſt as we laid her on the Bed,
She fetcht a heavy Groan mixt with a Sigh,
I fear all the ſmall Stock of Breath
That ſhe had left.

D'Alva. This is ſudden.

Cata. 'Tis fit your Lordſhip know all my Suſpicions;
I doubt, ſhe's poyſon'd: This fatal Day
There came a Fryer with a Face unknown
To the Queen's Anti-chamber;
To all a Stranger, and to the Queen her ſelf;
By him, a Letter was deliver'd to her,
Which had no Name, but in its Matter fair:
When ſhe had half read o'er the fatal Paper,
Her Eyes ſeem'd to grow weary, and Pulſe
Kept an uneven, and a heavy time, and then
Juſt as you ſaw her now, ſhe fainted.

Alca. What became of the Fryer?

Cata. 'Tis not yet known; for in this Hurry,
While every one was careful of the Queen,
He vaniſht.

Bru. 'Twas Poyſon, on my Life.

D'Alva. 'Tis evident, we muſt make further
Search into't.

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Bru. You muſt aſſiſt us, Madam; and by your Faith
Revenge the Murder of your Miſtreſs.
Cata. Doubt not my Faith or Secrecy:
I muſt return, I fear, to a dead Woman. [*Exit.*
Alca. Here's a ſtrange Relation!
Bru. It muſt be kept with Secrecy:
We are hunted, and the Toils pitcht about us.

Enter to them, Caldroon, *and the* Archbiſhop *of* Toledo.

Alca. See the new *Indian* Stars.
D'Alva. Silence, he gapes; a Proclamation ſure.
Cald. The Duke of *Lerma,* Conſtable of *Spain;*
By Father *Franciſco* late Confeſſor to
His Majeſty, now Archbiſhop of *Toledo,*
And me *Roderigo del Caldroon,* Marquis
Of *Mirida,* and Treaſurer of *Spain;*
Commands thee, *Philip* Duke *D'Alva;*
Don Pedro, Marquiſs of *Alcara;*
And *Don Bruchero,* Great *Major Domo;*
Within an Hour to meet in Council.
D'Alva. Here's a Volley of Titles.
Cald. We muſt inform you further,
Of the Queen's Death.
Alca. The Confeſſor ſhould have told us that.
Bru. The Archbiſhop, you forget your ſelf.
Arch. Markt ye that, my Lords?
Cald. Why, my Lord, the Truth is nothing leſſen'd
In my Report.
D'Alva. No, nor the Sadneſs: we ſhall attend the Conſtable.

[*Exeunt* D'Alva, Alca, *and* Bru.

Arch. I do not like that Word of *Alcara.*
Cald. Piſh, 'tis a fond Fear; who ſhou'd
Reveal it to him? he ſlept not ſince
'Twas done, and cou'd not dream it.
Arch. Wou'd 'twere undone.
Cald. Oh, your treacherous Conſcience
Wakes too late; who ſhou'd betray it?
Arch. The diſguis'd Fryar.
Cald. He was ignorant of what he carry'd.

Arch.

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Arch. I have ſome Buſineſs that commands
Me hence, the reſt your ſelf can manage.
Cald. Be conſtant, or you loſe us —— [*Exit Arch.*
I like him not, this ſcrupulous Church-man
Has a ſhrinking Liver, that ſtops the Motion
Of his Blood ſometimes, and ſuch another
Fright, may like an Earthquake
Shake him into Diſcoveries of all;
A Bluſh, in ſuch a Caſe as this,
Is Evidence ſufficient for a Jury.
But I'll confirm him, or ſend his faint
Contrition to th'other World, and he
Shall be the Meſſenger.
He muſt be held in Uſe, or he will ruſt,
We muſt find Miſchiefs out to keep him buſie,
Leſt he have Time to think how to be good;
Leiſure begets Relapſes in his Blood. [*Exit.*

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ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Caldroon, *followed by* Angelo, *and* Medina *thrusts him by and Enters.*

Med. STand by, Sir; methinks your well-pac'd
Greatneſs might move a little.
Cald. For whom?
Med. For me, thou ill-dreſt Puppet of Authority;
Thou ſtalking Property, that walk'ſt on Screws,
Which but laid by, thy Honour is unjointed,
And grows as bed-rid as the Impotent.
Cald. You ſhall be anſwer'd.
Med. Thou Miſt, exhal'd from Dunghils,
Whoſe thick Breath poyſons the purer Air
It mingles with.
Cald. You are very bold.
Med. I will be bolder, and knock your Greatneſs
Without you ſtudy quickly a Set-form,
To ask Forgiveneſs in.
Cald. My Honour can defend it ſelf
From worſe Oppoſers. [*Draws.*
Med. I'll mince your Honour,
And ſend your lowſie Family the Shares
Of your divided Greatneſs. [*Draws.*

Enter Alcara *and* Bruchero.

Alca. Hold, this Place is not for Quarrels.
Med. Nor for Wrongs.
Alca. How was't?
Med. Let me ſpeak, that dare tell Truth.
Cald. When I relate the Manner, it ſhall be
To thoſe that have the Power to puniſh.
Med. Let me go.

There's

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There's nothing that has a lawful Birth,
That can endure this mongrel Greatneſs.

Enter the Duke of Lerma, *leading* Maria *veil'd, with Attendants.*

Ler. What Hurry's here?
Cald. I know not, the Duke *Medina* thinks
His Greatneſs entitles him to injure
Any one.
Ler. I'll blow him and his Storms quickly away.
Med. Is your Breath ſo powerful, that it can
Puff Men off like Tops of Thiſtles?
Ler. I cannot now ſpare ſo much Time
As to loſe any on your Brawls.
Caldroon, I have Employment for you.
[*Exeunt* Lerma, Maria, *and* Caldroon.
Med. And for that Piece of
Night-work too, I take it.
Alca. Pray Peace, my Lord.
Med. Let me go, I will but ask him
A civil Queſtion.
Alca. What is't.
Med. Whether great Men, and Fathers too,
Are not the beſt and cloſeſt Bawds?
Alca. Fie, ſir, conſider who they are.
Med. 'Tis That conſider'd doubles every Wrong;
Had I been ſing'd with Lightning, I had ſtood
With all my Wrongs hufh'd as unwindy Night;
But to be ſcorch'd thus by a Candle's Snuff,
A Thing that only blazes in expiring,
And which muſt die in its own Noiſomneſs:
Makes my Impatience ſwell above the Banks
Of common Temper.
Alca. You muſt reſtrain this Fury, whoſe Effect
Turns to your own Deſtruction.

Enter the King, with a few.

Med. What's this?
Alca. The King.
Med. I will ſpeak.

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Alca. Take heed, good my Lord.

King. Which Way went *Lerma?*

Med. Headlong, Sir, and 'twill be dangerous
To follow him.

King. What's this?

Med. I was your Soldier once, Sir,
And had Commiſſion to deſtroy your Enemies;
And I have done it with my Sword as boldly
As I will now attempt it with my Tongue:
And 'tis againſt a greater Enemy
Than ever Fortune brought me to oppoſe
In all your Battels.

King. What Enemy is this?

Med. So great a one, that he's now become
More Terrour to your Soldiers, than thoſe Armies
They always met, with noble Hopes of Conqueſt.
Here Victory is loſt already: for *Lerma*
Has took you Captive.

King. 'Tis Boldneſs, and not Duty, to queſtion
Prince's Favours.

Med. But not to beg 'em, Sir, no more than 'tis
To pray, that Heav'n wou'd turn a Vengeance from us,
Threatning in *Lerma*'s Power: Do not forget,
Great Sir, the laſt Deſires your Father made,
And force him to call louder from his Grave.
Turn, mighty Sir, your Looks the other Way,
And ſee your widow'd People want their King,
Drooping like Days unlook'd on by the Sun.
Your Counſel wither'd more with Care than Age,
Grown as much Strangers to your great Affairs,
As unto *Lerma*'s Pleaſure.

Alca. Excellent! 'tis nobly honeſt!

King. Muſt Prince's Favours then be limited
Or judg'd by common Breaths?
'Tis reſtleſs Envy, that urges Mutinies
Shelter'd under Duty. [*Exit.*

Med. So the Leſſon is learn'd perfect.
Oh Impudence! to make the Majeſty of Kings
The Pawn of all their Villanies.

Alca. Brave Lord, though I grieve to ſee you preſt

Thus

Thus into needleſs Dangers; yet I muſt
Joy that our Country can yet boaſt ſuch Worth.
Med. O my Lord, ſo wretched are we growing,
I tremble to out-live our Happineſs:
Thoſe that wou'd always live among Diſeaſes,
Venture not more for Life than I for Death.
Alca. Nay, my brave Lord,
You ſhall ſee all your Friends dare ſhare
With equal Courage the worſt Fate;
For wiſely to go back is now too late.
My Jealouſies are juſt, lend me your Aid,
And we may dive into the Heart of all.
Med. And into his that wrought theſe Miſchiefs too.
In greater Privacy I'll utter more;
Let us be firm, and like a mighty Weight,
Sinking our ſelves, preſs others to their Fate. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter the King and Maria, *with two Papers.*

King. It is a Thing of great Concern, *Maria*,
And I ſhould have the Opinion of my Counſel.
Mar. Your Counſel, Sir? are you their Sovereign,
Or wou'd you be a Slave to their Opinions?
King. But if———
Mar. If what?
Dull Majeſty, is this the loudeſt Tune
Of a King's powerful Breath? *If's* and *But's*!
The timorous Language of the meaneſt People,
That are to give Account of their low Actions
Unto Authority: Princes Determinations
Shou'd be as free as they deſign their Power;
Not ſhaken with the Aguiſh Touch of Doubts:
What Tracts leave the great Ocean? or, who queſtions
Why it is calm, or rages? Who ſhall chide
The Sun that warms one Portion of the World,
More than another? When you are abſolute
In Love or Power, then I'll beg again.
King. Stay, I have reſign'd my Reaſon to

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My Love; give me the Warrant.
——Now think, *Maria*, [*The King signs them.*
Whether you have not ask'd too much
Of one you love so little.
Mar. Have you done it, Sir?
King. You see I have.
Mar. Do you not repent it, Sir?
Nor hate me as an Instrument,
Of pressing you to Acts, unworthy of you?
King. Oh *Maria*, 'tis hard for me to hate,
As 'tis for you to love.
Mar. But have I not amaz'd you, Sir,
In pressing you so hastily unto an Act
Of such Importance?
King. A little.
Mar. Thus low I beg your Pardon;
And by this Measure see to what Dangers
Princes expose themselves, and Crowns,
By too much Trust and Kindness.
King. How's this?
Have you then asked what you thought amiss?
Mar. I have, Sir, by Necessity, not Choice;
My Father's Violence had took another Way
More fatal, had I not gain'd from you
These Governments, as he designs to send
Away the Marquis of *Alcara*, and
Count *Bruchero*.
King. Ha!
Mar. Now have I set before you, Sir, a Mirrour,
That truly shows——
——How fatal 'tis for Princes,
To shine on any with contracted Kindness.
King. Whither must all this tend?
Mar. For he that does engross your Beams
Robs others of your Light, and is a Cloud
That hangs upon your Brightness; breeding
Ill Weather to all the World besides; while he seems
To make you practise Power unlimited;
Just then you have the least, obeying his.
King. Excellent Woman!

Mar. From henceforth, Sir, be every Body's King,
And then you are your self: lend equal Ears
To what all say, and like a skilful Chymist
Draw the quick Spirit off, from every Counsel,
And from your wise Breast breathe it as your own.
King. Oh, *Maria!* you set Foundations for my
Love, upon my Reason now.
Mar. One Thing more I have to beg,
And then (my Father's Life only excepted)
It is the last I'll ask: those Warrants, Sir,
I will deliver to my Father; but in the mean Time
Those Lords shall have private Directions,
A little to defer their Preparations;
If you dare trust me, Sir, it is your Safety
I study now: pardon my foolish Fears,
Your Danger only nam'd, calls forth my Tears.
King. Oh, do not waste the Treasure of your Eyes,
For such a Life that you so much despise,
While I more justly disobey in this,
To dare be careless of the Thing you wish.
Mar. Can you my Heart for want of Friendship blame,
That for your Safety have expos'd my Fame?
Love to your Glories, shou'd his Flames resign,
As Fires their Light, when the bright Sun does shine.
King. If Thrones be Seats for Cares, in a King's Breast
Love has a Title sure among the rest:
My Love, as a fair Virtue, I proclaim;
When it grows foul, I will conceal my Shame.
Mar. Ah, 'tis some Ease to Love, to be confest,
But, 'tis a Torment, when it is suppress.
King. Do's Cruelty, a Sign of Kindness prove?
Mar. It is the greatest to deny the Love.
King. Both cannot suffer in one Cruelty.
Mar. I shou'd confess too much, shou'd I deny.
King. Wou'd you more cruel than you are, appear?
Mar. Pray, Sir, be gone, I've said too much, I fear.
King. Maria——
Mar. ——If you have Pity, Sir, be gone,
Leave me to blush a little while alone.

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King. Farewel; I'll love, though you should still design
To hide your own, and ne'er to pity mine. [*Exit.*

Mar. Among what Rocks I steer a dangerous Course,
My Duty to a King, and to a Father,
My Country's shaken Honour, and my own,
Calling at once upon me to take heed:
There's something more than this, yet, shakes my Heart,
But I will throw the Ague off, lest I
That to direct others their Way design,
Shou'd my self want a Friend, to show me mine.

Enter Lerma.

Ler. Have you prevail'd?

Mar. Yes, Sir — but ——

Ler. No Matter for a Reason, or a Circumstance.
Give 'em me; and still maintain thy Power,
That I may pay Allegiance to thy Eyes;
So now retire, for the Court begins to fill. [*Exit* Maria.

Enter Alcara *and* Bruchero.

They come; she was dispatch'd in happy Time.

Bru. See the full Sail of *Spain*.

Alca. Strike, and pass by.

Ler. The King by me salutes you.

[Lerma *throws them the Warrants, and Exit.*

Alca. This was a running Lottery.
Mine's a good Prize, the *Vice-Roy-ship* of *Naples*.

Bru. Mine, of *Navarre* ——

Alca. Why, this great Man drops Kingdoms
As a full-plum'd Hawk mews her loose Feathers,
And never cares who stoops to take 'em up.

Bru. He has some other Meaning in't.

Alca. 'Tis certain his Bounty else had never
Shower'd on us.

Enter the Archbishop, *and* Caldroon.

Alca. See, these are of his Council.

Bru. And now come sweating with their fond Complements.

Arch. My Lords, you are much engag'd
Unto his Grace, the Duke of *Lerma*. *Bru.*

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Bru. We have the Bonds about us.

Cald. Oh, such another Friend as *Lerma*,
The Earth holds not.

Alca. 'Tis believ'd.

Arch. Had you but seen, how he implor'd the King,
Pleaded your Worths, and your Abilities;
I think you wou'd have thought, as now you may,
Nature had ty'd him to you in some Bond.

Bru. The Duke is, as he ever was,
Covetous to scatter Favours, though unask'd.

Cal. Ay, and so careful of the Men he marks
To make Election of in his great Thoughts,
That when they sleep, he wakes to make 'em great.
As I dare swear you never thought of this.

Alca. Not I, I vow to you.

Cald. I hope, my Lord, it shall not be forgotten.

Arch. That were too foul Ingratitude.

Bru. Oh, never, my Lord; and to assure the Duke—

Arch. 'Tis well, so may you prosper.

[*Exe.* Arch. *and* Caldroon.

Alca. What think you now?

Bru. 'Tis rank——you and I, my Lord,
Are busie, and stand too much in his Way;
Our Remove will give his Actions scope.

Alca. H'as wove his curst Inventions cunningly.
How he threw his guilty Favours to us;
And durst not stay to take our Thanks.
Here's more Intelligence, see the Duke.

Enter Medina, *leading* Isabella *veil'd.*

He has got something too.

Med. Your way's now clear: there's one
Will bring you to your Attendance——
Remember to bring *Maria* to the Garden
At the appointed Time.

Isab. I will not fail on my Part. [*Exit.*

Alca. You have got a fair Charge, my Lord.

Med. When you know all, you'll say so.

Bru. We two, my Lord, are banish'd.

Med. Banish'd?

Alca.

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Alca. But to honourable Employments.
Med. We have trifled them too long;
And suffer'd this black Cloud to grow too big,
Whose breaking will drown us all.
Bru. See here the Sentence of our Banishments.

Enter a Woman veil'd, puts a Letter into Alcara's *Hand, and Exit.*

Bru. What's this that vanish'd?
[Alcara *reads, and turns away.*
Med. Some secret Invitation.
Bru. How now, Man, what not impart
It to your Friends?
Alca. Yes, read. [Bruchero *reads*

To the Marquis of Alcara.

YOU and your Friend Count Bruchero *will receive two Patents for your honourable Banishment; 'twill not be unpleasant to the King, if you pretend Sickness or Business to defer going to your Employments: This Advice admire not at, but follow.*

Bru. This is strange.
Med. The Advice is good, no matter who sent it.
Nor could it come from any common Hand;
The Business is too young to be acquainted
With any thing but one that knew its Birth.
Alca. 'Tis true, and we must put it off.
Bru. And yet it may prove dangerous.
Med. The Danger's only in accepting it.
If we disperse our selves, he'll catch us up,
Like a flow'n Covey; besides, the Letter says,
The King will not be displeas'd: there is some Mole,
That heaves for us unseen. Count *Bruchero*,
You shall pretend, that to prevent all Rumours,
You'll perfect your Accounts before you go.
You, my Lord, must pretend Sickness,
And seem to keep your Chamber;
Prescribing to your Doctors a Receipt,

To

To make them say as you do, and in hard Words
Set forth a dangerous Distemper.
Alca. Good; but what Success attends on this?
Med. That we must wait for: honest Designs
Justly resemble our Devotions,
Which we must pay, and wait for the Reward:
Yet this I'll add, to strengthen your Resolves,
I have some Designs, I think can't fail me,
Shall shake the great Foundation *Lerma* laid;
We search deep Mines, and if the Veins but hold,
We purchase all the Wealth we wish to have,
And if it fails, we dig a noble Grave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Caldroon, *with Letters.*

Cald. Mischiefs, with Plagues, engender every where,
And beget new Diseases; the Queen's Murder
Is more than whisper'd now; and the Duke's Daughter
Is *Indian* Talk, the other World is full on't:
And, which is more than all, the Messenger
That brought that fatal Letter to the Queen,
In which her Death was feil'd, is by *Medina*
Sent for in private: whom we thought asleep,
But wak'd too soon, before our careful Friend
Cou'd stop him in his close Attempt.
The Storm has overtook our greatest Speed.
Nor can the Duke himself find out a Shelter:
I'll instantly entomb my new got Wealth
In a disguis'd Chappel which I've consecrated
To my dead Ancestors; that may save me yet;
'Tis Pity to take ill Pains to rake up Wealth,
Which at the last can purchase us no more
Than a mean Life, which we enjoy'd before.
Enter Lerma *and the* Archbishop.
The Duke, and Trouble in his Face:
I'll step aside a little. [*Exit.*
Ler. Said he, he would not go?

Arch.

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Arch. Till his Accounts were level'd.
Ler. And *Alcara* is sick?
Arch. 'Tis so given out.
Ler. They have me in the Wind.
There is some secret Trick in this, or else
They durst not slight me thus; it must be so,
My violent Motion grows already slow:
Ill Weather falls about me, every way
I try to take, proves heavy travelling.
Arch. The People's Cries grow loud.
Ler. The gall'd Rascals wince at my Oppressions,
They are like Swarms of Bees, when up and buzzing
They light on any thing; *Alcara*, and *Bruchero*,
That dare dispute their Sovereign's Command,
Give Language to their Murmurs. I have striv'd
In Hunter's Toils like a fierce *Libyan* Lion,
And am grown weaker by my Struggling.
Arch. The King hears nothing of all this.
Ler. No, *Maria*'s Charms hang yet about his Senses;
But all this Weight will stretch Love's Bonds; whose Ties
Are weakly twisted between gazing Eyes.
A little Distance or some new Object
May set his Heart free, and unravel all.
Arch. 'Tis dangerous.
Ler. Extreamly; besides, I fancy, she grows
Dark to my Business, and has Starts
As if she wou'd lose me, before her Honour.
Arch. What's to be done?
Ler. No Way but what we last resolv'd on,
And that out-does the Soul of all Invention.
Arch. I'm ready for the Journey.
Ler. Your Safety is included in my Peace,
Which with like Care, all my Designs propose.
Arch. The Way for my Departure's made already.
And the feign'd Letters from his Holiness
Show'd, and allow'd by the King's great Council.
Ler. 'Tis well, this Pacquet then determines
All the rest; and now, my Lord, cut through
The tardy Time, and let your Expedition kill my Doubts:

While

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While I at Home will fan away these Fears,
Till this hot Weather changes; so farewel.
Arch. Farewel: keep the Storm off till then,
With the Advantage of the Sun, you hold,
And my Return shall be swift as your Thought. [*Exit.*
Ler. Farewel, and prosper.

Enter Caldroon *with Letters.*

Ha! thy Face is full of News.
Cald. Such as I wish I had not:
Is the *Archbishop* gone?———
I dare not show my Letters———
Ler. But now dispatcht.
Cald. But now?——Humh!
Ler. Thou fright'st me with thy Accents,
Why that Humh?
Cald. Nothing, my Lord.
Ler. Thou lyest,
Cald. My Lord!
Ler. Ha! dost thou swell, that art my Creature?
Thy Breath is nurtur'd from my Bounty;
Why art thou then a Traytor to my Trust.
Cald. My Lord, you do amaze me.
Ler. Why dost thou hide such necessary Truths,
And ruin all my Plots for Want of Knowledge?
Cald. I love your Peace so well, I dare not utter it.
Ler. Why, *Caldroon*?
What craven Temper hast thou found in me?
What chill, cold standing Blood without a Tide?
That thou shou'dst think I know what 'tis to fear:
Thou'st seen me fight against a Destiny,
Which I have turn'd, by wise and bold Designs;
Thou'st seen me poorer than the Cheeks of Famine,
Less lov'd and follow'd than infected Towns:
Could'st thou then witness once, in all these Hazards,
That Fate could triumph in one Sigh of mine.
Cald. Alas, my Lord!
Ler. Pity me, if thou seest me tremble at it:
Come, I will know it all: and, tell it me;

In

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In the most horridst Language thou canst study;
For I am skilful, and can tune all Terrors.
Cald. My Lord, this Packet first is a sad Witness
Of too much Danger.
Ler. So. [*He reads.*
Cald. His Colour changes. [*Aside.*
Ler. Keep in, false Fear; he must not see thee. [*Aside.*
Cald. His Blood flies up and down; the Storm has toss't it. [*Aside.*
Ler. Ha, ha, ha! does this trouble thee?
Let 'em all like creeping Snakes hiss at me,
I have a Charm yet left shall dead their Stings;
Yet it was fit I should know all this:
What more is there?
Cald. Much, my Lord—— for——
Ler. Let it alone; Attend me in my Closet,
There I'll satisfie thee better.
Cald. I'll attend your Grace—— [*Exit.*
Ler. Now, Heart, I give thee leave to sigh, and swell:
My Thoughts must not be judg'd by these base Slaves
Who hang upon my Fortune, not on me;
Such Instruments, like flatter'd Princes,
Must never hear but of Prosperity;
Virtue can singly stand on its own Trust,
But Passions must depend on Truth of others.
Our Hopes of Victory on mean Men's Valours,
Ambition upon base and wretched Instruments,
On Women Love, more treacherous than all;
Yet in despight of my curst Enemies,
I'll find a Conquest in a safe Retreat,
And though they rise, I'll sink to be as great. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Maria, *and* Iſabella.

Mar. YOu're welcome, and I dare truſt your Goodneſs;
Since it can ſhare with me in my Condition,
Which is a Bitterneſs well gilded only.
Iſa. I never ſhall deceive you, Madam.
Mar. Perhaps I may do you, and all the World
Who thinks I dote upon my ſplendid Shame.
Iſa. What's this? [*Aſide.*
Mar. The Character which I have had of you
Gives me a Confidence I've found a Friend
That I may weep to; Sorrow's like a Child
Which loves to be bemoan'd. [*Weeps.*
Iſa. Sure ſhe is injur'd.
Mar. Come, ſit down; ſee, *Iſabella*,
Theſe Flowers live without the Senſe of Sorrows.
Iſa. And yet they'll hang their Heads in ſcorching Heat,
When no kind Drops fall on 'em.
Mar. 'Tis true, as if like me they wanted Pity;
But I'll ſtoop down upon their fragrant Beds,
And weep upon 'em. Oh, *Iſabella*,
Wou'd any thing cou'd proſper by my Griefs.
Iſa. I muſt believe her. [*Soft Muſick.*
Mar. Hark, What's that?
Iſa. Nothing, Madam, 'tis but your Fancy.
Mar. 'Tis Harmony, and cannot be my Fancy,
For that is out of Tune.

Enter Medina *as a* Genius, *in a glittering Habit.*

Ha! What's this? help, *Iſabella*.
Iſa. Sit ſtill, Madam, 'tis only ſome Deſign
To entertain you, the Muſick ſhows it now.

The

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The Musick ceases; and the Genius *speaks.*

Gen. I am the *Genius* which does wait
Upon *Spain's* loose and shaken State;
I rule the Spirits of the Air,
Who, as their Guide, to me repair;
And then by me to every Mind
A several Genius is assign'd,
Who wait and whisper to their Souls,
But no Decree or Power controuls;
For every one their Freedoms use,
And all their Faults, and Virtues chuse.
The Account of every Deed and Thought
Are by the winged Spirits brought:
We sit in Sun-beams, while they tell
The News of Mortals that do well;
But when they tell of Vice, they shroud
Their Heads, and whisper't in a Cloud.
Some merit neither Praise nor Shame,
Who tempt not Fate, nor trouble Fame;
Those Spirits that on such attend,
I'll charm, to show how Time they spend.

He charms: an Entry of Spirits, *imitating vain Men dumb.*

Now, from above, I'll call for one
That is the Genius of the Throne;
Next thine, whose Sighs encrease the Air,
That thou art not so chaste as fair:
'Tis those alone waste every Hour,
That wait on Beauty, or on Power.

Enter the First Genius.

1 *Gen.* See, I obey, and now am weary grown
Longer to wait upon a Throne;
Then let me take some Rest,
And fly to whisper to a common Breast;
Not fed with Luxury,
Nor flatter'd up to be a Deity.

He waves his Wand, and enter the Second Genius.

2 *Gen.* I come, I come, fill'd with Despair
To whisper longer, to the proud and fair.

Their

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Their own juſt Conqueſt they deſpiſe,
And pleaſe themſelves with guilty Victories:
Againſt thoſe Altars I in vain perſwade
Where Worſhip is by Time decay'd.
1 *Gen.* I oft have mingled with the Thoughts
Of Kings, and told, they were not Deities,
And how all Princes Faults
Made Men have daring Tongues and Eyes.
2 *Gen.* I told this Beauty too her Fate,
That one foul Crime had ſuch a Weight,
That all muſt ſink; and he that firſt does find
A Beauty, yet unblemiſh'd, kind,
He is like one that does diſcover
An unknown World, by whoſe Succeſs
He makes a Way for others to poſſeſs;
As ſhe's made ready for another Lover.
Both. Then ſet us free, that we may find,
In low Eſtates, a ſteady Mind,
Whoſe harmleſs Life, and virtuous Love,
Is far above
The reach of Vice, or fear of Fate;
Let no good *Genius* henceforth wait
Upon ſuch falſe, and ſuch unſteady Things
As ador'd Beauties, or as flatter'd Kings. [*Exeunt.*
Mar. Ha, *Iſabella*! There is ſome
Further Meaning, ſure in this,
I do not like it.
Med. You muſt.
Mar. How! muſt? what are you? I am betray'd,
Iſabella, ſtay: what was all this meant for? [*Ex. Iſa.*
Med. Truth.
Mar. Theſe Shapes ſpoke Falſhood.
Med. I'll help you to one then, ſhall tell you Truths.
D'ye know me? [*Pulls off his Diſguiſe.*
Mar. My honour'd Uncle; brave *Medina*,
My Wonder's greater than my Doubts before.
Med. The greateſt Wonder is behind.
Mar. What's that?
Med. Thy Luſt,
That does exceed all wicked Miracles.

Mar.

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Mar. My Lord, for Pity's sake.

Med. 'Tis Pity forces me to this Violence,
The Pity of thy Blood, I had a share in,
Before it was infected with this Leprosy;
The Pity of thy Youth, thy beauteous Youth,
Like a fair Flower pluckt up by the Root
When 'twas but newly budding, before Time
Could show it to the World, how sweet it was.

Mar. Do but hear me, Sir.

Med. Yes, if you'll speak Repentance with a Passion
As great as that which made you act your Lewdness,
Then I will hearken like a doating Mother,
To hear her Children prais'd by flattering Tongues.
But if it be to excuse or mitigate
Thy wretched Father's, or thine own Offence,
And Bawd for whorish Arts, by poor Excuses;
The Ears of Cruelty shall not be deafer,
Nor Storms to crying Seamen that must sink,
As thy drown'd Honour does, though not so deep.

Mar. My Lord.

Med. Think of thy Mother now, that through some Star
Looks blushing down on thy Impieties;
And finds it harder to hold a Wrath from that,
With all the Mediation of the Saints,
Than 'twas to purchase for her self, by Virtue,
That blest Eternity which she enjoys.
Oh, thou hadst been blest, *Maria*, if thy Father,
Like other Wolves, had been then torn to pieces,
Before he knew what he begot in thee;
For then hadst thou wanted a powerful Pander:
Or, had Heaven blest thee with Deformity,
Thou hadst been safe in unattempted Virtue.
Oh, *Maria*, it is thy Beauty that has been
The fatal Blazing-Star, that did foretel
The hot Contagion that has follow'd in thee.

Mar. Will you not hear me then, my Lord?

Med. Dost thou make Way at all for me to
Hear thee? or hast thou yet let fall a Tear,
To bribe me from pronouncing cruel Judgment?

Mar.

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Mar. When I want Innocence, I'll weep, or beg
Of you and Heaven; But I that have preserv'd
My Virtue, as unstain'd as at the Time
When my blest Mother (who now smiles upon me)
Gave me and that together to the World,
I will not stain it by a false Confession.

Med. What's this?

Mar. A Truth, which I am bound by tyes of Nature
And Honour, to tell you, and all the World.
Nay, on my Knees I thank you, that you take
The Room of a loft Father up so kindly;
And question me, for all you do suspect:
And I will gladly tell you my true Story,
Like those that with a Pleasure do repeat
The Tales of mighty Dangers they have past:
But if your foul Belief, like the World's Tongues,
Can only think all ill, as they can speak 'em,
Then I rise thus, and from my Virtue borrow
A Scorn, as great as such from their own Vices
Can borrow foul Opinions.

Med. Why, what a Fool was I! I did expect
Repentance, and thou'd have look'd for Impudence:
Perhaps you fool your self into this Boldness,
And think there's no Man that dares question
The Mistress of a King; but I won'd sooner
Destroy a Traytor to my Prince's Soul,
Than to his Crown.

Mar. The King has as much Virtue as I with him.

Med. That easily may be; but 'tis a Question
Whether he will continue still so bad,
As thou desir'st him.

Mar. I see that you are deaf to hear of Goodness,
And I must either have a Guilt within,
To beg enough, or Virtue to despise you.
And when you know, which you shall quickly do,
How you have injur'd me, you will repent
Your bold Injustice: ——— so farewel.

Med. Stay, stay, you must not go.

Mar. Must not?

Med. No, nor shall not: the Masquers that you saw

Are

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Are all my trusty Friends, 'tis in vain
To cry, or tear your Throat.
Mar. What do you mean?
Med. To shake you in your damn'd Security,
Or set your Soul free from that gilded Frame,
Whose unseen Rottenness corrupts it.
Mar. Will you murder me?
Med. I did not come with that Intention,
But thou hast rais'd me to a virtuous Anger,
That tempts me to prevent thy Shame and mine.
Yet will you turn your Eyes into your Breast,
And they must weep, for they will see thy Heart
So very foul, that it needs pious washing.
Mar. Nay, then,
If your scorn'd Anger swell'd you to a Mountain,
And were to fall upon me, I wou'd stand
Thus——and not shake, but wou'd despise
Your Ruine, and mine own.
Med. Yet repent, and do not force my Hand
To a swift Justice, that must send thy Soul
Where vicious Falseness dares not tell a Tale.
Mar. I had rather be judg'd there than here.
Med. Then, Justice, I thus obey thy strict Command,
[*Draws.*
But powerful Nature stays my feeble Hand. [*Aside.*
Mar. Why do you pause? your Passion is more noble
Than your Virtue; one can make Tryal of me,
T'other dares not: Strike; and all the while,
See what suspected Sin startles my Soul,
Or stirs me to a Blush.
Med. Dare you endure to dye?
Mar. Were't not a Sin, perhaps I durst do more.
Med. What more?
Mar. Give my self what I wish, as easily
As I provoke your shaking Hand to do't.
Enter Isabella *running.*
Isa. Oh, my Lord, undone, undone! the King's just
Coming, and searches for *Marin.*
Med. The King?——no matter——
I'll fall nobly; now you shall be reveng'd.

Mar.

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Mar. I cou'd weep now, to see the great *Medina*
Believe all Ill so easily. When you speak
Of my unhappy Father, his bare Name
Confirms you in your cruel Censure of me:
But though you talk of my blest Mother to me
A thousand times, you have not Power to think
One drop of Virtue has descended to me
From that pure Fountain.

Med. O Heaven! send Peace to my distracted Soul,
And tell me which is Truth.

Mar. Heaven will tell you suddenly: but we forget;
Put on your Disguise, and leave the rest to me.

Med. This Disguise may be more fatal
Than my own Shape.

Mar. You must not for the World appear your self,
For then you will be thought the Author
Of something I intend, which will be fatal to you.
Dare you trust me in nothing?

Med. Well, in this I dare ——— *Isabella*,
Bid my Friends hide their Disguises,
And conceal themselves,

Isa. I will. [*Exit* Isab.

Mar. You remember there was a Letter
Written to the Marquis of *Alcava*,
And Count *Bruchero*.

Med. I do: Did you write it?

Mar. No more Questions now.

Med. But I will ask something;
For I grow willing to believe thee good:
Pray tell me.

Mar. Peace, I hear a Noise. ——— Look
If you see any coming.

Med. 'Tis the King; I trust you now, *Maria*.

Mar. Do so always then.

Enter the King, D'Alva, *&c.*

King. Maria ——How now, What's this?

Mar. Pray, Sir, do not look upon him,
'Twill make the poor Man so out of Countenance,
That I shall have no more Diversion;

It seems that *Isabella* and the Gardener
Contriv'd an Entertainment for me;
It was done just as your Majesty came.
D'Alva. This is an odd Excuse. [*Aside.*
King. I shou'd have been sorry to have
Interrupted your Pleasures.
Mar. Pray, Sir, do not look at him;
He'll be so asham'd.
King. I will look on nothing but thy Brightness.
Come, *Maria*; I fell in love with thee;
Then with thy Virtue, which was hard to find
In so much Beauty: th'other is so common
It bears no Rate, there's Poverty in Vice;
The hardest things to find bear greatest Price.
[*Exeunt* King, Maria, D'Alva.
Med. This is the likeliest Thing to Virtue, I e'er saw:
Besides, had she been vicious,
She would not have neglected her Revenge,
One of the pleasant'st Lusts ill Women have:
All may be Counterfeit——and yet——
There may be such a Thing as a good Woman.

Enter Isabella.

How now, What News?
Isa. All safe; I must haste after them.
Med. Stay, and pr'ythee tell me, my best Cousin,
Dost thou think *Maria* virtuous?
Isa. By Heaven, I do.
Med. By Heaven I have a Mind to do so too.
Isa. I have observ'd Things worthy of your Knowledge.
Another Time I will relate them to you.
Something she's resolv'd to do, I'll watch
To find it out; So farewel,
I dare not stay. [*Exit* Isab.
Med. I know not what to think;
I wou'd believe, but yet my shaken Faith
Creeps to its Growth but slowly, like an Infant
Forc'd to a hasty Birth before its Time.
Our Lives and our Devotions are but sickly,

When

When Aguish Doubts their growing Health controuls;
A sudden Faith's the Storm of tottering Souls.

Enter D'Alva.

Ha! *D'Alva*? What has brought him back?
D'Alva. Here's the Apparition still: I must be satisfied.
What are you, Sir?
Med. One of *Lerma*'s Angels.
D'Alva. *Lerma*'s Devils.
Med. See, my Lord, I meant his evil Angel.
[*Discovers himself.*
D'Alva. Oh, my dear Lord, pardon my Apprehension;
We tread upon such rough and narrow Paths,
That any Trick, or Error, throws us down.
Med. Fear not, my Lord, I have discovered
And broken, as I hope, the best Foundation
That *Lerma* builds upon.
D'Alva. Let us delay no Time, but instantly
To Council, with the Marquis of *Alcara*,
And Count *Bruchero*; they have something
To impart, that is of great Importance.
Med. To add to all, I have secur'd the Witnesses,
Antonio, and *Catalina*; we'll lose no time,
Whilst *Lerma*, as I hear, thinks I am fled,
And joys in Fulness of his growing Power.
But let him swell, Fate never durst deny
Bold Spirits, to dispose of Destiny.
Unshaken Trees, that have the largest Roots,
A bold and well-arm'd Hand as well may throw,
As those, whose Roots do not so deeply grow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lerma.

Ler. If my Invention fail not, I have yet
Out-stript 'em all; if my wing'd *Mercury*
Keep touch in Time: The Court looks odly,
And every Brow wears Mysteries about 'em:
The fawning Rascals of it (which like Cobwebs

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Shou'd be ſwept off) methinks avoid me now,
Who us'd to crowd, and ſtop my Way with Cringes;
Their Smiles look like the Grins of anger'd *Monkeys*:
But I am ſafe, while my *Maria*'s Charms
Hang on the King, and numb him to a Lethargy.
There's ſome that are too great, muſt be cut down:
Feign'd Accuſations, and a little Time,
Will kill all Wonder, which is ſhorter liv'd
Than Dreams of Children, or old Womens Tales.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. My Lord.
Ler. Ha! Death on thee, I was ſerious.
Begon——this was a guilty Start.
[*Strikes him. Exit* Angelo.
This Slave too will perhaps
Grow wiſe, and gueſs at ſomething.
How hard it is, in ſlippery Ways,
To keep a ſteady Motion.

Enter Caldroon.

How now? What news?——ſpeak.
Cald. I am too narrow to contain,
It is too great to keep or to let out.
Ler. Curſe on this Form in thy Relations.
For thou doſt practiſe on me like an Advocate,
Whoſe ſplenetive Exordiums are more horrid
Than the ill Cauſe he wou'd make monſtrous.
Cald. Your Daughter, Sir——
Ler. Is ſweeter than the Spring, wreath'd in the Arms
Of budding Flowers; what more of her?
Cald. There can't be Man enough in you to hear it,
And then out-live it; 'tis ſo great a Weight,
I almoſt ſink to bring it.
Ler. And yet art ſuch an Aſs under thy Burden,
As not to throw it off: or tell it me,
And I have all thy Weight.
Cald. You cannot hear it.
Ler. Not if you do not tell it.
Cald. 'Twill cruſh you.

Ler.

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Ler. It muſt be heavier than all the Weight
Of Peoples Curſes, and the great Ones Envies:
Thou doſt not know one Thing, *Caldron*;
Fortune and I did long ago agree,
I to make Work for her, and ſhe for me.
Tell it me boldly; and pr'ythee now, *Caldron*,
Do not like thoſe that bring a bitter Potion,
Make ſcurvy Faces at it, as you give it.

Cald. Oh, my Lord,
Dogs Howlings, or the Groans of Mandrakes,
Wou'd be a Conſort of ſoft Muſick,
To this harſh Thing I have to utter.

Ler. Thou'ſt numb'd my Senſes like a skilful Surgeon,
And now may'ſt ſtrike, I ſhall not feel thy Hand.
But come, what of *Maria*?

Cald. She's gone, ſtole away,
Unknown by whom, or whither.

Ler. This is a dangerous Wound indeed,
I know not where to ſearch it.

Cald. My Lord, I told you what 'twou'd come to.

Ler. Oh, Sir, you are a mighty Prophet.
Where was the King?

Cald. As they ſay, aſleep.

Ler. Could he ſleep? and his dull Soul without
A dreaming Whiſper, that ſhe was loſing?
And when he wakes, and miſſes her, what then?

Cald. He will be troubled ſure.

Ler. Troubles wear off from Kings, (they are too high
To grieve) and Sorrow ſlides from them, like falling Drops
From Sides of Houſes,——they dare not hurt her ſure.

Cald. It cannot be imagin'd that they dare

Ler. She muſt appear again, our rapid Motions
Will bring us round again to that fair Sun.
If the King loves her too, (as ſure he does)
Her Abſence makes it Night with him.
I wonder what they meant by't.

Cald. I cannot gueſs, my Lord.

Ler. Thou'rt ſhallow then; they fondly think
The King will be uncharm'd, and hearken to their
Clamours, now ſhe that ſtood between

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Their Breath and him, is thus remov'd;
'Twas politically done;———
And yet they dare not tell him where she is,
Nor the bold Raviſher confeſs the Fact.
For yet, *Caldroon*, ſhe hangs upon his Heart
Like hopes of Joy upon a troubled Soul;
I have a Plot to help us yet, at leaſt
To give us Time till I have ſearch'd this further.
Cald. What is't, my Lord?
Ler. I'll inſtantly to the half-ſoul-loſt King,
(For he muſt want his better Part of Life
Now ſhe is gone) and tell him ſhe is retir'd
On purpoſe, till a haſty Vow be paſt:
And frame a Letter in her deareſt Name,
Shall keep his Love from chilling.
Cald. 'Tis excellent.
Ler. He muſt not know ſhe's loſt.
Cald. Not for the World.
Ler. By that Time, Fate will ſend her me again;
For thoſe above, all know my Title to her;
She is my Child, *Caldroon*, but ſuch a one
As can raiſe Sorrow above Nature's Pitch.
Pr'ythee obſerve, *Caldroon*, how other Fathers
Mourn for loſt Children; then thou wou't ſee
I do not talk ſo idly as thou think'ſt;
But in this Loſs, I muſt not loſe my ſelf,
And whine to nothing: I'll to the King.

Enter the King, *and* Medina, D'Alva, Alcara, *and* Bruſchero, *whiſpering to him, and* Medina *ſhewing Papers to the* King *ſad, and expreſſing Amazement angerly, and ſo paſſes over the Stage.*

Cald. He comes.
Ler. But with a Guard, I like not.
Cald. We are undone.
Ler. He wou'd not look upon me once,
While round about him, all my Enemies
Whiſper'd Deſtruction to me.
Cald. All's out, I fear.
Ler. Baſe Prince!

By

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By Heaven, *Caldroon*, he has forgot her.
How eaſily his fond and childiſh Love
Threw the fine Thing away, that it ſo cry'd for.
The Memories of Princes are but Graves,
Where Beauty and where Merit lye forgotten.
Cald. Think of your ſelf, my Lord.
Ler. When the thick Croud of Thoughts for loſt *Marina*
Will leave the leaſt Way open, then I will;
Oh, ſhe had Eyes, *Caldroon*, I hope ſhe has,
That did, and may, yet look him into nothing.
Cald. Cou'd we but find her.
Ler. She cannot be conceal'd, ſhe is too glorious.
Had ſhe been coupl'd with ſome rough-hewn Slave,
Her Language wou'd have play'd upon his Soul,
And charm'd him into Dotage; if ſhe had griev'd,
Like an Idolater, he wou'd have gather'd
Her Tears upon his Knees, for ſacred Reliques.
But had he loſt her thus, thus as ſhe's loſt,
He wou'd have ſearch'd her out, or elſe deſtroy'd
All that he could ſuſpect, and then himſelf.
But this ſick Shadow of a Lover,
That wiſh'd, and pin'd away in Paſſion for her,
Is like a School-boy, glad to be releas'd
From a hard Leſſon.
Cald. Here's more Company.
Ler. The worſt is come already, and the reſt look'd for.

Enter Medina, D'Alva, Alcara, Bruchero, *with* Angelo, *led Priſoner by an Officer with a white Staff, and a Guard attending.*

Med. You ſhall have more Company,
Seignior Angelo——Do your Office, *Algazil*.
Algaz. Roderigo del Caldroon, I Arreſt thee
In the Name of *Philip*, King of *Spain*.
Cald. I obey it: we are o'ertaken.
Ler. Medina, I will anſwer the Arreſt.
Med. Your Caſe is not much better;
You will be ſummon'd, *Lerma*. [*Exeunt.*
Ler. Why then I will appear, *Medina*;

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You're a kind Brother.
Cou'd I turn all my Passions into Curses,
And make 'em as effectual as my Sorrows,
They might, perhaps, destroy the proudest of 'em;
And yet my well-prept Heart shall bear it all.
He only is above Envy and Fate,
Whose Mind in sinking Fortunes keeps its Height. [*Ex.*

ACT

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ACT V. SCENE I.

Lerma *appears, as in his Houſe, with a Letter in his Hand; two Men bringing in a Coffer after him, he opens a Door, and they place it in.*

Ler. HEre, ſet that Treaſure in, for they are Reliques,
And will preſerve their faithful Worſhipper;
Why, here are Myſteries Canonical,
That muſt not be ſearch'd into by Diſputes;
'Twas a good Purchaſe too, conſidering
The deep Neceſſity; or if compar'd
To the vaſt Sums I gave my Inſtruments
To turn them Fiends, and make my ſelf a Devil;
For I am ſainted at a cheaper Rate,
Thanks to his Holineſs: My Pack of Counſellors,
I have out-gone you all; but to my Letter. [*He reads.*

My LORD,

THis Coffer holds your Wiſhes, and the full Salutes from Rome; *your Money is return'd as promiſed: I have at* Naples *here, met News ſo fearful, has alter'd all my Purpoſes. I have ſerv'd you faithfully, pay it to my Memory; you are ſecure, and I preſerv'd from Shame, by a Death of my own chuſing, Poyſon. So farewel, no more yours, nor any more*

Toledo.

Kind Man, that with ſuch pious Charity
Sav'd me the Labour; he knew I honour'd him,

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And wou'd not have his Life laid to my Charge,
But Piously he took it from himself;
Where's such another Churchman?
For *Caldroon*, by this time he is going after him.
I wou'd the Bishop had but taught the Slave
His wise and charitable Way of dying.
But where's *Maria*? I dare not ask my self,
For I, alas! can't tell; and Heav'n will not.
Where is its Mercy then? for it ne'er had
Another Way to bless, but by *Maria*.
Could my profane and passionate Revenge
Reach but the Hearts and Lips of the Religious,
No Incense evermore shou'd upward fly,
Of Prayer or Praise; I'd stop all Piety
Till they restor'd *Maria* to me —— hark —— *Singing here.*
I hear some Noise —— ha? what's this?

Enter Caldroon, *going to Execution, led by two Fryars; a Fryar going before, carrying a Crucifix; after follow others of several Orders, every one with a Wax Taper in his Hand; they pass round the Stage, singing his Funeral Dirge.*

After they go out, Medina *enters with a Guard.*

Ler. Oh, are you come? what Tempest now?
Med. How do you like the Sight you saw?
Ler. What, the Pageant? I did not like it.
Med. I thought so.
Ler. I was vext to see how the poor Slave
Hung down his Head, he shou'd have laught at you.
Med. This heavy Spectacle was meant ——
Ler. To frighten me?
Med. No, to prepare and touch thy Conscience
Before thy Summons, which I here pronounce;
Charles Duke of *Lerma*, the Council do command
In the King's Name, that you appear immediately
To answer Articles preferr'd against you.
Ler. Philip, Duke of *Medina*, I dare come.
Med. Your Impudence was never question'd.
Ler. Nor shall my Confidence be shaken by you.
This was no kind Office for a Brother.

Med.

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Med. Where I find Virtue, there I own Alliance,
But I ſtill perſecute ignoble Acts,
Though againſt him that would be call'd my Brother.
Ler. Wou'd be call'd?
Take thy diſdain'd Alliance back again;
I do deſpiſe to plead the Chance of Nature
To give me Title or Pretence to any thing.
And if you are ſuch as you talk your ſelf,
You might more nobly have purſu'd thoſe Actions,
That you count ill: I always wore a Sword,
And do ſo now.
Med I love not to be urg'd to draw my Sword,
Though that of Juſtice is much fitter now
To ſtrike at thee, which is ſo ſure and ſudden,
That thy pretended Courage is Deſpair.
Yet, now I think on't better, 'tis an Honour
To be thy Executioner. [*Draws.*
Ler. I did not think yet to have found *Medina*
A poor malicious Enemy: Cou'd you believe
That I have loſt my Courage with my Fortunes?
But to take off your mean ignoble Scruple,
Know, *Medina*, that at this time my Life
Is as ſecure as thine, by Heaven it is.

Enter Alcara.

Thou rob'ſt not greedy Juſtice of a Morſel.
Alca. What's this? the Guard there, hoa!
Ler. What, betray'd?
Alca. How now, my Lord? ſuffering a Traytor
With a Sword drawn upon you?
Med. My Lord, you are miſtaken.
Alca. The Council call for you, and are
Juſt going to ſit, and immediately expect
Your Priſoner's Appearance.
Med. My Lord, I'll follow you.
Alca. I muſt not leave him arm'd.
Med. Take my Honour, my Lord, there ſhall be
Nothing done; he is my Brother, and as far
As Juſtice gives me leave, I'd uſe him nobly.

Alca

Alca. The Guard, my Lord, muſt wait in Sight.

Med. As you pleaſe; but he and I muſt have Some Words in private.

Alca. Upon the Engagement of your Honour, Nothing but Words ſhall paſs, I leave you. [*Exit.*

Med. My Lord, you have it, I'll follow preſently. You ſee we are prevented.

Ler. You have dealt nobly, and I am calm again; Only, I wou'd beg leave to tell you a little Tale Before you go. There was a Man, Whoſe pious Love to Honour, made him forget Friends and Alliance: ſuch Chimera's Have brought on Cruelties in your cozen'd Mind That Nature ſtartles at; and the forc'd World, Who make Advantage on your formal Dotage, Condemns you for that Ruin which they wiſh; And call it Cruelty in you to bring it.

Med. You are a ſubtle Sophiſter, and might Talk a believing Fool from his juſt Ends.

Ler. Why did you never try in all this Time To teach my Heart in private, and direct it; And where you found a Wound, like a good Chirurgeon, Search it, to cure, and not to kill your Patient?

Med. Away.

Ler. The Love of Virtue reaches not to Ruin, And all will judge your Courſe thus violent (But ſuch as flatter you for their own Ends) To be your Hate to me, not Love to Virtue.

Med. I'll hear no more.

Ler. It's true; perhaps I am my ſelf an Ocean, And mingled ſomething dangerouſly by Fortune; And yet but only gently whiſper'd to, I am as calm as Nature undiſturb'd In ſleeping Infants; but when loud Breaths Blow me to Storms, I care not then who ſinks.

Med. I trifle Time to hear thee: The Hour of your appearing's come, make haſte, Or you'll be fetch'd by common Officers: So farewel: I fear you fool your ſelf with Hopes. [*Exit Ler.*

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Ler. He's gone; he durſt not ſtay to hear me;
He did begin to melt, good-natur'd Gentleman.
I love to try Men's Tempers, to laugh at 'em;
For I ſhou'd hardly truſt a promis'd Kindneſs.
I will not beg, that can command my Peace:
He that ſecures himſelf well in the End,
Muſt deſtroy Foes, and never truſt a Friend. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Medina, D'Alva, Alcara, *and* Bruchero, *ready to ſit as in Judgment.*

Med. I hope, my Lords, I have deſerv'd your Thanks.
D'Alva. And all the Nation's.
Bru. Caldroon and *Angelo* did hardly thank you:
The Ants had pil'd a mighty Heap of Treaſure.
Alca. No News, my Lord, yet of your Niece?
Med. Not any.
D'Alva. She has ſhow'd a Virtue in this cloſe Retreat
Beyond all Story.
Med. I do confeſs I'm glad I was miſtaken;
I thought her worſe than ſhe has prov'd.
Alca. The King they ſay begins to have Suſpicions,
That ſhe's convey'd away by ſome of us.
Med. That Fancy will be nouriſh'd in his Mind
By *Lerma*'s Creatures, we muſt haſte the Tryal.
Alca. All's ready; ſee, the King.

Enter the King.

A Cloud of Sadneſs gathers on his Calmneſs;
He ſeems diſturb'd.
D'Alva. Sir——
King. What, you wou'd make Excuſes for the Fact,
Or, wou'd you own it for a Politick Virtue?
D'Alva. What Fact, Sir?
King. Dare you ask me what? or do you think
I am too young, not grown up to a King?
Alca. We do beſeech your Majeſty——

King.

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King. I give you leave to be all Kings, and Tyrants
Of my Affections; you Ravishers of Virtue,
Either restore *Maria* to the World,
Or all go suddenly, and lose your selves.
Med. Does your Majesty believe——
King. Yes, I do, that all great Men
Have jealous Envies, equal unto Rivals;
And all the courted Beauty is Ambition,
Hid under Justice, which, take heed you follow,
And closely too, or ye shall all feel mine:
So, you may sit, but I will watch your Actions. [*Exit.*
D'Alva. This is unhappy.
Med. It will be more, unless we now embrace
The Opportunity: Come, let us sit.
And call the Witnesses.

Enter Isabella.

How now, what's the News with you?
Isa. I wou'd speak with the King.
Med. From whom?
Isa. Maria.
Med. What's your Business?
Isa. 'Tis only for his Ears.
Med. How, *Isabella*, are you grown her Servant?
Isa. I am a Servant to her Virtues.
Med. And so brought a virtuous Message?
Isa. My Lord, you may say what you please.
Med. But you must not go; unless you first
Tell me the Business—— Where's *Maria?*
Isa. I must tell neither.
Med. Ha! did not I entrust you?
Isa. And so does she, and I'll be just to both:
Pray stop me not.
Med. Sure, *Isabella*, you forget your self
And what I am?
Isa. But not what I ought to be.
Med. Go back, I say, and tell that counterfeit *Maria*,
She shall not save her Father, with the Loss
Of her own Prince—— go—— Nay, no help.

Isa.

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Isa. Then I must speak.
Med. Put her out, and from henceforth
I do disown my Blood in thee too.
Isa. This is Cruelty, not Justice.
Med. Stop her Mouth; out with her. [*Puts her out.*
D'Alva. What's the Matter, my Lord?
Med. Nothing but a Tale-bearer dispatch'd
Away.
Alca. I have seen her sure.
Med. It may be so: Come, we trifle Time;
Sit, my Lords, and call the Witnesses.

Enter Catalina *and* Antonio.

Med. Antonio, you are ready to averr
Your own Confession, made at several Times.
Ant. My Lords, I am.
Med. The Heads of your Confession made out
The Queen's Death, and your Reward; and how
At last your own Death was design'd.
Ant. All this I am ready, at large to testifie,
And prove.
Med. Your Father was a worthy Man,
And you were more unfortunate than safe;
Your Proof's fair: *Catalina,*
I know, will be as steady as your Virtues.

Enter a Messenger.

The King appears above.

Is *Lerma* come?
Mess. He has refus'd to come the common Way,
And is descending by the private Lobby.
D'Alva. That private Way is not for Traytors.
Med. Envy him not, my Lords; 'tis the last Time
That his proud Humour shall be satisfied;
I do believe he knows not what he does,
But like a tir'd o'er-hunted Deer,
Treads fatal Paths offer'd by Chance,
And not design'd by him.

Enter

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Enter Lerma *in a Cardinal's Habit.*

[*They cry*, Room.

Hark, he comes——— ha——— What's this?
A Vision?

D'Alva. A Mask, I think, not an Arraignment.

Alca. He has o'er-reach'd us all.

Ler. I see you are amaz'd, my worthy Lords,
To find your Loves to Virtue made so useless,
As not to practise your admir'd Justice:
Perhaps you are so fond of that fair Mistress,
As that it mingled Passion with your Actions;
But now you may discharge your manag'd Witnesses,
That stand prepar'd against the Duke of *Lerma*;
Lerma the Cardinal cannot here be try'd:
Be not so dull, my Lords, it shews uncharitable;
An envious Malice will be thought the Father
Of such a Sadness: Nothing but Ruin please you?

Med. D'ye come here to rail?

Ler. No, to preach, it is my Office.
I did no sooner touch this sacred Habit,
But I was fill'd with Notions.

D'Alva. The Devil helps thee to 'em.

Ler. Still so uncharitable?

D'Alva. Dost thou name any thing that's good?

Ler. Ha, ha, ha!

Med. Are you so merry too?

Ler. Why, wou'd you have me whine, and beg from you
A thing you never had; and which I need not?
He that seeks Safety in a Statesman's Pity,
May as well run a Ship upon sharp Rocks,
And hope a Harbour: nay, if you are so dull,
You'll make me laugh again: 'tis not ill Sport
To see your cruel Aims thus lost and cozen'd.
Cou'd you believe, I meant to die so tamely,
And quench the Thirst of your ambitious Envies
With my defired Blood?
This holy Robe tells me, it is my Duty,
And I forgive: but sure I may laugh at you.

Med.

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Med. Impudence, ſtand off. Let us conſult.
[*They whiſper.*

Ler. Do, whiſtle out your Brains.
The Council will run mad; they are angry,
I wou'd not take their Way to Heaven.
I muſt preach Patience to 'em: Now for an Oracle.

Med. You know 'tis in our Power to confine you.

Ler. In that I have as well prevented you:
Here's the Aſſignment of a holy Priſon
By my own Choice, and granted by his Holineſs,
In that fair Monaſtery I rais'd my ſelf.

Med. Subtle Devil!

Ler. I will not longer trouble you, my Lords,
But leave you now to prey upon your ſelves.
He that devours the reſt, in Time may be
A Monſter, more o'ergrown than e'er I was.
When you are low and poor, you are all Friends,
And in one fair Preſence together join,
While every one conceals his own Deſign.
It is your Country's Cauſe, until full grown
In long ſought Power, then it proves your own.
When you ſeem good, your Crimes are not the leſs;
Men have all new Creations by Succeſs.
Ambition, like a wanton Woman's Haſte,
Invites new Slaves, grown weary of the laſt.
Mankind each others Stories do repeat,
And Man to Man is a ſucceeding Cheat.
So to this Fate I leave you, and ſhall joy,
To ſee thoſe Crimes you blame, your ſelves deſtroy.
May you all ſink in Fates for me you meant,
And be too dull, your Ruins to prevent;
That when you're loſt in this ambitious Toil,
I in my ſafe Retreat may ſit and ſmile. [*Exit.*

D'Alva. Here's a ſtrange Change: Thanks to his Holineſs.

Alca. We may bluſh to be thus cozen'd.

Med. Methinks the Greatneſs of his Spirit ſtirr'd me,
I cou'd almoſt forgive him.

Enter

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Enter Maria *led by Nuns, and* Isabella. *She discovers.*

What, more Masquerades? How, *Maria*?
Mar. Where, or to whom, shall I now bend
My almost worn-out Knees? Alas! the Deity,
From whom I shou'd hope Mercy, is not here:
How short are Kings of Gods? they're every where.
[*She weeps.*
King. Maria on her Knees?
Dare they suffer her to kneel [*Above, and Descends.*
To whom I bow?
Mar. How durst you to a King shut up the Way?
Shou'd Saints deny a wretched Soul to pray?
Did I your Safeties with such Care design,
For you to take the Life that gave me mine.
Med. Her Sorrow moves.
D'Alva. Her Virtue moves: rise, fair *Maria*.
Mar. Speak, must my Father dye? if it be so,
We'll both together to my Mother go.
D'Alva. Fair virtuous Maid, your Father lives.

Enter the King hastily.

Med. Ha! the King.
King. Maria,
Tell me the Wretch, that ravisht thee from me,
That my Revenge great as his Crime may be.
Mar. When you your Sacred Word to me did give,
My Father by your Mercy still shou'd live,
I stole away, that you might be left free
To be as just, as merciful to me:
And durst not else, but unto those whose
In Prayers for you, confess my secret Love.
King. Your Father is preserv'd from Danger free,
And sav'd himself; that had been sav'd by me.
He in a Holy Robe is now retir'd,
By Danger urg'd, by Heaven I hope inspir'd.

Mar.

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Mar. What an excess of Blessings Heaven can give?
Oh happy Father, that does more than live!
With Joy now to my Sacred Cell I'll go;
I shou'd not weep, but my fond Tears will flow.
My Zeal it self has a Temptation too,
I scarce shall pray for any thing but you.
King. If you, in leaving me, so cruel prove,
Your Prayers will be as useless as your Love.
Mar. Time, Sir, alas, will in a little space,
An Image drawn but faintly, quite deface.
Love, like a Shadow, while Youth shines, is shown;
But in old Age's Darkness, there is none.
King. But all pure Love, like Glow-worms heatless fires,
Lives where it shines, and with that Life expires.
Beauty, like Time on Dials, moves so slow,
That they who always gaze, can't see it go.
Mar. But I must now leave Heaven, Sir, or you.
King. The Choice were easie, were the Question true.
Mar. Is not Heaven then the best Felicity?
King. But you as well may go to Heaven with me.
Mar. 'Tis hard, thorow the World to find the Way.
If I talk long, I shall my self betray.
Your Joys I study, and deny my own;
Shou'd *Lerma*'s Daughter share your Bed and Throne?
Farewel, Sir; when you think of this, confess,
I lov'd you, far beyond my Happiness. [*Going out.*
King. Stay yet, and hear this Vow;
Spain's empty Throne,
Unless from you, shall want Succession.
Med. Now, by my Sister's blessed Soul, I share
Between her Virtues, and my King's Despair;
Maria, stay, you must to Duty bow.
D'Alva. You sav'd us all, preserve your Nation now.
Alca. That Virtue still may flow from you, their Spring.
Bra. And make a Nation happy with their King.
Mar. What shou'd I do?
King. ——— Defer your cruel Thought,
Till by my Grief you are more Pity taught.

Mar.

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Mar. This, Sir, is to o'ercome the eaſieſt Ways,
My Forces will all leſſen by Delay.
Yet, Sir, in this I muſt ſubmit to you,
And Heaven, to teach my Heart what's beſt to do.
King. Till then———
Let all that love me, in my Troubles join,
And let their Griefs, Allegiance pay to mine.
Let not a Smile upon a Face be ſeen,
Till fair *Maria* yields to be my Queen.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPI-

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EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Ellen.*

MUch-injur'd Gentlemen, may you now pleaſe,
You true Committee of ſuch Grievances,
Kindly to hear me now, and I will ſhew it,
We have been all ill-us'd, by this Day's Poet.
'Tis our joint Cauſe; I know you in your Hearts
Hate ſerious Plays, as I do ſerious Parts.
To trouble us with Thoughts and State-deſigns,
A melancholy Plot ty'd with ſtrong Lines!
I had not the leaſt Part To-day, you ſee;
Troth, he has neither writ for you, nor me:
You are not hard to pleaſe; though a Poet ſcarce
Can make a Play, yet he might make a Farce,
With ſmall ridiculous things to ſtuff it full,
And make you pay to laugh, not to be dull.
Henceforth, againſt all ſad and grave Intrigues,
We'll make offenſive and defenſive Leagues;
And for all thoſe that dare write Tragedy,
We'll make a Law, with a huge Penalty;
And yet few Poets ſo much Wealth poſſeſs,
Or Wit, where you might levy a Diſtreſs:
Let the grave Poets then trouble but few,
Write Elegies on Men, which few Men knew,
And few perhaps will read: or let 'em write
Rhimes for the Bellman, to be ſpoke at Night.
This Poet may be pardon'd, leſt it be ſaid
You did condemn before the Law was made;
I mean, if's Play be good, I tell you true,
He thinks it is, but pray now, What think you?

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